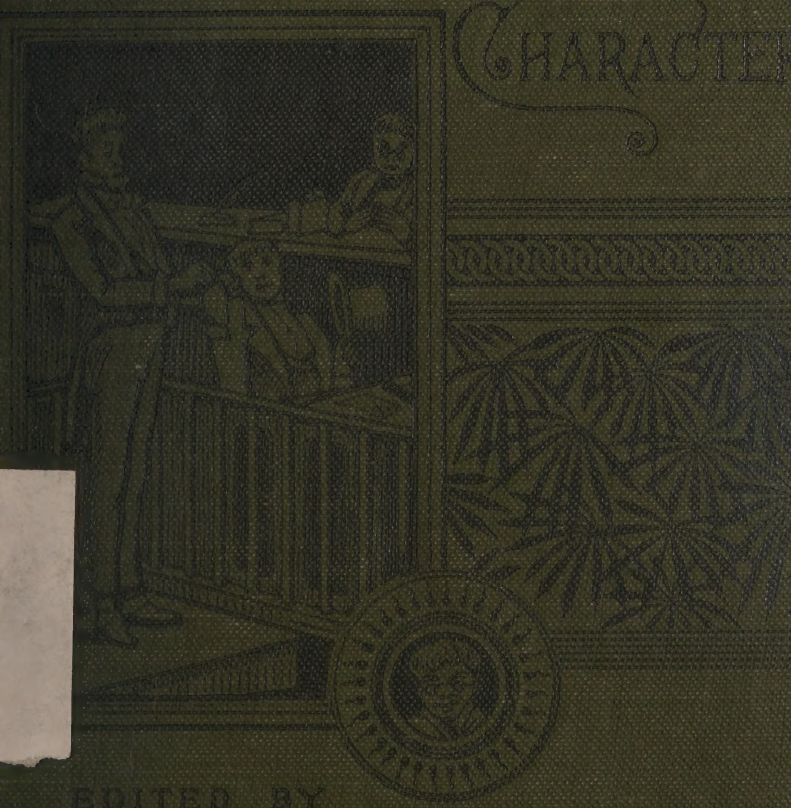
# ODDITIES IN SOUTHERN LIFE AND CHARACTER



EDITED BY

HENRY WATTERSON

The Riverside Press Cambridge

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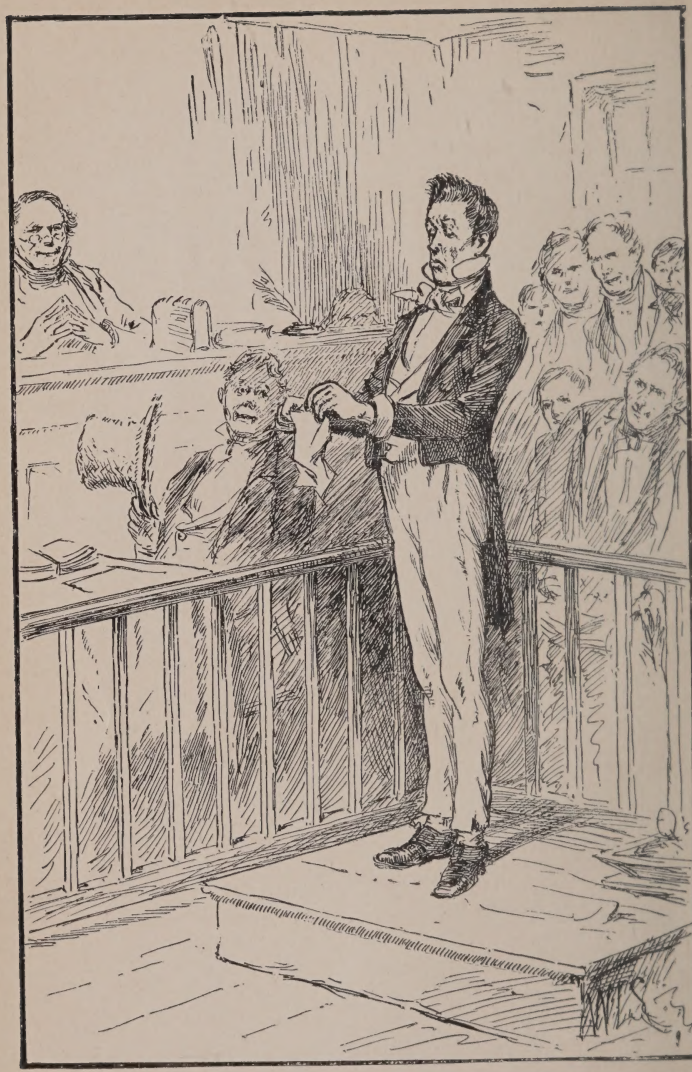

"He was dressed with care." See page 125.

# ODDITIES IN SOUTHERN LIFE AND CHARACTER

EDITED BY

HENRY WATTERSON

*WITH ILLUSTRATIONS*

BY

W. L. SHEPPARD AND F. S. CHURCH

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
The Riverside Press Cambridge

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To

MY FRIEND,

WALTER N. HALDEMAN,

A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE BUSINESS PROGRESS, NO LESS THAN OF THE NEWSPAPER DEVELOPMENT

OF

THE SOUTH,

This Compilation of Southern Characteristics

IS CORDIALLY INSCRIBED

BY

THE EDITOR

# PREFACE.

A CYNIC tells us that jokes, like women, rarely grow better as they grow older. Yet we are assured that our best stories are as old as the hills, — come down to us from generation to generation, time out of mind. I take leave to deny both these assumptions. The comic situations in which we may find ourselves have indeed a limit set upon them. But humor, ever-changing and many-sided, is an exhaustless source of inspiration, adapting itself to prevailing conditions of life with surprising freshness and vitality.

There is little in common between the comedy of the French and that of the English; that of the Spaniard is equally remote in its relationship to either, if it possesses any claim to relationship at all; whilst nothing can stick closer to the manner born than the grim, fantastic farce of the Asiatic. The best repartee in the world is Irish; but we do not need the brogue to identify it. Translated into idiomatic English, its examples identify themselves. The same may be said of the Scotch. In America, the congregation of many nationalities, together with the exceptional and novel character of our political

and domestic fabric, has given birth to a humor of singular quaintness and variety, and although for the most part of a low order, yet essentially representative and picturesque. I do not refer so much to our written as to our colloquial humor. Our literature is full of imitation ; our anecdotes are our own, the outgivings of a nature, habit of thought, and mode of existence whimsically real. We are not a romantic people, like the English ; not a witty people, like the French. Our tragedies are wont to make men laugh ; so that, as a matter of fact, we are funny in spite of ourselves. The New England grocer, who, being assured by his apprentice that he had sanded the sugar and watered the milk, straightway called the lad to prayers, had as little notion of joking as the Kentuckian, who, receiving several established signs from his partner at a game of whist, at last broke out piteously, "How *kin* I play the ace when I *hain't* it?" Yet the two stories are illustrative. They are types of separate phases of American life, and of the humor which flows from that life. They could not flow from any other life. How different in character the reply of the French girl at the cattle show to her lover's query whether she was fond of brutes! "Am I to consider that a declaration?" said she. Or John Wilkes's famous retort upon Thurlow's bombast that when he forgot his king he hoped his God might forget him! "Forget you!" said Wilkes, in a stage whisper. "He 'll see you damned first."

In the United States, particularly in the Southern States, such quiddities are rarely heard; the wit is coarser, whilst, as a rule, the humor turns upon character and incident. We body forth a personage out of the odds and ends of comic thought and memory, the heel-taps of current observance; we clothe this image appropriately, and then we put it through a series of amusing adventure. Thus it is that our humor is anecdotal, producing such figures as Sut Luvingood; Bill Arp; Major Joseph Jones, of Pineville, Ga.; the Rev. Hezekiah Bradley, who discoursed upon the Harp of a Thousand Strings; and last, but not least, Captain Simon Suggs, of the Tallapoosa Volunteers. They flourished years ago, in the good old time of muster days and quarter racing, before the camp-meeting and the barbecue had lost their power and their charm; when men led simple, homely lives, doing their love-making and their law-making as they did their fighting and their plowing, in a straight furrow; when there was no national debt multiplying the dangers and magnifying the expenses of distillation in the hills and hollows, and pouring in upon the log-rolling, the quilting, the corn-shucking, and the fish-fry an inquisitorial crew of tax-gatherers and detectives to spoil the sport and dull the edge of patriotic husbandry.

The joking which takes its rise from such sources must needs be rough. In presenting it in the following pages it is not my purpose to make much

boast of its quality, but to offer it as in some sort a picture of a day that is gone, of a race which has passed into history, of a region whose swamps and ridges, mountain passes and vast cotton lands, — given over for a century to song and dance and sunburnt mirth, — constituted a *mise en scène* for the strangest domestic melodrama of modern times.

In a word, I do not propose here an encyclopædia of Southern wit and humor, but a series of characteristic pictures, taken from the most graphic chroniclers of the nether side of Southern life; and, whilst my illustrations of the oddities and realities of this life may be conspicuous for their omissions, I do not think they will be found to lack the essential elements of fidelity and humor.

In the famous speech of Mr. Knott, in "Texas Siftings," and in the paragraphs of the late Mr. Hatcher, a marked change, traceable to the Prenticean influence, is seen; whilst in the more elaborate stories of the author of "Dukesborough Tales," and in the delicious fables of "Uncle Remus," we discover not merely marked progress in literary handicraft, but a total absence of the merely local tone which abounds in the writing of Longstreet, Harris, Thompson, and Hooper.

The volume is given to the public simply as an illustration, and by no means as a compendium. The editor would be glad if it should prove a contribution, however slight, to the good humor of the period, and, in this character and by this token, to

a better understanding among classes of people hitherto kept asunder by misconceptions and prejudices the most whimsical. He has, in its preparation, confined himself to the editorial duty of selection, with such revision only as seemed indispensable to a clean and condensed illustration of the subjects treated ; the purpose of his publishers being to place before the public, in a form at once convenient and neat, a few examples of the fast-fading oddities of Southern life to be found in the almost obsolete literature of the slave era.

H. W.

COURIER-JOURNAL OFFICE,
LOUISVILLE, *September* 15, 1882.

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# ODDITIES

IN

# SOUTHERN LIFE AND CHARACTER.

## GEORGIA SCENES.

JUDGE LONGSTREET, the author of "Georgia Scenes," was first among the writers of the South to seize the comic aspects of Southern life, and turn them to shape, and to give them a local habitation and a name. The volume entitled "Georgia Scenes: Characters, Incidents, etc., in the First Half Century of the Republic, by a Native Georgian," was published by the Harpers in 1840; but the sketches of which it was composed had appeared in various magazines and newspapers prior to that date. The book had a great run, then went out of print, and finally, as late as 1875, was reissued, "in compliance," as the publishers state, "with the urgent demands of the booksellers." Judge Longstreet could not be prevailed upon to revise this latest edition, or to take any interest in it. He had long been a preacher and college president, and seemed to be a little ashamed of his early dallyings with the merry Muse of comedy.

The Hon. Augustus Baldwin Longstreet was born the 22d of September, 1800. He always claimed South Carolina as his birthplace, and was doubtless a native of this State, although Georgia is set down in the encyclopædias as the place of his nativity. Be this as it may, he lived in, and was honored by, both South Carolina and Georgia, ending his days at an advanced age in Mississippi. After graduating at Yale in 1823, he studied law and began practice at Litchfield, Conn., but soon after returned to South Carolina, where he was successful, rising to the dignity of a judge of the Superior Court. He abjured politics and law, however, became a divine, and passed the remaining years of his life as president of the universities,

alternately, of South Carolina and Mississippi. He was respected, wherever he was known, as a very able as well as a very scholarly man.

"Georgia Scenes" are the simplest transcription of the humorous phases of the life and character of the period embraced by them, done in charcoal, without effort and without pretense, and are worthy of preservation because of their fidelity to nature and the truthfulness of detail which marks them. The four sketches which I have selected give a fair idea of the whole, eighteen in number, which make up the original volume.

## I.

### GEORGIA THEATRICALS.

If my memory fail me not, the 10th of June, 1809, found me, at about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, ascending a long and gentle slope in what was called "the Dark Corner" of Lincoln. I believe it took its name from the moral darkness which reigned over that portion of the county at the time of which I am speaking. If, in this point of view, it was but a shade darker than the rest of the county, it was inconceivably dark. If any man can name a trick of sin which had not been committed at the time of which I am speaking, in the very focus of the county's illumination (Lincolnton), he must himself be the most inventive of the tricky, and the very Judas of sinners. Since that time, however (all humor aside), Lincoln has become a living proof "that light shineth in darkness." Could I venture to mingle the solemn with the ludicrous, even for the purposes of honorable contrast, I could adduce from this county instances of the most numerous and wonderful transitions from vice and folly to virtue and holiness which have ever, perhaps, been witnessed since the days of the apostolic ministry. So much, lest it

should be thought by some that what I am about to relate was characteristic of the county in which it occurred.

Whatever may be said of the *moral* condition of the Dark Corner at the time just mentioned, its *natural* condition was anything but dark. It smiled in all the charms of spring ; and spring borrowed a new charm from its undulating grounds, its luxuriant woodlands, its sportive streams, its vocal birds, and its blushing flowers.

Rapt with the enchantment of the season and the scenery around me, I was slowly rising the slope, when I was startled by loud, profane, and boisterous voices, which seemed to proceed from a thick covert of undergrowth about two hundred yards in advance of me, and about one hundred to the right of my road.

"You kin — kin you ?"

"Yes, I kin, and I 'm able to do it ! Boo-oo-oo ! Oh wake snakes and walk your chalks ! Brimstone and fire ! Don't hold me, Nick Stoval ! The fight 's made up, and let 's go to it. My soul, if I don't jump down his throat, and gallop every chitterling out of him before you can say 'quit ' !"

"Now, Nick, don't hold him ! Jist let the wild-cat come, and I 'll tame him. Ned 'll see me a fair fight ; won't you, Ned ?"

"Oh, yes ; I 'll see you a fair fight, blast my old shoes if I don't !"

"That 's sufficient, as Tom Haynes said when he saw the elephant. Now let him come."

Thus they went on, with countless oaths interspersed, which I dare not even hint at, and with much that I could not distinctly hear.

In mercy's name, thought I, what band of ruffians has selected this holy season and this heavenly retreat for such Pandemonium riots? I quickened my gait, and had come nearly opposite to the thick grove whence the noise proceeded, when my eye caught at intervals, through the foliage of the dwarf oaks and hickories which intervened, glimpses of a man or men, who seemed to be in a violent struggle; and I could occasionally catch those deep-drawn, emphatic oaths which men in conflict utter when they deal blows. I dismounted, and hurried to the spot with all speed. I had overcome about half the space which separated it from me, when I saw the combatants come to the ground, and after a short struggle I saw the uppermost one (for I could not see the other) make a heavy plunge with both his thumbs, and at the same instant heard a cry in the accent of keenest torture, "Nuff! My eye's out!"

I was so completely horror-struck that I stood transfixed for a moment to the spot where the cry met me. The accomplices in the hellish deed which had been perpetrated had all fled at my approach; at least I supposed so, for they were not to be seen.

"Now, blast your corn-shucking soul," said the victor (a youth about eighteen years old) as he rose from the ground, "come cutt'n your shines 'bout me agin, next time I come to the Courthouse, will you! Get your owl-eye in agin, if you can!"

At this moment he saw me for the first time. He looked excessively embarrassed, and was moving off, when I called to him, in a tone emboldened by the sacredness of my office and the iniquity of his crime, "Come back, you brute, and assist me in relieving your fellow-mortal, whom you have ruined forever!"

My rudeness subdued his embarrassment in an instant; and, with a taunting curl of the nose, he replied, "You need n't kick before you 're spurr'd. There ain't nobody there, nor hain't been, nother. I was jist seein' how I could 'a' *fout*." So saying, he bounded to his plow, which stood in the corner of the fence, about fifty yards beyond the battle-ground.

And would you believe it, gentle reader, his report was true! All that I had heard and seen was nothing more nor less than a Lincoln rehearsal, in which the youth who had just left me had played all the parts of all the characters in a Courthouse fight.

I went to the ground from which he had risen, and there were the prints of his two thumbs, plunged up to the balls in the mellow earth, about the distance of a man's eyes apart; and the ground around was broken up as if two stags had been engaged upon it.

## II.

### THE FIGHT.

In the younger days of the republic there lived in the county of —— two men, who were admitted on all hands to be the very *best men* in the county; which, in the Georgia vocabulary, means they could flog any other two men in the county. Each, through many a hard-fought battle, had acquired the mastery of his own battalion; but they lived on opposite sides of the Courthouse, and in different battalions: consequently, they were but seldom thrown together. When they met, however, they were always very friendly; indeed, at their first inteview, they seemed to conceive a wonderful attachment to each other,

which rather increased than diminished as they became better acquainted ; so that, but for the circumstance which I am about to mention, the question which had been a thousand times asked, "Which is the best man, Billy Stallions [Stallings] or Bob Durham?" would probably never have been answered.

Billy ruled the upper battalion, and Bob the lower. The former measured six feet and an inch in his stockings, and, without a single pound of cumbrous flesh about him, weighed a hundred and eighty. The latter was an inch shorter than his rival, and ten pounds lighter ; but he was much the most active of the two. In running and jumping he had but few equals in the county, and in wrestling not one. In other respects they were nearly equal. Both were admirable specimens of human nature in its finest form. Billy's victories had generally been achieved by the tremendous power of his blows, one of which had often proved decisive of his battles ; Bob's, by his adroitness in bringing his adversary to the ground. This advantage he had never failed to gain at the onset, and, when gained he never failed to improve it to the defeat of his adversary. These points of difference have involved the reader in a doubt as to the probable issue of a contest between them. It was not so, however, with the two battalions. Neither had the least difficulty in determining the point by the most natural and irresistible deductions *a priori ;* and though by the same course of reasoning they arrived at directly opposite conclusions, neither felt its confidence in the least shaken by this circumstance. The upper battalion swore "that Billy only wanted one lick at him to knock his heart,

liver, and lights out of him, and if he got two at him he 'd knock him into a cocked hat." The lower battalion retorted "that he would n't have time to double his fist before Bob would put his head where his feet ought to be; and that, by the time he hit the ground, the meat would fly off his face so quick that people would think it was shook off by the fall." These disputes often led to the *argumentum ad hominem*, but with such equality of success on both sides as to leave the main question just where they found it. They usually ended, however, in the common way, with a bet; and many a quart of old Jamaica (whisky had not then supplanted rum) were staked upon the issue. Still, greatly to the annoyance of the curious, Billy and Bob continued to be good friends.

Now there happened to reside in the county just alluded to a little fellow by the name of Ransy Sniffle: a sprout of Richmond, who, in his earlier days, had fed copiously upon red clay and blackberries. This diet had given to Ransy a complexion that a corpse would have disdained to own, and an abdominal rotundity that was quite unprepossessing. Long spells of the fever and ague, too, in Ransy's youth, had conspired with clay and blackberries to throw him quite out of the order of nature. His shoulders were fleshless and elevated; his head large and flat; his neck slim and translucent; and his arms, hands, fingers, and feet were lengthened out of all proportion to the rest of his frame. His joints were large and his limbs small; and as for flesh, he could not, with propriety, be said to have any. Those parts which nature usually supplies with the most of this article — the calves of the legs, for example — pre-

sented in him the appearance of so many well-drawn blisters. His height was just five feet nothing, and his average weight, in blackberry season, ninety-five. I have been thus particular in describing him for the purpose of showing what a great matter a little fire sometimes kindleth. There was nothing on this earth which delighted Ransy so much as a fight. He never seemed fairly alive except when he was witnessing, fomenting, or talking about a fight. Then, indeed, his deep-sunken gray eye assumed something of a living fire, and his tongue acquired a volubility that bordered upon eloquence. Ransy had been kept for more than a year in the most torturing suspense as to the comparative manhood of Billy Stallings and Bob Durham. He had resorted to all his usual expedients to bring them in collision, and had entirely failed. He had faithfully reported to Bob all that had been said by the people in the upper battalion "agin him," and "he was sure Billy Stallings started it. He heard Billy say himself to Jim Brown that he could whip him, *or any other man in his battalion;*" and this he told to Bob, adding, "Dod darn his soul, if he was a little bigger, if he 'd let any man *put upon* his battalion in such a way." Bob replied, "If he [Stallings] thought so, he 'd better come and try it." This Ransy carried to Billy, and delivered it with a spirit becoming his own dignity and the character of his battalion, and with a coloring well calculated to give it effect. These and many other schemes which Ransy laid for the gratification of his curiosity entirely failed of their object. Billy and Bob continued friends, and Ransy had begun to lapse into the most tantalizing and hopeless despair, when a circumstance occurred which led to a settlement of the long-disputed question.

It is said that a hundred game-cocks will live in perfect harmony together, if you do not put a hen with them; and so it would have been with Billy and Bob had there been no women in the world. But there were women in the world, and from them each of our heroes had taken to himself a wife. The good ladies were no strangers to the prowess of their husbands, and, strange as it may seem, they presumed a little upon it.

The two battalions had met at the Courthouse upon a regimental parade. The two champions were there, and their wives had accompanied them. Neither knew the other's lady, nor were the ladies known to each other. The exercises of the day were just over, when Mrs. Stallings and Mrs. Durham stepped simultaneously into the store of Zephaniah Atwater, from "Down East."

"Have you any Turkey red?" said Mrs. S.

"Have you any curtain calico?" said Mrs. D., at the same moment.

"Yes, ladies," said Mr. Atwater, "I have both."

"Then help me first," said Mrs. D., "for I 'm in a hurry."

"I 'm in as great a hurry as she is," said Mrs. S., "and I 'll thank you to help me first."

"And pray, who are you, madam?" continued the other.

"Your betters, madam," was the reply.

At this moment Billy Stallings stepped in. "Come," said he, "Nancy, let 's be going; it 's getting late."

"I 'd 'a' been gone half an hour ago," she replied, "if it had n't 'a' been for that impudent hussy."

"Who do you call an impudent hussy, you nasty,

good-for-nothing, snaggle-toothed gaub of fat, you ?" returned Mrs. D.

"Look here, woman," said Billy, "have you got a husband here? If you have, I'll *lick* him till he learns to teach you better manners, you *sassy* heifer, you!" At this moment something was seen to rush out of the store as if ten thousand hornets were stinging it, crying, "Take care — let me go — don't hold me — where's Bob Durham?" It was Ransy Sniffle, who had been listening in breathless delight to all that had passed.

"Yonder 's Bob, setting on the Courthouse steps!" cried one. "What's the matter?"

"Don't talk to me!" said Ransy. "Bob Durham, you'd better go long yonder, and take care of your wife. They're playing h—l with her there, in Zeph Atwater's store. Dod etarnally darn my soul, if any man was to talk to my wife as Bill Stallions is talking to yours, if I would n't drive blue blazes through him in less than no time."

Bob sprang to the store in a minute, followed by a hundred friends; for the bully of a county never wants friends.

"Bill Stallions," said Bob, as he entered, "what have you been saying to my wife?"

"Is that your wife?" inquired Billy, obviously much surprised, and a little disconcerted.

"Yes, she is, and no man shall abuse her, I don't care who he is."

"Well," rejoined Billy, "it ain't worth while to go over it. I've said enough for a fight; and if you 'll step out we 'll settle it!"

"Billy," said Bob, "are you for a fair fight?"

"I am," said Billy. "I've heard much of your

manhood, and I believe I 'm a better man than you are. If you will go into a ring with me, we can soon settle the dispute."

"Choose your friends," said Bob; "make your ring, and I 'll be in with mine as soon as you will."

They both stepped out, and began to strip very deliberately, each battalion gathering round its champion, except Ransy, who kept himself busy in a most honest endeavor to hear and see all that transpired in both groups at the same time. He ran from one to the other in quick succession; peeped here, and listened there; talked to this one, then to that one, and then to himself; squatted under one's legs and another's arms, and in the short interval between stripping and stepping into the ring managed to get himself trod on by half of both battalions. But Ransy was not the only one interested upon this occasion; the most intense interest prevailed everywhere. Many were the conjectures, doubts, oaths, and imprecations uttered while the parties were preparing for the combat. All the knowing ones were consulted as to the issue, and they all agreed, to a man, in one of two opinions: either that Bob would flog Billy, or Billy would flog Bob. We must be permitted, however, to dwell for a moment upon the opinion of Squire Thomas Loggins, a man who, it was said, had never failed in all his life to predict the issue of a fight. Indeed, so unerring had he always proved in this regard that it would have been counted the most obstinate infidelity to doubt for a moment after he had delivered himself. Squire Loggins was a man who said but little, but that little was always delivered with the most imposing solemnity of look and cadence. He

always wore the aspect of profound thought, and you could not look at him without coming to the conclusion that he was elaborating truth from its most intricate combinations.

"Uncle Tommy," said Sam Reynolds, "you can tell us all about it, if you will. How will the fight go?"

The question immediately drew an anxious group around the squire. He raised his teeth slowly from the head of his walking-cane, on which they had been resting, pressed his lips closely and thoughtfully together, threw down his eyebrows, dropped his chin, raised his eyes to an angle of twenty-three degrees, paused about half a minute, and replied, "Sammy, watch Robert Durham close in the beginning of the fight; take care of William Stallions in the middle of it; and see who has the wind at the end." As he uttered the last member of the sentence, he looked slyly at Bob's friends, and winked very significantly; whereupon they rushed, with one accord, to tell Bob what Uncle Tommy had said. As they retired, the squire turned to Billy's friends, and said, with a smile, "Them boys think I mean that Bob will whip."

Here the other party kindled into joy, and hastened to inform Billy how Bob's friends had deceived themselves as to Uncle Tommy's opinion. In the mean time the principals and seconds were busily employed in preparing themselves for the combat. The plan of attack and defense, the manner of improving the various turns of the conflict, "the best mode of saving wind," etc., etc., were all discussed and settled. At length Billy announced himself ready, and his crowd were seen moving to the centre

of the Courthouse Square; he and his five seconds in the rear. At the same time, Bob's party moved to the same point, and in the same order. The ring was now formed, and for a moment the silence of death reigned through both battalions. It was soon interrupted, however, by the cry of "Clear the way!" from Billy's seconds; when the ring opened in the centre of the upper battalion (for the order of march had arranged the centre of the two battalions on opposite sides of the circle), and Billy stepped into the ring from the east, followed by his friends. He was stripped to the trousers, and exhibited an arm, breast, and shoulders of the most tremendous portent. His step was firm, daring, and martial; and as he bore his fine form a little in advance of his friends, an involuntary burst of triumph broke from his side of the ring, and at the same moment an uncontrollable thrill of awe ran along the whole curve of the lower battalion.

"Look at him!" was heard from his friends; "just look at him."

"Ben, how much you ask to stand before that man two seconds?"

"Pshaw, don't talk about it! Just thinkin' about it 's broke three o' my ribs a'ready!"

"What 's Bob Durham going to do when Billy lets that arm loose upon him?"

"God bless your soul, he 'll think thunder and lightning a mint julip to it."

"Oh, look here, men! Go take Bill Stallions out o' that ring, and bring in Phil Johnson's stud horse, so that Durham may have some chance! I don't want to see the man killed right away."

These and many other like expressions, inter-

spersed thickly with oaths of the most modern coinage, were coming from all points of the upper battalion, while Bob was adjusting the girth of his pantaloons, which walking had discovered not to be exactly right. It was just fixed to his mind, his foes becoming a little noisy, and his friends a little uneasy at his delay, when Billy called out, with a smile of some meaning, "Where 's the bully of the lower battalion? I 'm getting tired of waiting."

"Here he is," said Bob, lighting, as it seemed, from the clouds into the ring, for he had actually bounded clear of the head of Ransy Sniffle into the circle. His descent was quite as imposing as Billy's entry, and excited the same feelings, but in opposite bosoms.

Voices of exultation now rose on his side.

"Where did he come from?"

"Why," said one of his seconds (all having just entered), "we were girting him up, about a hundred yards out yonder, when he heard Billy ask for the bully; and he fetched a leap over the Courthouse, and went out of sight. But I told them to come on; they 'd find him here."

Here the lower battalion burst into a peal of laughter, mingled with a look of admiration, which seemed to denote their entire belief of what they had heard.

"Boys, widen the ring, so as to give him room to jump."

"Oh, my little flying wild-cat, hold him if you can! And, when you get him fast, hold lightning next."

"Ned, what do you think he 's made of?"

"Steel springs and chicken-hawk, God bless you!"

"Gentlemen," said one of Bob's seconds, "I understand it is to be a fair fight; catch as catch can, rough and tumble; no man touch till one or the other halloos."

"That 's the rule," was the reply from the other side.

"Are you ready?"

"We are ready."

"Then blaze away, my game-cocks!"

At the word, Bob dashed at his antagonist at full speed; and Bill squared himself to receive him with one of his most fatal blows. Making his calculation from Bob's velocity of the time when he would come within striking distance, he let drive with tremendous force. But Bob's onset was obviously planned to avoid this blow; for, contrary to all expectations, he stopped short just out of arm's reach, and before Billy could recover his balance Bob had him "all under-hold." The next second, sure enough, "found Billy's head where his feet ought to be." How it was done no one could tell; but, as if by supernatural power, both Billy's feet were thrown full half his own height in the air, and he came down with a force that seemed to shake the earth. As he struck the ground, commingled shouts, screams, and yells burst from the lower battalion, loud enough to be heard for miles. "Hurrah, my little hornet!" "Save him!" "Feed him!" "Give him the Durham physic till his stomach turns!" Billy was no sooner down than Bob was on him, and lending him awful blows about the face and breast. Billy made two efforts to rise by main strength, but failed. "Lord bless you, man, don't try to get up! *Lay* still and take it! You *bleege* to have it!"

Billy now turned his face suddenly to the ground, and rose upon his hands and knees. Bob jerked up both his hands and threw him on his face. He again recovered his late position, of which Bob endeavored to deprive him as before; but, missing one arm, he failed, and Billy rose. But he had scarcely resumed his feet before they flew up as before, and he came again to the ground. "No fight, gentlemen!" cried Bob's friends; "the man can't stand up! Bouncing feet are bad things to fight in." His fall, however, was this time comparatively light, for, having thrown his right arm round Bob's neck, he carried his head down with him. This grasp, which was obstinately maintained, prevented Bob from getting on him, and they lay head to head, seeming, for a time, to do nothing. Presently they rose, as if by mutual consent; and, as they rose, a shout burst from both battalions. "Oh, my lark!" cried the east, "has he foxed you? Do you begin to feel him? He 's only beginning to fight; he ain't got warm yet."

"Look yonder!" cried the west. "Did n't I tell you so? He hit the ground so hard it jarred his nose off. Now ain't he a pretty man as he stands? He shall have my sister Sal just for his pretty looks. I want to get in the breed of them sort o' men, to drive ugly out of my kinfolks."

I looked, and saw that Bob had entirely lost his left ear and a large piece from his left cheek. His right eye was a little discolored, and the blood flowed profusely from his wounds.

Bill presented a hideous spectacle. About a third of his nose, at the lower extremity, was bit off, and his face so swelled and bruised that it was difficult

to discover in it anything of the human visage, much more the fine features which he carried into the ring.

They were up only long enough for me to make the foregoing discoveries, when down they went again, precisely as before. They no sooner touched the ground than Bill relinquished his hold upon Bob's neck. In this he seemed to all to have forfeited the only advantage which put him upon an equality with his adversary. But the movement was soon explained. Bill wanted this arm for other purposes than defense, and he had made arrangements whereby he knew that he could make it answer these purposes; for, when they rose again, he had the middle finger of Bob's left hand in his mouth. He was now secure from Bob's annoying trips; and he began to lend his adversary tremendous blows, every one of which was hailed by a shout from his friends. "Bullets!" "*Hoss*-kicking!" "Thunder!"

"That 'll do for his face; now feel his short ribs, Billy!"

I now considered the contest settled. I deemed it impossible for any human being to withstand for five seconds the loss of blood which issued from Bob's ear, cheek, nose, and finger, accompanied with such blows as he was receiving. Still he maintained the conflict, and gave blow for blow with considerable effect. But the blows of each became slower and weaker after the first three or four; and it became obvious that Bill wanted the room which Bob's finger occupied for breathing. He would therefore, probably, in a short time, have let it go, had not Bob anticipated his politeness by jerking

away his hand, and making him a present of the finger. He now seized Bill again, and brought him to his knees, but he recovered. He again brought him to his knees, and he again recovered. A third effort, however, brought him down, and Bob on top of him. These efforts seemed to exhaust the little remaining strength of both, and they lay, Bill undermost and Bob across his breast, motionless and panting for breath. After a short pause, Bob gathered his hand full of dirt and sand, and was in the act of grinding it in his adversary's eyes, when Bill cried "ENOUGH!" Language cannot describe the scene that followed, — the shouts, oaths, frantic gestures, taunts, replies, and little fights,— and therefore I shall not attempt it. The champions were borne off by their seconds and washed, when many a bleeding wound and ugly bruise was discovered on each which no eye had seen before.

Many had gathered round Bob, and were in various ways congratulating and applauding him, when a voice from the centre of the circle cried out, "Boys, hush, and listen to me!" It proceeded from Squire Loggins, who had made his way to Bob's side, and had gathered his face up into one of its most flattering and intelligible expressions. All were obedient to the squire's command. "Gentlemen," continued he, with a most knowing smile, "is — Sammy — Reynold — in — this — company — of — gentlemen?"

"Yes," said Sam, "here I am."

"Sammy," said the squire, winking to the company, and drawing the head of his cane to his mouth with an arch smile as he closed, "I — wish — you — to tell — cousin — Bobby — and — these — gentlemen here present — what — your — Uncle — Tommy — said — before — the — fight — began?"

"Oh, get away, Uncle Tom," said Sam, smiling (the squire winked); "you don't know nothing about *fighting*." (The squire winked again.) "All you know about it is how it 'll begin, how it 'll go on, how it 'll end; that 's all. Cousin Bob, when you going to fight again, just go to the old man, and let him tell you all about it. If he can't, don't ask nobody else nothing about it, I tell you."

The squire's foresight was complimented in many ways by the by-standers; and he retired, advising "the boys to be at peace, as fighting was a bad business."

Durham and Stallings kept their beds for several weeks, and did not meet again for two months. When they met, Billy stepped up to Bob and offered his hand, saying, "Bobby, you've *licked* me a fair fight; but you would n't have done it if I had n't been in the wrong. I ought n't to have treated your wife as I did; and I felt so through the whole fight; and it sort o' cowed me."

"Well, Billy," said Bob, "let 's be friends. Once in the fight, when you had my finger in your mouth, and was pealing me in the face and breast, I was going to halloo; but I thought of Petsy, and knew the house would be too hot for me if I got whipped when fighting for her, after always whipping when I fought for myself."

"Now that 's what I always love to see," said a by-stander. "It 's true, I brought about the fight, but I would n't have done it if it had n't o' been on account of *Miss* [Mrs.] Durham. But dod etarnally darn my soul, if I ever could stand by and see any woman put upon, much less *Miss* Durham. If Bobby had n't been there, I 'd o' took it up myself, be darned

if I would n't, even if I 'd o' got whipped for it. But we 're all friends now." The reader need hardly be told that this was Ransy Sniffle.

Thanks to the Christian religion, to schools, colleges, and benevolent associations, such scenes of barbarism and cruelty as that which I have been just describing are now of rare occurrence, though they may still be occasionally met with in some of the new counties. Wherever they prevail, they are a disgrace to that community. The peace-officers who countenance them deserve a place in the penitentiary.

## III.

### THE HORSE-SWAP.

During the session of the Supreme Court in the village of ——, about three weeks ago, when a number of people were collected in the principal street of the village, I observed a young man riding up and down the street, as I supposed, in a violent passion. He galloped this way, then that, and then the other; spurred his horse to one group of citizens, then to another; then dashed off at half speed, as if fleeing from danger; and, suddenly checking his horse, returned first in a pace, then in a trot, and then in a canter. While he was performing these various evolutions, he cursed, swore, whooped, screamed, and tossed himself in every attitude which man could assume on horseback. In short, he *cavorted* most magnanimously (a term which, in our tongue, expresses all that I have described, and a little more), and seemed to be setting all creation at defiance. As I like to see all that is passing, I determined to

take a position a little nearer to him, and to ascertain, if possible, what it was that affected him so sensibly. Accordingly, I approached a crowd before which he had stopped for a moment, and examined it with the strictest scrutiny. But I could see nothing in it that seemed to have anything to do with the cavorter. Every man appeared to be in good humor, and all minding their own business. Not one so much as noticed the principal figure. Still he went on. After a semicolon pause, which my appearance seemed to produce (for he eyed me closely as I approached), he fetched a whoop, and swore that "he could out-swap any live man, woman, or child that ever walked these hills, or that ever straddled horseflesh since the days of old daddy Adam." "Stranger," said he to me, "did you ever see the *Yallow Blossom* from Jasper?"

"No," said I, "but I have often heard of him."

"I'm the boy," continued he; "perhaps a *leetle* — jist a *leetle* — of the best man at a horse-swap that ever trod shoe-leather."

I began to feel my situation a little awkward, when I was relieved by a man somewhat advanced in years, who stepped up and began to survey the "Yallow Blossom's" horse with much apparent interest. This drew the rider's attention, and he turned the conversation from me to the stranger.

"Well, my old coon," said he, "do you want to swap *hosses?*"

"Why, I don't know," replied the stranger. "I believe I've got a beast I'd trade with you for that one, if you like him."

"Well, fetch up your nag, my old cock; you're jist the lark I wanted to get hold of. I am perhaps

a *leetle* — jist a *leetle* — of the best man at a horse-swap that ever stole cracklins out of his mammy's fat gourd. Where 's your hoss ? "

" I 'll bring him presently ; but I want to examine your horse a little."

" Oh, look at him ! " said the Blossom, alighting and hitting him a cut ; " look at him ! He 's the best piece of hossflesh in the thirteen united univarsal worlds. There 's no sort o' mistake in little Bullet. He can pick up miles on his feet, and fling 'em behind him as fast as the next man's hoss, I don't care where he comes from. And he can keep at it as long as the sun can shine without resting."

During this harangue, little Bullet looked as if he understood it all, believed it, and was ready at any moment to verify it. He was a horse of goodly countenance, rather expressive of vigilance than fire ; though an unnatural appearance of fierceness was thrown into it by the loss of his ears, which had been cropped pretty close to his head. Nature had done but little for Bullet's head and neck ; but he managed, in a great measure, to hide their defects by bowing perpetually. He had obviously suffered severely for corn, but if his ribs and hip-bones had not disclosed the fact, *he* never would have done it ; for he was in all respects as cheerful and happy as if he commanded all the corn-cribs and fodder-stacks in Georgia. His height was about twelve hands ; but as his shape partook somewhat of that of the giraffe, his haunches stood much lower. They were short, strait, peaked, and concave. Bullet's tail, however, made amends for all his defects. All that the artist could do to beautify it had been done ; and all that horse could do to compliment the artist Bullet

did. His tail was nicked in superior style, and exhibited the line of beauty in so many directions that it could not fail to hit the most fastidious taste in some of them. From the root it dropped into a graceful festoon; then rose in a handsome curve; then resumed its first direction; and then mounted suddenly upward like a cypress knee, to a perpendicular of about two and a half inches. The whole had a careless and bewitching inclination to the right. Bullet obviously knew where his beauty lay, and took all occasions to display it to the best advantage. If a stick cracked, or if any one moved suddenly about him, or coughed, or hawked, or spoke a little louder than common, up went Bullet's tail like lightning; and if the *going up* did not please, the *coming down* must of necessity, for it was as different from the other movement as was its direction. The first was a bold and rapid flight upward, usually to an angle of forty-five degrees. In this position he kept his interesting appendage until he satisfied himself that nothing in particular was to be done; when he commenced dropping it by half inches, in second beats, then in triple time, then faster and shorter, and faster and shorter still, until it finally died away imperceptibly into its natural position. If I might compare sights to sounds, I should say its *settling* was more like the note of a locust than anything else in nature.

Either from native sprightliness of disposition, from uncontrollable activity, or from an unconquerable habit of removing flies by the stamping of the feet, Bullet never stood still; but always kept up a gentle fly-scaring movement of his limbs, which was peculiarly interesting.

"I tell you, man," proceeded the Yellow Blossom, "he's the best live hoss that ever trod the grit of Georgia. Bob Smart knows the hoss. Come here, Bob, and mount this hoss, and show Bullet's motions." Here Bullet bristled up, and looked as if he had been hunting for Bob all day long, and had just found him. Bob sprang on his back. "Boo-oo-oo!" said Bob, with a fluttering noise of the lips; and away went Bullet, as if in a quarter race, with all his beauties spread in handsome style.

"Now fetch him back," said Blossom. Bullet turned, and came in pretty much as he went out.

"Now trot him by." Bullet reduced his tail to "*customary*," sidled to the right and left airily, and exhibited at least three varieties of trot in the short space of fifty yards.

"Make him pace!" Bob commenced twitching the bridle, and kicking at the same time. These inconsistent movements obviously (and most naturally) disconcerted Bullet; for it was impossible for him to learn from them whether he was to proceed or stand still. He started to trot, and was told that would n't do. He attempted a canter, and was checked again. He stopped, and was urged to go on. Bullet now rushed into the wide field of experiment, and struck out a gait of his own, that completely turned the tables upon his rider, and certainly deserved a patent. It seemed to have derived its elements from the jig, the minuet, and the cotillon. If it was not a pace, it certainly had *pace* in it, and no man would venture to call it anything else; so it passed off to the satisfaction of the owner.

"Walk him!" Bullet was now at home again, and he walked as if money was staked on him.

The stranger, — whose name, I afterward learned, was Peter Ketch, — having examined Bullet to his heart's content, ordered his son Neddy to go and bring up Kit. Neddy soon appeared upon Kit, a well-formed sorrel of the middle size, and in good order. His *tout ensemble* threw Bullet entirely in the shade, though a glance was sufficient to satisfy any one that Bullet had the decided advantage of him in point of intellect.

"Why, man," said Blossom, "do you bring such a hoss as that to trade for Bullet? Oh, I see you're no notion of trading."

"Ride him off, Neddy!" said Peter. Kit put off at a handsome lope.

"Trot him back!" Kit came in at a long, sweeping trot, and stopped suddenly at the crowd.

"Well," said Blossom, "let me look at him; may be he'll do to plow."

"Examine him!" said Peter, taking hold of the bridle close to the mouth; "he's nothing but a tacky. He ain't as *pretty* a horse as Bullet, I know; but he'll do. Start 'em together for a hundred and fifty *mile*, and if Kit ain't twenty mile ahead of him at the coming out, any man may take Kit for nothing. But he's a monstrous mean horse, gentlemen; any man may see that. He's the scariest horse, too, you ever saw. He won't do to hunt on, nohow. Stranger, will you let Neddy have your rifle to shoot off him? Lay the rifle between his ears, Neddy, and shoot at the blaze in that stump. Tell me when his head is high enough."

Ned fired and hit the blaze; and Kit did not move a hair's breadth.

"Neddy, take a couple of sticks, and beat on that hogshead at Kit's tail."

Ned made a tremendous rattling, at which Bullet took fright, broke his bridle, and dashed off in grand style, and would have stopped all further negotiations by going home in disgust, had not a traveler arrested him and brought him back; but Kit did not move.

"I tell you, gentlemen," continued Peter, "he's the scariest horse you ever saw. He ain't as gentle as Bullet, but he won't do any harm if you watch him. Shall I put him in a cart, gig, or wagon for you, stranger? He'll cut the same capers there he does here. He's a monstrous mean horse."

During all this time Blossom was examining him with the nicest scrutiny. Having examined his frame and limbs, he now looked at his eyes.

"He's got a curious look out of his eyes," said Blossom.

"Oh, yes, sir," said Peter; "just as blind as a bat. Blind horses always have clear eyes. Make a motion at his eyes, if you please, sir."

Blossom did so, and Kit threw up his head rather as if something pricked him under the chin than as if fearing a blow. Blossom repeated the experiment, and Kit jerked back in considerable astonishment.

"Stone blind, you see, gentlemen," proceeded Peter; "but he's just as good to travel of a dark night as if he had eyes."

"Blame my buttons," said Blossom, "if I like them eyes."

"No," said Peter, "nor I neither. I'd rather have 'em made of diamonds; but they'll do, if they don't show as much white as Bullet's."

"Well," said Blossom, "make a pass at me."

"No," said Peter. "You made the banter; now make your pass."

"Well, I'm never afraid to price my hosses. You must give me twenty-five dollars boot."

"Oh, certainly; say fifty, and my saddle and bridle in. Here, Neddy, my son, take away daddy's horse."

"Well," said Blossom, "I've made my pass; now you make yours."

"I'm for short talk in a horse-swap, and therefore always tell a gentleman at once what I mean to do. You must give me ten dollars."

Blossom swore absolutely, roundly, and profanely, that he never would give boot.

"Well," said Peter, "I did n't care about trading; but you cut such high shines that I thought I'd like to back you out, and I've done it. Gentlemen, you see I've brought him to a back."

"Come, old man," said Blossom, "I've been joking with you. I begin to think you do want to trade; therefore, give me five dollars, and take Bullet. I'd rather lose ten dollars any time than not make a trade, though I hate to fling away a good hoss."

"Well," said Peter, "I'll be as clever as you are. Just put the five dollars on Bullet's back, and hand him over; it's a trade."

Blossom swore again, as roundly as before, that he would not give boot; and, said he, "Bullet would n't hold five dollars on his back, nohow. But, as I bantered you, if you say an even swap, here's at you."

"I told you," said Peter, "I'd be as clever as you. Therefore, here goes two dollars more, just

for trade' sake. Give me three dollars, and it 's a bargain."

Blossom repeated his former assertion ; and here the parties stood for a long time, and the by-standers (for many were now collected) began to taunt both parties. After some time, however, it was pretty unanimously decided that the old man had backed Blossom out.

At length Blossom swore he "never would be backed out for three dollars after bantering a man ;" and, accordingly, they closed the trade.

"Now," said Blossom, as he handed Peter the three dollars, "I 'm a man that, when he makes a bad trade, makes the most of it until he can make a better. I 'm for no rues and after-claps."

"That 's just my way," said Peter. "I never goes to law to mend my bargains."

"Ah, you 're the kind of boy I love to trade with. Here 's your hoss, old man. Take the saddle and bridle off him, and I 'll strip yours ; but lift up the blanket easy from Bullet's back, for he 's a mighty tender-backed hoss."

The old man removed the saddle, but the blanket stuck fast. He attempted to raise it, and Bullet bowed himself, switched his tail, danced a little, and gave signs of biting.

"Don't hurt him, old man," said Blossom, archly ; "take it off easy. I am, perhaps, a leetle of the best man at a horse-swap that ever catched a coon."

Peter continued to pull at the blanket more and more roughly, and Bullet became more and more *cavortish ;* insomuch that, when the blanket came off, he had reached the *kicking* point in good earnest.

The removal of the blanket disclosed a sore on Bullet's backbone that seemed to have defied all medical skill. It measured six full inches in length and four in breadth, and had as many features as Bullet had motions. My heart sickened at the sight; and I felt that the brute who had been riding him in that situation deserved the halter.

The prevailing feeling, however, was that of mirth. The laugh became loud and general at the old man's expense, and rustic witticisms were liberally bestowed upon him and his late purchase. These Blossom continued to provoke by various remarks. He asked the old man "if he thought Bullet would let five dollars lie on his back." He declared most seriously that he had owned that horse three months, and had never discovered before that he had a sore back, "or he never should have thought of trading him," etc., etc.

The old man bore it all with the most philosophic composure. He evinced no astonishment at his late discovery, and made no replies. But his son Neddy had not disciplined his feelings quite so well. His eyes opened wider and wider from the first to the last pull of the blanket; and, when the whole sore burst upon his view, astonishment and fright seemed to contend for the mastery of his countenance. As the blanket disappeared, he stuck his hands in his breeches pockets, heaved a deep sigh, and lapsed into a profound reverie, from which he was only roused by the cuts at his father. He bore them as long as he could; and, when he could contain himself no longer, he began, with a certain wildness of expression which gave a peculiar interest to what he uttered: "His back 's mighty bad off; but dod drot

my soul if he 's put it to daddy as bad as he thinks he has, for old Kit 's both blind and *deef*, I 'll be dod drot if he eint."

"The devil he is!" said Blossom.

"Yes, dod drot my soul if he *eint*. You walk him, and see if he eint. His eyes don't look like it; but he 'd *jist as leve go agin* the house with you, or in a ditch, as anyhow. Now you go try him." The laugh was now turned on Blossom, and many rushed to test the fidelity of the little boy's report. A few experiments established its truth beyond controversy.

"Neddy," said the old man, "you ought n't to try and make people discontented with their things. Stranger, don't mind what the little boy says. If you can only get Kit rid of them little failings, you 'll find him all sorts of a horse. You are a *leetle* the best man at a horse-swap that ever I got hold of; but don't fool away Kit. Come, Neddy, my son, let 's be moving; the stranger seems to be getting snappish."

## IV.

### THE MILITIA DRILL.

I happened, not long since, to be present at the muster of a captain's company in a remote part of one of the counties; and as no general description could convey an accurate idea of the achievements of that day, I must be permitted to go a little into detail, as well as my recollection will serve me.

The men had been notified to meet at nine o'clock, "armed and equipped as the law directs;" that is to say, with a gun and cartridge-box at least,

but, as directed by the law of the United States, "with a good firelock, a sufficient bayonet and belt, and a pouch with a box to contain no less than twenty-four sufficient cartridges of powder and ball."

At twelve, about one third, perhaps one half, of the men had collected, and an inspector's return of the number present and of their arms would have stood nearly thus: 1 captain; 1 lieutenant; ensign, none; fifers, none; privates present, 24; ditto absent, 40; guns, 14; gunlocks, 12; ramrods, 10; rifle pouches, 3; bayonets, none; belts, none; spare flints, none; cartridges, none; horsewhips, walking canes, and umbrellas, 10. A little before one, the captain, whom I shall distinguish by the name of Clodpole, gave directions for forming the line of parade. In obedience to this order, one of the sergeants, whose lungs had long supplied the place of a drum and fife, placed himself in front of the house, and began to bawl with great vehemence, "All Captain Clodpole's company parade here! Come, GENTLEMEN, parade here!" says he. "All you that has n't got guns fall into the lower *eend*." He might have bawled till this time, with as little success as the sirens sung to Ulysses, had he not changed his post to a neighboring shade. There he was immediately joined by all who were then at leisure; the others were at that time engaged as parties or spectators at a game of fives, and could not just then attend. However, in less than half an hour the game was finished, and the captain enabled to form his company, and proceed in the duties of the day.

"*Look to the right and dress!*"

They were soon, by the help of the non-commissioned officers, placed in a straight line; but, as every man was anxious to see how the rest stood, those on the wings pressed forward for that purpose, till the whole line assumed nearly the form of a crescent.

"Why, look at 'em!" says the captain. "Why, gentlemen, you are all a-crooking in at both *eends*, so that you will get on to me by and by! Come, gentlemen, *dress, dress!*"

This was accordingly done; but, impelled by the same motives as before, they soon resumed their former figure, and so they were permitted to remain.

"Now, gentlemen," says the captain, "I am going to carry you through the *revolutions* of the manual exercise, and I want you, gentlemen, if you please, to pay particular attention to the word of command, just exactly as I give it out to you. I hope you will have a little patience, gentlemen, if you please; and if I should be a-going wrong, I will be much obliged to any of you, gentlemen, to put me right again; for I mean all for the best, and I hope you will excuse me, if you please. And one thing, gentlemen, I caution you against in particular, and that is this: not to make any *mistakes*, if you can possibly help it; and the best way to do this will be to do all the motions right at first, and that will help us to get along so much the faster, and I will try to have it over as soon as possible. Come, boys, come to a shoulder.

"*Poise, foolk!*[1]

"*Cock, foolk!* Very handsomely done.

[1] A contraction and corruption of "firelock." Thus: "firelock," "f'lock," "foolk."

"*Take, aim!*

"*Ram down, catridge!* No! no! *Fire!* I recollect now that firing comes next after taking aim, according to Steuben; but, with your permission, gentlemen, I 'll *read* the words of command just exactly as they are printed in the book, and then I shall be sure to be right."

"Oh, yes! Read it, captain, read it!" exclaimed twenty voices at once. "That will save time."

"'*Tention the whole!* Please to observe, gentlemen, that at the word 'fire' you must fire; that is, if any of your guns are *loaden'd*, you must not shoot in *yearnest*, but only make pretense like; and you, gentlemen fellow-soldiers, who 's armed with nothing but sticks, riding-switches, and corn-stalks need n't go through the firings, but stand as you are, and keep yourselves to yourselves.

"*Half cock, foolk!* Very well done.

"*S-h-e-t* [spelling] — *Shet, pan!* That too would have been handsomely done, if you had n't handled catridge instead of shetting pan; but I suppose you was n't noticing. Now 'tention, one and all, gentlemen, and do that motion again.

"*Shet, pan!* Very good, very well indeed; you did that motion equal to any old soldier; you improve astonishingly.

"*Handle, catridge!* Pretty well, considering you done it wrong end foremost, as if you took the catridge out of your mouth, and bit off the twist with the catridge-box.

"*Draw, rammer!* Those who have no rammers to their guns need not draw, but only make the motion; it will do just as well, and save a great deal of time.

"*Return, rammer!* Very well again. But that would have been done, I think, with greater expertness if you had performed the motion with a little more dexterity.

"*S-h-o-u-l— Shoulder, foolk!* Very handsomely done indeed! Put your guns on the other shoulder, gentlemen.

"*Order, foolk!* Not quite so well, gentlemen; not quite all together. But perhaps I did not speak loud enough for you to hear me all at once. Try once more, if you please. I hope you will be patient, gentlemen; we will soon be through.

"*Order, foolk!* Handsomely done, gentlemen,— very handsomely done! and all together, too, except that one half of you were a *leetle* too soon, and the other half a *leetle* too late.

"In laying down your guns, gentlemen, take care to lay the locks up and the other side down.

"'*Tention the whole! Ground, foolk!* Very well.

"*Charge, bayonet!*"

(*Some of the men.*) "That can't be, captain: pray look again; for how can we charge bayonet without our guns?"

(*Captain.*) "I don't know as to that, but I know I'm right, for here 't is printed in the book: c-h-a-r— yes, *charge bayonet*, that 's right, that 's the word, if I know how to read. Come, gentlemen, do pray charge bayonet! Charge, I say! Why don't you charge? Do you think it ain't so? Do you think I have lived to this time o' day, and don't know what charge bayonet is? Here, come here; you may see for yourselves; it 's as plain as the nose on your fa— Stop — stay — no — halt! no! Faith, I 'm wrong! I turned over two leaves at once. I beg

your pardon; we will not stay out long, and we 'll have something to drink as soon as we have done. Come, boys, get off the stumps and logs, and take up your guns; we 'll soon be done. Excuse me, if you please.

"*Fix, bayonet!*

"*Advance, arms!* Very well done. Turn the stocks of your guns in front, gentlemen, and that will bring the barrels behind; hold them straight up and down, if you please; let go with your left, and take hold with your right hand below the guard. Steuben says the gun should be held p-e-r— *pertic'lar;* yes, you must always mind and hold your guns very pertic'lar. Now, boys, 'tention the whole!

"*Present, arms!* Very handsomely done! Only hold your gun over t' other knee — t' other hand up — turn your hands round a little, and raise them up higher — draw t' other foot back — now you are nearly right — very well done.

"Gentlemen, we come now to the *revolutions.* Men, you have all got into a sort of snarl, as I may say; how did you all get into such a higglety-pigglety?"

The fact was, the shade had moved considerably to the eastward, and had exposed the right wing of these hardy veterans to a galling fire of the sun. Being poorly provided with umbrellas at this end of the line, they found it convenient to follow the shade; and in huddling to the left for this purpose, they changed the figure of their line from that of a crescent to one which more nearly resembled a pair of pothooks.

"Come, gentlemen," says the captain, "spread yourselves out again into a straight line; and let us

get into the wheelings and other matters as soon as possible."

But this was strenuously opposed by the soldiers. They objected to going into the *revolutions* at all, inasmuch as the weather was extremely hot, and they had already been kept in the field upwards of three quarters of an hour. They reminded the captain of his repeated promise to be as short as he possibly could, and it was clear he could dispense with all this wheeling and flourishing if he chose. They were already very thirsty, and if he would not dismiss them they declared they would go off without dismission, and get something to drink, and he might fine them, if that would do him any good ; they were able to pay their fine, but would not go without drink to please anybody ; and they swore they would never vote for another captain who wished to be so unreasonably strict.

The captain behaved with great spirit upon the occasion, and a smart colloquy ensued ; when at length becoming exasperated to the last degree, he roundly asserted that no soldier ought ever to *think hard* of the orders of his officer ; and, finally, he went so far as to say that he did not think any gentleman on that ground had any just cause to be offended with him. The dispute was finally settled by the captain sending for some grog for their present accommodation, and agreeing to omit reading the military law and the performance of all the manœuvres, except two or three such easy and simple ones as could be performed within the compass of the shade. After they had drank their grog and had "spread themselves," they were divided into platoons.

"*'Tention the whole ! To the right wheel !*"

Each man faced to the right about.

"Why, gentlemen, I did not mean for every man to stand still and turn himself *na*'trally right round; but when I told you to wheel to the right, I intended you to wheel round to the right, as it were. Please to try again, gentlemen; every right-hand man must stand fast, and only the others turn round."

In the previous part of the exercise, it had, for the purpose of sizing, been necessary to denominate every second person a "right-hand man." A very natural consequence was that, on the present occasion, these right-hand men maintained their position, all the intermediate ones facing about as before.

"Why, look at 'em, now!" exclaimed the captain, in extreme vexation. "I 'll be d—d if you understand a word I say. Excuse me, gentlemen, it *rayly* seems as if you could not come at it exactly. In wheeling to the right, the right-hand *eend* of the platoon stands fast, and the other *eend* comes round like a swingle-tree. Those on the outside must march faster than those on the inside. You certainly must understand me now, gentlemen; and please to try it once more."

In this they were a little more successful.

"'*Tention the whole! To the left — left, no — right — that is, the left — I mean the right — left, wheel, march!*"

In this he was strictly obeyed; some wheeling to the right, some to the left, and some to the right-left, or both ways.

"*Stop! halt!* Let us try it again! I could not just then tell my right hand from my left! You must excuse me, if you please; experience makes perfect, as the saying is. Long as I have served, I

find something new to learn every day; but all 's one for that. Now, gentlemen, do that motion once more."

By the help of a non-commissioned officer in front of each platoon, they wheeled this time with considerable regularity.

"Now, boys, you must try to wheel by divisions; and there is one thing in particular which I have to request of you, gentlemen, and that is not to make any blunder in your wheeling. You must mind and keep at a wheeling distance, and not talk in the ranks, nor get out of fix again; for I want you to do this motion well, and not to make any blunder now.

"*'Tention the whole! By divisions, to the right wheel, march!*"

In doing this it seemed as if Bedlam had broke loose: every man took the command. Not so fast on the right! Slow now! Haul down those umbrellas! Faster on the left! Keep back a little there! Don't *scrouge* so! Hold up your gun, Sam! Go faster there! faster! Who trod on my——? D—n your huffs! Keep back! Stop us, captain, do stop us! Go faster there! I've lost my shoe! Get up again, Ned! Halt! halt! halt! Stop, gentlemen! stop! stop!

By this time they had got into utter and inextricable confusion, and so I left them.

# SIMON SUGGS.

JOHNSON J. HOOPER, the author of "Simon Suggs," was a native of North Carolina, who removed when a young man to Alabama, where he led a variously successful career as a whig journalist. In this line, his most successful venture was the "Montgomery Mail," which he edited with spirit for a number of years, and to which he gave a national reputation. He died toward the close of the sectional war at Richmond, Va., being at the time secretary to the Confederate Senate.

Mr. Hooper was a most genial and entertaining person, and the central figure of a brilliant coterie of writers and speakers. Of these, S. S. Prentiss and George D. Prentice were the most conspicuous; and they always regarded him and spoke of him as their peer. He was not, in public life, so aggressive as they, and therefore he failed to leave so deep a personal impress upon his time. But he had both sense and wit, and was very effective in the party campaigns of the period.

His "History of the Life and Adventures of Captain Simon Suggs, of the Tallapoosa Volunteers," may be, and indeed it is, but a charcoal sketch. Yet, in its way, it is a masterpiece. No one who is at all familiar with the provincial life of the South can fail to recognize the "points" of this sharp and vulgar, sunny and venal swash-buckler. As serio-comic as Sellers, as grotesque as Shingle, he possesses an originality all his own, and never for a moment rises above or falls below it. He is a gambler by nature, by habit, by preference, by occupation. Without a virtue in the world, except his good humor and his self-possession, there is something in his vices, his indolence, his swagger, his rogueries, which, in spite of the worthlessness of the man and the dishonesty of his practices, detains and amuses us. He is a representative character, the Sam Slick of the South; only, I should say, the Sam Slick of Judge Haliburton is not nearly so true to nature, so graphic, or so picturesque.

It has often been stated that Simon was taken from a real personage by the name of Bird, and the story goes that this individual

did on a certain occasion call Mr. Hooper to account for making too free with his lineaments and practices. It may be so; but the likelihood is that the author in this instance followed the example of other writers of fiction, and drew his hero from many scraps and odd ends of individual character to be encountered at the time in the county towns and upon the rural highways of the South. At all events, Simon has survived the ephemeral creations of contemporary humor, and is as fresh and lively to-day as he was five and thirty years ago.

In the examples here given, continuity was out of the question, and I have confined the selections made to such as seemed to do Captain Suggs the fullest justice

## I.

### SIMON STARTS IN THE WORLD.

Until Simon entered his seventeenth year, he lived with his father, an old "hard shell" Baptist preacher, who, though very pious and remarkably austere, was very avaricious. The old man reared his boys — or endeavored to do so — according to the strictest requisitions of the moral law. But he lived, at the time to which we refer, in Middle Georgia, which was then newly settled; and Simon, whose wits were always too sharp for his father's, contrived to contract all the coarse vices incident to such a region. He stole his mother's roosters to fight them at Bob Smith's grocery, and his father's plow-horses to enter them in "quarter" matches at the same place. He pitched dollars with Bob Smith himself, and could "beat him into doll rags" whenever it came to a measurement. To crown his accomplishments, Simon was tip-top at the game of "old sledge," which was the fashionable game of that era, and was early initiated in the mysteries of "stocking the papers." The vicious habits of

Simon were, of course, a sore trouble to his father, Elder Jedediah. He reasoned, he counseled, he remonstrated, and he lashed; but Simon was an incorrigible, irreclaimable devil. One day the simple-minded old man returned rather unexpectedly to the field, where he had left Simon and Ben and a negro boy named Bill at work. Ben was still following his plow, but Simon and Bill were in a fence corner, very earnestly engaged at "seven up." Of course the game was instantly suspended as soon as they spied the old man, sixty or seventy yards off, striding towards them.

It was evidently a "gone case" with Simon and Bill; but our hero determined to make the best of it. Putting the cards into one pocket, he coolly picked up the small coins which constituted the stake, and fobbed them in the other, remarking, "Well, Bill, this game 's blocked; we 'd as well quit."

"But, mass Simon," remarked the boy, "half dat money 's mine. Ain't you gwine to lemme hab 'em?"

"Oh, never mind the money, Bill; the old man 's going to take the bark off both of us; and besides, with the hand I helt when we quit, I should 'a' beat you and won it all, any way."

"Well, but mass Simon, we nebber finish de game, and de rule" —

"Go to the devil with your rule!" said the impatient Simon. "Don't you see daddy 's right down upon us, with an armful of hickories? I tell you, I helt nothin' but trumps, and could 'a' beat the horns off of a billy-goat. Don't that satisfy you? Somehow or another, you 're d—d hard to please!"

About this time a thought struck Simon, and in a low tone — for by this time the Reverend Jedediah was close at hand — he continued, "But may be daddy don't know, *right down sure*, what we 've been doin'. Let 's try him with a lie, — 't won't hurt, noway: let 's tell him we 've been playin' mumble-peg."

Bill was perforce compelled to submit to this inequitable adjustment of his claim to a share of the stakes; and of course agreed to swear to the game of mumble-peg. All this was settled, and a peg driven into the ground, slyly and hurriedly, between Simon's legs as he sat on the ground, just as the old man reached the spot. He carried under his left arm several neatly-trimmed sprouts of formidable length, while in his left hand he held one which he was intently engaged in divesting of its superfluous twigs.

"Soho, youngsters! — *you* in the fence corner, and the *crap* in the grass. What saith the Scriptur', Simon? 'Go to the ant, thou sluggard,' and so forth and so on. What in the round creation of the yeath have you and that nigger been a-doin'?"

Bill shook with fear, but Simon was cool as a cucumber, and answered his father to the effect that they had been wasting a little time in the game of mumble-peg.

"Mumble-peg! mumble-peg!" repeated old Mr. Suggs. "What 's that?"

Simon explained the process of *rooting* for the peg: how the operator got upon his knees, keeping his arms stiff by his sides, leaned forward, and extracted the peg with his teeth.

"So you git *upon your knees*, do you, to pull up

"With a loud yell, Bill plunged forward." See page 43.

that nasty little stick! You 'd better git upon 'em to ask mercy for your sinful souls and for a dyin' world. But let 's see one o' you git the peg up now."

The first impulse of our hero was to volunteer to gratify the curiosity of his worthy sire, but a glance at the old man's countenance changed his "notion," and he remarked that "Bill was a long ways the best hand." Bill, who did not deem Simon's modesty an omen very favorable to himself, was inclined to reciprocate compliments with his young master; but a gesture of impatience from the old man set him instantly upon his knees, and, bending forward, he essayed to lay hold with his teeth of the peg, which Simon, just at that moment, very wickedly pushed a half inch further down. Just as the breeches and hide of the boy were stretched to the uttermost, old Mr. Suggs brought down his longest hickory, with both hands, upon the precise spot where the tension was greatest. With a loud yell, Bill plunged forward, upsetting Simon, and rolled in the grass, rubbing the castigated part with fearful energy. Simon, though overthrown, was unhurt; and he was mentally complimenting himself upon the sagacity which had prevented his illustrating the game of mumble-peg for the paternal amusement, when his attention was arrested by the old man's stooping to pick up something — what is it? — a card upon which Simon had been sitting, and which, therefore, had not gone with the rest of the pack into his pocket. The simple Mr. Suggs had only a vague idea of the pasteboard abomination called *cards;* and though he decidedly inclined to the opinion that this was one, he was by no means certain of the fact. Had Simon known this he would certainly have escaped;

but he did not. His father, assuming the look of extreme sapiency which is always worn by the interrogator who does not desire or expect to increase his knowledge by his questions, asked, —

"What 's this, Simon?"

"The Jack-a-dimunts," promptly responded Simon, who gave up all as lost after this *faux pas*.

"What was it doin' down thar, Simon, my sonny?" continued Mr. Suggs, in an ironically affectionate tone of voice.

"I had it under my leg, thar, to make it on Bill, the first time it come trumps," was the ready reply.

"What 's trumps?" asked Mr. Suggs, with a view of arriving at the import of the word.

"Nothin' ain't trumps *now*," said Simon, who misapprehended his father's meaning, "but *clubs* was, when you come along and busted up the game."

A part of this answer was Greek to the Reverend Mr. Suggs, but a portion of it was full of meaning. They had, then, most unquestionably, been "throwing" cards, the scoundrels! the "oudacious" little hellions!

"To the 'mulberry' with both on ye, in a hurry," said the old man sternly. But the lads were not disposed to be in a "hurry," for the "mulberry" was the scene of all formal punishment administered during work hours in the field. Simon followed his father, however, but made, as he went along, all manner of "faces" at the old man's back; gesticulated as if he were going to strike him between the shoulders with his fists, and kicking at him so as almost to touch his coat tail with his shoe. In this style they walked on to the mulberry-tree, in whose shade Simon's brother Ben was resting.

It must not be supposed that, during the walk to the place of punishment, Simon's mind was either inactive, or engaged in suggesting the grimaces and contortions wherewith he was pantomimically expressing his irreverent sentiments toward his father. Far from it. The movements of his limbs and features were the mere workings of habit — the self-grinding of the corporeal machine — for which his reasoning half was only remotely responsible. For while Simon's person was thus, on its own account, "making game" of old Jed'diah, his wits, in view of the anticipated flogging, were dashing, springing, bounding, darting about, in hot chase of some expedient suitable to the necessities of the case; much after the manner in which puss — when Betty, armed with the broom, and hotly seeking vengeance for pantry robbed or bed defiled, has closed upon her the garret doors and windows — attempts all sorts of impossible exits, to come down at last in the corner, with panting side and glaring eye, exhausted and defenseless. Our unfortunate hero could devise nothing by which he could reasonably expect to escape the heavy blows of his father. Having arrived at this conclusion and the "mulberry" about the same time, he stood with a dogged look, awaiting the issue.

The old man Suggs made no remark to any one while he was seizing up Bill, — a process which, though by no means novel to Simon, seemed to excite in him a sort of painful interest. He watched it closely, as if endeavoring to learn the precise fashion of his father's knot; and when at last Bill was swung up a-tiptoe to a limb, and the whipping commenced, Simon's eye followed every movement

of his father's arm; and as each blow descended upon the bare shoulders of his sable friend, his own body writhed and "wriggled" in involuntary sympathy.

"It 's the devil, it is," said Simon to himself, "to take such a wallopin' as that. Why, the old man looks like he wants to git to the holler, if he could, — rot his old picter! It 's wuth, at the least, fifty cents — je-e-miny, how that hurt! — yes, it 's wuth three-quarters of a dollar to take that 'ere lickin'! Wonder if I 'm 'predestinated,' as old Jed'diah says, to git the feller to it? Lord, how daddy blows! I do wish to God he 'd bust wide open, the durned old deer-face! If 't wa'n't for Ben helpin' him, I b'lieve I 'd give the old dog a tussel when it comes to my turn. It could n't make the thing no wuss, if it did n't make it no better. 'Drot it! what do boys have daddies for, anyhow? 'T ain't for nuthin' but jist to beat 'em and work 'em. There 's some use in mammies. I kin poke my finger right in the old 'oman's eye, and keep it thar; and if I say it ain't thar, she 'll say so, too. I wish she was here to hold daddy off. If 't wa'n't so fur I'd holler for her, anyhow. How she would cling to the old fellow's coat tail!"

Mr. Jedediah Suggs let down Bill and untied him. Approaching Simon, whose coat was off, "Come, Simon, son," said he, "cross them hands; I 'm gwine to correct you."

"It ain't no use, daddy," said Simon.

"Why so, Simon?"

"Jist bekase it ain't. I 'm gwine to play cards as long as I live. When I go off to myself, I 'm gwine to make my livin' by it. So what 's the use of beatin' me about it?"

Old Mr. Suggs groaned, as he was wont to do in the pulpit, at this display of Simon's viciousness.

"Simon," said he, "you 're a poor ignunt creetur. You don't know nuthin', and you 've never bin nowhars. If I was to turn you off, you 'd starve in a week" —

"I wish you 'd try me," said Simon, "and jist see. I 'd win more money in a week than you can make in a year. There ain't nobody round here kin make seed corn off o' me at cards. I 'm rale smart," he added, with great emphasis.

"Simon ! Simon ! you poor unlettered fool. Don't you know that all card-players and chicken-fighters and horse-racers go to hell ? You crack-brained creetur, you ! And don't you know that them that plays cards always loses their money, and" —

"Who wins it all, then, daddy ?" asked Simon.

"Shet your mouth, you imperdent, slack-jawed dog ! Your daddy 's a-tryin' to give you some good advice, and you a-pickin' up his words that way. I knowed a young man once, when I lived in Ogletharp, as went down to Augusty and sold a hundred dollars' worth of cotton for his daddy, and some o' them gambollers got him to drinkin', and the *very first* night he was with 'em they got every cent of his money."

"They could n't get my money in a *week*," said Simon. "Anybody can git these here green feller's money ; them 's the sort I 'm a-gwine to watch for myself. Here 's what kin fix the papers jist about as nice as anybody."

"Well, it 's no use to argify about the matter," said old Jed'diah. "What saith the Scriptur' ? 'He that begetteth a fool, doeth it to his sorrow.' Hence.

Simon, you 're a poor, misubble fool, — so cross your hands ! "

" You 'd jist as well not, daddy ; I tell you I 'm gwine to follow playin' cards for a livin', and what 's the use o' bangin' a feller about it ? I 'm as smart as any of 'em, and Bob Smith says them Augusty fellers can't make rent off o' me."

The reverend Mr. Suggs had once in his life gone to Augusta ; an extent of travel which in those days was a little unusual. His consideration among his neighbors was considerably increased by the circumstance, as he had all the benefit of the popular inference that no man could visit the city of Augusta without acquiring a vast superiority over all his untraveled neighbors, in every department of human knowledge. Mr. Suggs, then, very naturally, felt ineffably indignant that an individual who had never seen any collection of human habitations larger than a log-house village — an individual, in short, no other or better than Bob Smith — should venture to express an opinion concerning the manners, customs, or anything else appertaining to, or in any wise connected with, the *ultima Thule* of backwoods Georgians. There were two propositions which witnessed their own truth to the mind of Mr. Suggs : the one was that a man who had never been at Augusta could not know anything about that city, or any place, or anything else ; the other, that one who *had* been there must, of necessity, be not only well informed as to all things connected with the city itself, but perfectly *au fait* upon all subjects whatsoever. It was therefore in a tone of mingled indignation and contempt that he replied to the last remark of Simon.

" *Bob Smith* says, does he ? And who 's *Bob*

*Smith?* Much does *Bob Smith* know about Augusty! He 's *been thar*, I reckon! Slipped off yerly some mornin', when nobody warn't noticin', and got back afore night! It 's *only* a hundred and fifty mile. Oh, yes, *Bob Smith* knows *all* about it! *I* don't know nothin' about it! *I* ain't never been to Augusty — *I* could n't find the road thar, I reckon — ha, ha! *Bob — Smi-th!* If he was only to see one o' them fine gentlemen in Augusty, with his fine broadcloth, and bell-crown hat, and shoe-boots a-shinin' like silver, he'd take to the woods and kill himself a-runnin'. Bob Smith! that 's whar all your devilment comes from, Simon."

"Bob Smith 's as good as anybody else, I judge; and a heap smarter than some. He showed me how to cut Jack," continued Simon, "and that 's more nor some people can do, if they *have* been to Augusty."

"If Bob Smith kin do it," said the old man, "I kin, too. I don't know it by that name; but if it 's book knowledge or plain sense, and Bob kin do it, it 's reasonable to s'pose that old Jed'diah Suggs won't be bothered *bad*. Is it any ways similyar to the rule of three, Simon?"

"Pretty similyar, daddy, but not adzactly," said Simon, drawing a pack from his pocket, to explain. "Now, daddy," he proceeded, "you see these here four cards is what we calls the Jacks. Well, now, the idee is, if you 'll take the pack and mix 'em all up together, I 'll take off a passel from top, and the bottom one of them I take off will be one of the Jacks."

"Me to mix 'em fust?" said old Jed'diah.

"Yes."

"And you not to see but the back of the top one, when you go to 'cut,' as you call it?"

"Jist so, daddy."

"And the backs all jist as like as kin be?" said the senior Suggs, examining the cards.

"More alike nor cow-peas," said Simon.

"It can't be done, Simon," observed the old man, with great solemnity.

"Bob Smith kin do it, and so kin I."

"It 's agin nater, Simon; thar ain't a man in Augusty, nor on top of the yeath, that kin do it!"

"Daddy," said our hero, "ef you 'll bet me" —

"What!" thundered old Mr. Suggs. "*Bet*, did you say?" and he came down with a *scorer* across Simon's shoulders. "Me, Jed'diah Suggs, that 's been in the Lord's sarvice these twenty years, — *me* bet, you nasty, sassy, triflin', ugly" —

"I did n't go to say *that*, daddy; that warn't what I meant adzactly. I went to say that ef you 'd let me off from this here maulin' you owe me, and *give me* 'Bunch,' ef I cut Jack, I 'd *give you* all this here silver, ef I did n't, — that 's all. To be sure, I allers knowed *you* would n't *bet*."

Old Mr. Suggs ascertained the exact amount of the silver which his son handed him, in an old leathern pouch, for inspection. He also, mentally, compared that sum with an imaginary one, the supposed value of a certain Indian pony, called "Bunch," which he had bought for his "old woman's" Sunday riding, and which had sent the old lady into a fence corner the first and only time she ever mounted him. As he weighed the pouch of silver in his hand, Mr. Suggs also endeavored to analyze the character of the transaction proposed by

Simon. "It sartinly *can't* be nothin' but *givin'*, no way it kin be twisted," he murmured to himself. "I *know* he can't do it, so there 's no resk. What makes bettin' ? The resk. It 's a one-sided business, and I'll jist let him give me all his money, and that 'll put all his wild sportin' notions out of his head."

"Will you stand it, daddy ?" asked Simon, by way of waking the old man up. "You mought as well, for the whippin' won't do you no good ; and as for Bunch, nobody about the plantation won't ride him but me."

"Simon," replied the old man, "I agree to it. Your old daddy is in a close place about payin' for his land ; and this here money — it 's jist eleven dollars, lacking of twenty-five cents — will help out mightily. But mind, Simon, ef anything 's said about this herearter, remember, you *give* me the money."

"Very well, daddy ; and ef the thing works up instid o' down, I s'pose we 'll say you give *me* Bunch, eh ?"

"You won't never be troubled to tell how you come by Bunch ; the thing 's agin nater, and can't be done. What old Jed'diah Suggs knows, he knows as good as anybody. Give me them fixments, Simon."

Our hero handed the cards to his father, who, dropping the plow-line with which he had intended to tie Simon's hands, turned his back to that individual, in order to prevent his witnessing the operation of *mixing*. He then sat down, and very leisurely commenced shuffling the cards, making, however, an exceedingly awkward job of it. Restive *kings* and *queens* jumped from his hands, or obstinately refused to slide into the company of the rest of the

pack. Occasionally a sprightly *knave* would insist on *facing* his neighbor; or, pressing his edge against another's, half double himself up, and then skip away. But Elder Jed'diah perseveringly continued his attempts to subdue the refractory, while heavy drops burst from his forehead, and ran down his cheeks. All of a sudden an idea, quick and penetrating as a rifle-ball, seemed to have entered the cranium of the old man. He chuckled audibly. The devil had suggested to Mr. Suggs an *impromptu* "stock," which would place the chances of Simon, already sufficiently slim in the old man's opinion, without the range of possibility. Mr. Suggs forthwith proceeded to cull out all the *picter ones*, so as to be certain to include the *Jacks*, and place them at the bottom, with the evident intention of keeping Simon's fingers above these when he should cut. Our hero, who was quietly looking over his father's shoulders all the time, did not seem alarmed by this disposition of the cards; on the contrary, he smiled, as if he felt perfectly confident of success, in spite of it.

"Now, daddy," said Simon, when his father had announced himself ready, "narry one of us ain't got to look at the cards, while I 'm a cuttin'; if we do, it 'll spile the conjuration."

"Very well."

"And another thing: you 've got to look me right dead in the eye, daddy; will you?"

"To be sure, — to be sure," said Mr. Suggs; "fire away."

Simon walked up close to his father, and placed his hand on the pack. Old Mr. Suggs looked in Simon's eye, and Simon returned the look for about three seconds, during which a close observer might

have detected a suspicious working of the wrist of the hand on the cards, but the elder Suggs did not remark it.

"Wake snakes! day's a-breakin'! Rise Jack!" said Simon, cutting half a dozen cards from the top of the pack, and presenting the face of the bottom one for the inspection of his father.

It was the Jack of hearts!

Old Mr. Suggs staggered back several steps, with uplifted eyes and hands!

"Marciful master!" he exclaimed, "ef the boy hain't! Well, how in the round creation of the ——! Ben, did you ever? To be sure and sartin, Satan has power on this yeath!" and Mr. Suggs groaned in very bitterness.

"You never seed nothin' like that in *Augusty*, did ye, daddy?" asked Simon, with a malicious wink at Ben.

"Simon, how *did* you do it?" queried the old man, without noticing his son's question.

"Do it, daddy? Do it? 'T ain't nothin'. I done it jist as easy as — shootin'."

Whether this explanation was entirely, or in any degree, satisfactory to the perplexed mind of Elder Jed'diah Suggs cannot, after the lapse of time which has intervened, be sufficiently ascertained. It is certain, however, that he pressed the investigation no farther, but merely requested his son Benjamin to witness the fact that, in consideration of his love and affection for his son Simon, and in order to furnish the donee with the means of leaving that portion of the State of Georgia, he bestowed upon him the impracticable, pony, Bunch.

"Jist so, daddy; jist so; I'll witness that. But

it 'minds me mightily of the way mammy *give* old Trailler the side of bacon, last week. She a-sweepin' up the hath; the meat on the table; old Trailler jumps up, gethers the bacon, and darts! Mammy arter him with the broom-stick as fur as the door, but seein' the dog has got the start, she shakes the stick at him, and hollers, 'You sassy, aig-sukkin', roguish, gnatty, flop-eared varmint! take it along! take it along! I only wish 't was full of a'snic, and ox-vomit, and blue vitrul, so as 't would cut your interls into chitlins!' That 's about the way you give Bunch to Simon."

"Oh, shuh, Ben," remarked Simon, "I would n't run on that way. Daddy couldn't help it; it was *predestinated:* 'Whom he hath, he will,' you know," and the rascal pulled down the under lid of his left eye at his brother. Then addressing his father, he asked, "Warn't it, daddy?"

"To be sure — to be sure — all fixed aforehand," was old Mr. Suggs' reply.

"Did n't I tell you so, Ben?" said Simon. "*I* knowed it was all fixed aforehand," and he laughed until he was purple in the face.

"What 's in ye? What are ye laughin' 'about?" asked the old man wrothily.

"Oh, it 's so funny that it could all 'a' been *fixed aforehand!*" said Simon, and laughed louder than before. The obtusity of the Reverend Mr. Suggs, however, prevented his making any discoveries. He fell into a brown study, and no further allusion was made to the matter.

It was evident to our hero that his father intended he should remain but one more night beneath the paternal roof. What mattered it to Simon?

He went home at night ; curried and fed Bunch ; whispered confidentially in his ear that he was the "fastest piece of hossflesh, accordin' to size, that ever shaded the yeath ;" and then busied himself in preparing for an early start on the morrow.

Old Mrs. Suggs' big red rooster had hardly ceased crowing in announcement of the coming dawn, when Simon mounted the intractable Bunch. Both were in high spirits : our hero at the idea of unrestrained license in future ; and Bunch from a mesmerical transmission to himself of a portion of his master's deviltry. Simon raised himself in the stirrups, yelled a tolerably fair imitation of the Creek war-whoop, and shouted, —

"I 'm off, old stud ! Remember the Jack-a-hearts !"

Bunch shook his little head, tucked down his tail, ran sideways, as if going to fall, and then suddenly reared, squealed, and struck off at a brisk gallop.

## II.

### THE CAPTAIN ATTENDS A CAMP-MEETING.

Captain Suggs found himself as poor at the conclusion of the Creek war as he had been at its commencement. Although no "arbitrary," "despotic," "corrupt," and "unprincipled" judge had fined him a thousand dollars for his proclamation of martial law at Fort Suggs, or the enforcement of its rules in the case of Mrs. Haycock, yet somehow — the thing is alike inexplicable to him and to us — the money which he had contrived, by various shifts, to obtain melted away, and was gone forever. To a man like the Captain, of intense domestic affections, this state

of destitution was most distressing. "He could stand it himself, — did n't care a d—n for it, no way," he observed; "but the old woman and the children, — *that* bothered him!"

As he sat, one day, ruminating upon the unpleasant condition of his "financial concerns," Mrs. Suggs informed him that "the sugar and coffee was nigh about out," and that there were not "a dozen j'ints and middlins, *all put together*, in the smoke-house." Suggs bounced up on the instant, exclaiming, "D—n it! *somebody* must suffer!" But whether this remark was intended to convey the idea that he and his family were about to experience the want of the necessaries of life, or that some other and as yet unknown individual should "suffer" to prevent that prospective exigency, must be left to the commentators, if perchance any of that ingenious class of persons should hereafter see proper to write notes for this history. It is enough for us that we give all the facts in this connection, so that ignorance of the subsequent conduct of Captain Suggs may not lead to an erroneous judgment in respect to his words.

Having uttered the exclamation we have repeated, and perhaps hurriedly walked once or twice across the room, Captain Suggs drew on his famous old green-blanket overcoat, and ordered his horse, and within five minutes was on his way to a camp-meeting, then in full blast on Sandy Creek, twenty miles distant, where he hoped to find amusement, at least. When he arrived there, he found the hollow square of the encampment filled with people, listening to the mid-day sermon and its dozen accompanying "exhortations." A half dozen preachers were dispensing the word; the one in the pulpit a meek

faced old man, of great simplicity and benevolence. His voice was weak and cracked, notwithstanding which, however, he contrived to make himself heard occasionally, above the din of the exhorting, the singing, and the shouting which were going on around him. The rest were walking to and fro (engaged in the other exercises we have indicated) among the "mourners," — a host of whom occupied the seat set apart for their especial use, — or made personal appeals to the mere spectators. The excitement was intense. Men and women rolled about on the ground, or lay sobbing or shouting in promiscuous heaps. More than all, the negroes sang and screamed and prayed. Several, under the influence of what is technically called "the jerks," were plunging and pitching about with convulsive energy. The great object of all seemed to be to see who could make the greatest noise :

> "And each, for madness ruled the hour,
> Would try his own expressive power."

"Bless my poor old soul!" screamed the preacher in the pulpit ; "ef yonder ain't a squad in that corner that we ain't got one outen yet! It 'll never do," — raising his voice, — "you must come outen that! Brother Fant, fetch up that youngster in the blue coat! I see the Lord 's a-workin' upon him! Fetch him along — glory — yes! — hold to him!"

"Keep the thing warm!" roared a sensual-seeming man, of stout mould and florid countenance, who was exhorting among a bevy of young women, upon whom he was lavishing caresses. "Keep the thing warm, breethring! Come to the Lord, honey!" he added, as he vigorously hugged one of the damsels he sought to save.

"Oh, I've got him!" said another in exulting tones, as he led up a gawky youth among the mourners, — "I've got him — he tried to git off, but — ha! Lord!" — shaking his head, as much as to say, it took a smart fellow to escape him — "ha! Lord!" — and he wiped the perspiration from his face with one hand, and with the other patted his neophyte on the shoulder — "he could n't do it! No! Then he tried to argy wi' me — but bless the Lord! he could n't do that nother! Ha! Lord! I tuk him, fust in the Old Testament — bless the Lord! — and I argyed him all thro' Kings — then I throwed him into Proverbs, — and from that, here we had it up and down, kleer down to the New Testament; and then I begun to see it work him! — then we got into Matthy, and from Matthy right straight along to Acts; and *thar* I throwed him! Y-e-s L-o-r-d!" assuming the nasal twang and high pitch which are, in some parts, considered the perfection of rhetorical art, "Y-e-s L-o-r-d! and h-e-r-e he is! Now g-i-t down thar," addressing the subject, "and s-e-e ef the L-o-r-d won't do somethin' f-o-r you!" Having thus deposited his charge among the mourners, he started out summarily to convert another soul!

"Gl-o-*ree!*" yelled a huge, greasy negro woman, as in a fit of the jerks she threw herself convulsively from her feet, and fell, "like a thousand of brick," across a diminutive old man in a little round hat, who was squeaking consolation to one of the mourners.

"Good Lord, have mercy!" ejaculated the little man earnestly and unaffectedly, as he strove to crawl from under the sable mass which was crushing him.

In another part of the square a dozen old women

were singing. They were in a state of absolute ecstasy, as their shrill pipes gave forth, —

"I rode on the sky,
Quite ondestified I,
And the moon it was under my feet!"

Near these last stood a delicate woman, in that hysterical condition in which the nerves are uncontrollable, and which is vulgarly — and almost blasphemously — termed the "holy laugh." A hideous grin distorted her mouth, and was accompanied with a maniac's chuckle; while every muscle and nerve of her face twitched and jerked in horrible spasms.[1]

Amid all this confusion and excitement Suggs stood unmoved. He viewed the whole affair as a grand deception, a sort of "opposition line" running against his own, and looked on with a sort of professional jealousy. Sometimes he would mutter running comments upon what passed before him.

"Well, now," said he, as he observed the full-faced brother who was "officiating" among the women, "that ere feller takes *my* eye! Thar he's been this half hour, a-figurin' amongst them galls, and's never said the fust word to nobody else. Wonder

[1] Mr. Hooper adds the following note in this place: —

"The reader is requested to bear in mind that the scenes described in this chapter are not *now* to be witnessed. Eight or ten years ago, all classes of population of the Creek country were very different from what they now are. Of course, no disrespect is intended to any denomination of Christians. We believe that camp-meetings are not peculiar to any church, though most usual in the Methodist, — a denomination whose respectability in Alabama is attested by the fact that *very many* of its worthy clergymen and lay members hold honorable and profitable offices in the gift of the state legislature; of which, indeed, almost a controlling portion are themselves Methodists."

what's the reason these here preachers never hugs up the old, ugly women! Never seed one do it in my life, — the sperrit never moves 'em that way! It's nater tho'; and the women, *they* never flocks round one o' the old dried-up breethring. Bet two to one, old splinter-legs thar" — nodding at one of the ministers — "won't git a chance to say turkey to a good-lookin' gall to-day! Well! who blames 'em? Nater will be nater, all the world over; and I judge ef I was a preacher, I should save the purtiest souls fust, myself!"

While the Captain was in the middle of this conversation with himself, he caught the attention of the preacher in the pulpit, who, inferring from an indescribable something about his appearance that he was a person of some consequence, immediately determined to add him at once to the church, if it could be done; and to that end began a vigorous, direct personal attack.

"Breethring," he exclaimed, "I see yonder a man that's a sinner! I *know* he's a sinner! Thar he stands," pointing at Simon, "a missuble old crittur, with his head a-blossomin' for the grave! A few more short years, and d-o-w-n he 'll go to perdition, lessen the Lord have mer-cy on him! Come up here, you old hoary-headed sinner, a-n-d git down upon your knees, a-n-d put up your cry for the Lord to snatch you from the bottomless pit! You're ripe for the devil; you're b-o-u-n-d for hell, and the Lord only knows what 'll become on you!"

"D—n it," thought Suggs, "*ef* I only had you down in the krick swamp for a minit or so, *I'd* show you who's *old!* *I'd* alter your tune *mighty* sudden, you sassy, 'saitful old rascal!" But he judiciously

held his tongue, and gave no utterance to the thought.

The attention of many having been directed to the Captain by the preacher's remarks, he was soon surrounded by numerous well-meaning and doubtless very pious persons, each one of whom seemed bent on the application of his own particular recipe for the salvation of souls. For a long time the Captain stood silent, or answered the incessant stream of exhortation only with a sneer; but at length his countenance began to give token of inward emotion. First his eyelids twitched; then his upper lip quivered; next a transparent drop formed on one of his eyelashes, and a similar one on the tip of his nose; and at last a sudden bursting of air from nose and mouth told that Captain Suggs was overpowered by his emotions. At the moment of the explosion, he made a feint as if to rush from the crowd, but he was in experienced hands, who well knew that the battle was more than half won.

"Hold to him!" said one. "It's a-workin' in him as strong as a Dick horse!"

"Pour it into him," said another; "it'll all come right directly."

"That's the way I love to see 'em do," observed a third; "when you begin to draw the water from their eyes, 't ain't gwine to be long afore you 'll have 'em on their knees!"

And so they clung to the Captain manfully, and half dragged, half led him to the mourner's bench; by which he threw himself down, altogether unmanned, and bathed in tears. Great was the rejoicing of the brethren, as they sang, shouted, and prayed around him; for by this time it had come to

be generally known that the "convicted" old man was Captain Simon Suggs, the very "chief of sinners" in all that region.

The Captain remained groveling in the dust during the usual time, and gave vent to even more than the requisite number of sobs and groans and heart-piercing cries. At length, when the proper time had arrived, he bounced up, and with a face radiant with joy commenced a series of vaultings and tumblings, which "laid in the shade" all previous performances of the sort at that camp-meeting. The brethren were in ecstasies at this demonstrative evidence of completion of the work; and whenever Suggs shouted "Gloree!" at the top of his lungs, every one of them shouted it back, until the woods rang with echoes.

The effervescence having partially subsided, Suggs was put upon his pins to relate his experience, which he did somewhat in this style, first brushing the tear-drops from his eyes, and giving the end of his nose a preparatory wring with his fingers, to free it of the superabundant moisture.

"Friends," he said, "it don't take long to curry a short horse, accordin' to the old sayin', and I'll give you the perticklers of the way I was 'brought to a knowledge'" — here the Captain wiped his eyes, brushed the tip of his nose, and snuffled a little — "in less 'n no time."

"Praise the Lord!" ejaculated a by-stander.

"You see I come here full o' romancin' and devilment, and jist to make game of all the purceedins. Well, sure enough, I done so for some time, and was a-thinkin' how I should play some trick" —

"Dear soul alive! *don't* he talk sweet?" cried

an old lady in black silk. "Whar 's John Dobbs? You Sukey!" screaming at a negro woman on the other side of the square, "ef you don't hunt up your mass John in a minute, and have him here to listen to his 'sperience, I 'll tuck you up when I git home and give you a hundred and fifty lashes, madam! see ef I don't! Blessed Lord!" referring again to the Captain's relation, "ain't it a *precious* 'scourse?"

"I was jist a-thinkin' how I should play some trick to turn it all into redecule, when they began to come round me and talk. Long at fust I did n't mind it, but arter a little that brother," pointing to the reverend gentleman who had so successfully carried the unbeliever through the Old and New Testaments, and who, Simon was convinced, was the "big dog of the tan-yard," — "that brother spoke a word that struck me kleen to the heart, and run all over me, like fire in dry grass" —

"*I-I-I* can bring 'em!" cried the preacher alluded to, in a tone of exultation. "Lord, thou knows ef thy servant can't stir 'em up, nobody else need n't try; but the glory ain't mine. I 'm a poor worrum of the dust," he added, with ill-managed affectation.

"And so from that I felt somethin' a-pullin' me inside" —

"Grace! grace! nothin' but grace!" exclaimed one; meaning that "grace" had been operating in the Captain's gastric region.

"And then," continued Suggs, "I wanted to git off, but they hilt me, and bimeby I felt so missuble I had to go yonder," pointing to the mourners' seat; "and when I lay down thar it got wuss and wuss, and 'peared like somethin' was a-mashin' down on my back" —

"That was his load o' sin," said one of the brethren. "Never mind; it 'll tumble off presently, see ef it don't," and he shook his head professionally and knowingly.

"And it kept a-gittin heavier and heavier, ontwell it looked like it might be a four-year-old steer, or a big pine log, or somethin' of that sort" —

"Glory to my soul," shouted Mrs. Dobbs, "it 's the sweetest talk I *ever* hearn! You Sukey! ain't you got John yit? Never mind, my lady, *I* 'll settle wi' you!" Sukey quailed before the finger which her mistress shook at her.

"And arter a while," Suggs went on, "'peared like I fell into a trance, like, and I seed" —

"Now we 'll git the good on it!" cried one of the sanctified.

"And I seed the biggest, longest, rip-roarenest, blackest, scaliest" — Captain Suggs paused, wiped his brow, and ejaculated, "Ah, L-o-r-d!" so as to give full time for curiosity to become impatience to know what he saw.

"*Sarpent*, warn't it?" asked one of the preachers.

"No, not a sarpent," replied Suggs, blowing his nose.

"Do tell us *what* it war! Soul alive! Whar *is* John?" said Mrs. Dobbs.

"Alligator!" said the Captain.

"Alligator!" repeated every woman present, and screamed for very life.

Mrs. Dobbs's nerves were so shaken by the announcement that, after repeating the horrible word, she screamed to Sukey, "You Sukey, I say, you Su-u-ke-e-y! ef you let John come a-nigh this way, whar the dreadful alliga — Shaw! what am I thinkin 'bout? 'T warn't nothin' but a vishin!"

"Well," said the Captain in continuation, "the alligator kept a-comin' and a-comin' to'ards me, with his great long jaws a-gapin' open like a ten-foot pair o' tailors' shears" —

"Oh! oh! oh! Lord! gracious above!" cried the women.

"SATAN!" was the laconic ejaculation of the oldest preacher present, who thus informed the congregation that it was the devil which had attacked Suggs in the shape of an alligator.

"And then I concluded the jig was up, 'thout I could block his game some way; for I seed his idee was to snap off my head" —

The women screamed again.

"So I fixed myself jist like I was purfectly willin' for him to take my head, and rather he 'd do it as not," — here the women shuddered perceptibly, — "and so I hilt my head straight out," — the Captain illustrated by elongating his neck; "and when he come up, and was a-gwine to *shet down* on it, I jist pitched in a big rock, which choked him to death; and that minit I felt the weight slide off, and I had the best feelins — sorter like you 'll have from *good* sperrits — anybody ever had!"

"Did n't I *tell* you so? Did n't I *tell* you so?" asked the brother who had predicted the off-tumbling of the load of sin. "Ha, Lord! fool *who!* I 've been *all* along thar! yes, *all along thar!* and I know every inch of the way jist as good as I do the road home!" and then he turned round and round, and looked at all, to receive a silent tribute to his superior penetration.

Captain Suggs was now the "lion of the day." Nobody could pray so well, or exhort so movingly,

as "brother Suggs." Nor did his natural modesty prevent the proper performance of appropriate exercises. With the Reverend Bela Bugg (him to whom, under providence, he ascribed his conversion) he was a most especial favorite. They walked, sang, and prayed together for hours.

"Come, come up; thar's room for all!" cried brother Bugg, in his evening exhortation. "Come to the 'seat,' and ef you won't pray yourselves let *me* pray for you!"

"Yes!" said Simon, by way of assisting his friend; "it's a game that all can win at! Ante up! ante up, boys — friends, I mean! Don't back out!"

"Thar ain't a sinner here," said Bugg, "no matter ef his soul's black as a nigger, but what thar's room for him!"

"No matter what sort of a hand you've got," added Simon, in the fullness of his benevolence; "take stock! Here am *I*, the wickedest and blindest of sinners; has spent my whole life in the sarvice of the devil; has now come in on *nary pair* and won a *pile!*" and the Captain's face beamed with holy pleasure.

"D-o-n-'t be afeard!" cried the preacher; "come along! the meanest won't be turned away! humble yourselves, and come!"

"No!" said Simon, still indulging in his favorite style of metaphor; "the bluff game ain't played here! No runnin' of a body off! Everybody holds four aces, and when you bet you win!"

And thus the Captain continued, until the services were concluded, to assist in adding to the number at the mourners' seat; and up to the hour of retiring, he exhibited such enthusiasm in the cause that

he was unanimously voted to be the most efficient addition the church had made during that meeting.

The next morning, when the preacher of the day first entered the pulpit, he announced that "brother Simon Suggs," mourning over his past iniquities, and desirous of going to work in the cause as speedily as possible, would take up a collection to found a church in his own neighborhood, at which he hoped to make himself useful as soon as he could prepare himself for the ministry, which, the preacher did n't doubt, would be in a very few weeks, as brother Suggs was "a man of mighty good judg*ment*, and of *a great discorse*." The funds were to be collected by "brother Suggs," and held in trust by brother Bela Bugg, who was the financial officer of the circuit, until some arrangement could be made to build a suitable house.

"Yes, breethring," said the Captain, rising to his feet; "I want to start a little 'sociation close to me, and I want you all to help. I 'm mighty poor myself, as poor as any of you. Don't leave, breethring," observing that several of the well-to-do were about to go off, — "don't leave; ef you ain't able to afford anything, jist give us your blessin', and it 'll be all the same!"

This insinuation did the business, and the sensitive individuals reseated themselves.

"It 's mighty little of this world's goods I 've got," resumed Suggs, pulling off his hat, and holding it before him; "but I 'll bury *that* in the cause, anyhow," and he deposited his last five-dollar bill in the hat. There was a murmur of approbation at the Captain's liberality throughout the assembly.

Suggs now commenced collecting, and very pru-

dently attacked first the gentlemen who had shown a disposition to escape. These, to exculpate themselves from anything like poverty, contributed handsomely.

"Look here, breethring," said the Captain, displaying the bank-notes thus received, "brother Snooks has drapt a five wi' me, and brother Snodgrass a ten! In course 't ain't expected that you *that ain't as well off as them* will give *as much;* let every one give *accordin'* to ther means."

This was another chain-shot that raked as it went! "Who so low" as not to be able to contribute as much as Snooks and Snodgrass?

"Here 's all the *small* money I 've got about me," said a burly old fellow, ostentatiously handing to Suggs, over the heads of a half dozen, a ten-dollar bill.

"That 's what I call maganimus!" exclaimed the Captain; "that 's the way *every* rich man ought to do!"

These examples were followed more or less closely by almost all present, for Simon had excited the pride of purse of the congregation, and a very handsome sum was collected in a very short time.

The Reverend Mr. Bugg, as soon as he observed that our hero had obtained all that was to be had at that time, went to him, and inquired what amount had been collected. The Captain replied that it was still uncounted, but that it could n't be much under a hundred.

"Well, brother Suggs, you 'd better count it, and turn it over to me now. I 'm goin' to leave presently."

"No!" said Suggs; "can't do it!"

"Why? what 's the matter?" inquired Bugg.

"It 's got to be *prayed over*, fust!" said Simon, a heavenly smile illuminating his whole face.

"Well," replied Bugg, "less go one side and do it!"

"No!" said Simon, solemnly.

Mr. Bugg gave a look of inquiry.

"You see that krick swamp?" asked Suggs. "I 'm gwine down in *thar*, and I 'm gwine to lay this money down *so*," — showing how he would place it on the ground, — "and I 'm gwine to git on these here knees," slapping the right one, "and I 'm *n-e-v-e-r* gwine to quit the grit ontwell I feel it 's got the blessin'! And nobody ain't got to be thar but me!"

Mr. Bugg greatly admired the Captain's fervent piety, and, bidding him godspeed, turned off.

Captain Suggs "struck for" the swamp sure enough, where his horse was already hitched. "Ef them fellers ain't done to a cracklin'," he muttered to himself as he mounted, "*I* 'll never bet on two pair agin! They 're peart at the snap game, theyselves; but they 're badly lewed this hitch! Well! Live and let live is a good old motter, and it 's my sentiments adzactly!" And giving the spur to his horse, off he cantered.

## III.

### SIMON IS ARRAIGNED BEFORE "A JURY OF HIS COUNTRY."

For a year or two after the Captain's conversion at the camp-meeting, the memoranda at our command furnish no information concerning him. We next find him, at the spring term, 1838, arraigned

in the circuit court for the county of Tallapoosa, charged in a bill of indictment with gambling, "playing at a certain game of cards, commonly called *poker*, for money, contrary to the form of the statute, and against the peace and dignity of the State of Alabama."

"Humph!" said the Captain to himself, as Mr. Solicitor Belcher read the bill; "*that's* as derned a lie as ever Jim Belcher writ! Thar never were a *peaceabler* or more *gentlemanlier* game o' short cards played in Datesville, — which thar 's a dozen men here is knowin' to it!"

Captain Suggs had no particular defense with which to meet the prosecution. It was pretty generally understood that the State would make out a clear case against him; and a considerable fine, or imprisonment in default of its payment, was the certainly expected result. Yet Simon had employed — though he had not actually *feed* — counsel, and had some slight hope that Luck, the goddess of his especial adoration, would not desert him at the pinch. He instructed his lawyer, therefore, to stave off the case, if possible; or, at any rate, to protract it.

"The State against Simon Suggs and Andrew, alias Andy, Owens. Card-playing. Hadenskeldt for the defense. Are the defendants in court?" said the judge.

Simon's counsel intimated that *he* was.

"Take an *alias* writ as to Owens; ready for trial as to Suggs," said the solicitor.

The Captain whispered to his lawyer, and urged him to put him on the stand, and make a showing for a continuance; but being advised by that gentleman that it would be useless, got him to obtain

leave for him to go out of court for five minutes. Permission obtained, he went out, and soon after returned.

"Is Wat Craddock in court?" asked the solicitor.

"Here!" said Wat.

"Take the stand, Mr. Craddock!" And Wat obeyed, and was sworn.

"Proceed, Mr. Craddock, and tell the court and jury all you know about Captain Suggs playing cards," said Mr. Belcher.

"Stop!" interposed Simon's counsel. "Do you believe in the revelations of Scripture, Mr. Craddock?"

"No!" said the witness.

"I object, then, to his testifying," said Mr. Hadenskeldt.

"He does n't *understand the question*," said the solicitor. "You believe the Bible to be true, don't you?" addressing the witness.

"If the court please — stop! *stop!* Mr. Craddock — I 'll ask him another question before he answers that," said Mr. Hadenskeldt, hastily. "Did you ever *read* the Bible, Mr. Craddock?"

"No," said Craddock; "not 's I know on."

"Then I object to his testifying, of course. He can't believe what he knows nothing about."

"He has *heard* it read, I presume," said Mr. Belcher; "have you not, Mr. Craddock?"

"I mought," said Wat, "but I don't know."

"*Don't know!* Why, don't you hear it every Sunday at church?"

"Ah, but you see," replied Mr. Craddock, with the air of a man about to solve a difficulty to everybody's satisfaction — "you see, I don't never go to meetin'!"

"Your honor will perceive" — began Mr. Hadenskeldt.

"Why — what — how do you spend your time on Sunday, Mr. Craddock?" asked the solicitor.

"Sometimes I goes a-fishin' on the krick, and sometimes I plays marvels," replied Wat, gaping extensively as he spoke.

"Anything else?"

"Sometimes I lays in the sun, back o' Andy Owens's grocery."

"Mr. Belcher," asked the court, "is this the only witness for the State?"

"We have a half dozen more who can prove all the facts."

"Well, then, discharge this man; he 's drunk."

Mr. Craddock was accordingly discharged, and William Sentell was put upon the stand. Just as he had kissed the book, a man, looking hot and worried, was seen leaning over the railing which shuts out the spectators from the business part of the court-room, beckoning to the Captain.

Simon, having obtained leave to see this person, went to him, and took a note which the other held in his hand, and, after a few words of conversation, turned off to read it. As he slowly deciphered the words, his countenance changed, and he began to weep. The solicitor, who knew a thing or two about the Captain, laughed; and so did Mr. Hadenskeldt, although he tried to suppress it.

"My boys is a-dyin'!" said Suggs; and he threw himself upon the steps leading to the judge's seat, and sobbed bitterly.

"Come, come, Captain," said the solicitor; "you *are* a great tactician, but permit me to say that *I*

know you. Come, no shamming! Let 's proceed with the trial."

"It don't make no odds to me now what you do about it. John and Ben will be in ther graves before I git home," and the poor fellow groaned heart-breakingly.

"Captain," said Mr. Hadenskeldt, vainly endeavoring to control his risibles, "let us attend to the trial now. May be it is n't as bad as you suppose."

"No," said Suggs, "let 'em find me guilty. I 'm a poor missuble old man! The Lord 's a-punishin' my gray hairs for my wickedness!"

Mr. Hadenskeldt took from the Captain's hand the note containing the bad tidings, and to his great astonishment saw that it was from Dr. Jourdan, a gentleman well known to him, and entirely above any suspicion of trickery. It set forth that the Captain's sons were at the point of death, — one of them beyond hope; and urged the Captain to come home to his afflicted family. Knowing that Suggs was really an affectionate father, he was now at no loss to account for the naturalness of his grief, which he had before supposed to be simulated. He instantly read the note aloud, and remarked that he would throw himself upon the humanity of the State's counsel for a continuance.

Simon interposed. "Never mind," he sobbed, "'Squire Hadenskeldt, never mind; let 'em try me. I 'll plead guilty. The boys will be dead afore I could git home, anyhow! Let 'em send me to jail, whar thar won't be anybody to laugh at my mis'ry!"

"Has this poor old man ever been indicted before?" asked the judge.

"Never," said the solicitor, who was affected almost to tears. "He has the reputation of being dissipated and tricky, but I think has never been in court, at the instance of the State, before."

"Ah, well, then, Mr. Belcher," replied the judge, "I would '*nol. pros.*' the case, if I were you, and let this grief-stricken old man go home to his dying children. He is indicted only for a misdemeanor, and it would be absolute inhumanity to keep him here; perhaps that lenity might have a good effect, too."

This was all the solicitor wished for. He was already burning to strike the case off the docket, and send Simon home; for he was one of the men that could never look real grief in the face without a tear in his eye, albeit his manner was as rough as a Russian bear's.

So the solicitor entered his *nolle prosequi*, and the Captain was informed that he was at liberty.

"May it please your honor, judge," said he, picking up his hat, "and all you other kind gentlemen" — his case had excited universal commiseration among the lawyers — "that 's taken pity on a poor broken-sperrited man — God bless you all for it — it 's all I can say or do!" He then left the court-house.

In the course of an hour or two, the solicitor had occasion to go to his room for a paper or book he had left there. On his way to the tavern, he observed Captain Suggs standing in front of a "grocery," in great glee, relating some laughable anecdote. He was astounded! He called to him, and the Captain came.

"Captain Suggs," said the solicitor, "how 's this? Why are you not on the way home?" And the solicitor frowned like — as only *he can* frown.

"Why, bless my soul, Jim," said Suggs familiarly, and with a wicked smile, "ain't you *hearn* about it? These here boys in town" — here Simon himself frowned savagely — "I'll be d—d ef I don't knock daylight outen some on 'em, *a-sportin wi' my feelins*, that way! They'd better mind; jokin's jokin', but I've known men most hellatiously *kicked* for jist sich jokes!"

"Well, well," said Mr. Belcher, who more than suspected that he had been "sold" — "how was it?"

"You see," quoth Simon, "it was this here way, adzactly: that note I got in the court-house was one Dr. Jourdan sent me last summer, when the boys *was* sick, and I was on a spree over to Sockapatoy, — only *I* did n't know 't was the same. It must 'a drapped outen my pocket here, somehow, and some of these cussed town boys picked it up, tore off the date at the bottom, and sent it to me up thar; which my feelins was never hurt as bad before, in the round world. But they'd *better mind* who they poke thar fun at! *No-o* man ain't got to sport wi' *my* feelins that way, and let me find him out! — Won't you take some sperrits, Jim?"

The solicitor turned off wrathfully, and walked away. Simon watched him as he went. "Thar," said he, "goes as clever a feller as ever toted a ugly head! He's *smart*, too, — *d—d* smart; but thar's *some* people he can't qu-u-i-te, ad-zact-ly" — And without finishing the sentence, Captain Suggs pulled down the lower lid of his left eye with the forefinger of his right hand; and having thus impliedly complimented himself, he walked back to the grocery.

## IV.

### SIMON "FIGHTS THE TIGER."

As a matter of course, the first thing that engaged the attention of Captain Suggs upon his arrival in Tuskaloosa was his proposed attack upon his enemy. Indeed, he scarcely allowed himself time to bolt, without mastication, the excellent supper served to him at Duffie's, ere he outsallied to engage the adversary. In the street, he suffered not himself to be beguiled into a moment's loitering, even by the strange sights which, under other circumstances, would certainly have enchained his attention. The windows of the great drug store cast forth their blaze of varied light in vain; the music of a fine amateur band, preparing for a serenade, was no music for him; he paused not in front of the bookseller's, to inspect the prints, or the huge-lettered advertising cards. In short, so eager was he to give battle to the "tiger" that the voice of the ring-master, as it came distinctly into the street from the circus, the sharp joke of the clown, and the perfectly-shadowed figures of "Dandy Jack" and the other performers, whisking rapidly round upon the canvas, failed to shake, in the slightest degree, the resolute determination of the courageous and indomitable Captain.

As he hurried along, however, with the long stride of the backwoods, hardly turning his head, and to all appearance oblivious altogether of things external, he held occasional "confabs" with himself in regard to the unusual objects which surrounded him; for Suggs is an observant man, and notes with

much accuracy whatever comes before him, all the while a body would suppose him to be asleep, or in a "turkey dream" at least. On the present occasion his communings with himself commenced opposite the window of the drug store: "Well, thar 's the most deffrunt sperrets in *that grocery* ever *I* seed! Thar 's koniac, and old peach, and rectified, and lots I can't tell thar names! That light-yaller bottle, tho', in the corner thar, that 's Tennes*see!* I 'd know that *anywhar!* And that tother bottle 's rot-gut, ef I know myself — bit a drink, I reckon, as well 's the rest! What a power o' likker they do keep in this here town; ef I warn't goin' to run agin the bank, I 'd sample some of it, too, I reether expect. But it don't do for a man to sperrets much when he 's pursuin' the beast" —

"H—ll and scissors! who ever seed the like of the books! Ain't thar a pile! Do wonder what sort of a office them fellers in thar keeps, makes 'em want so many! They don't read 'em *all*, I judge! Well, mother-wit kin beat book-larnin' at *any* game. Thar 's 'Squire Hadenskelt, up home, he 's got two cart-loads of law-books, tho', that 's no tech to this feller's; and here 's what knocked a fifty outen him once, at short cards, afore a right smart, active sheep could flop his tail *ary* time, and kin do it agin, whenever he gits over his shyness! Human natur' and the human family is *my* books, and I 've never seed many but what I could hold my own with. Let me git one o' these book-larnt fellers over a bottle of "old corn" and a handful of the dokkyments, and I 'm d—d apt to git what he knows, and in a ginral way give *him* a wrinkle into the bargain! Books ain't fitten for nothin' but jist to

give to childen goin' to school, to keep 'em outen mischief. As old Jed'diah used to say, book-larnin' spiles a man ef he 's got mother-wit, and ef he ain't got that it don't do him no good" —

"Hello agin! Here 's a sirkis, and ef I warn't in a hurry, right here I 'd drop a quarter, providin' I could n't fix it to slip in for nothin', which is always the cheapest in a ginral way."

Thus ruminating, Simon at length reached Clare's. Passing into the bar-room, he stood a moment, looking around to ascertain the direction in which he should proceed to find the faro-banks, which he had heard were nightly exhibited there. In a corner of the room he discovered a stairway, above which was burning a lurid-red lamp. Waiting for no other indication, he strode up the stairs. At the landing-place above he found a door, which was closed and locked, but light came through the key-hole, and the sharp rattling of dice and jingling of coin spoke conclusively of the employment of the occupants of the room.

Simon knocked.

"Hello!" said somebody within.

"Hello yourself!" said the Captain.

"What do you want?" said the voice from the room.

"A game," was the Captain's laconic answer.

"What 's the name?" again inquired the person within.

"Cash," said Simon.

"He 'll do," said another person in the room; "let 'Cash' in."

The door was opened, and Simon entered, half blinded by the sudden burst of light which streamed

from the chandeliers and lamps, and was reflected in every direction by the mirrors, which almost walled the room. In the centre of the room was a small but unique "bar," the counter of which, except a small space occupied by a sliding door, at which customers were served, was inclosed with burnished brass rods. Within this "magic circle" stood a pock-marked clerk, who vended to the company wines and liquors too costly to be imbibed by any but men of fortune or gamesters, who, alternately rich and penniless, indulge every appetite without stint while they have the means; eating viands and drinking wines one day which a prince might not disdain, to fast entirely the next, or make a disgusting meal from the dirty counter of a miserable eating-house. Disposed at regular intervals around the room were tables for the various games usually played, all of them thronged with eager "customers," and covered with heavy piles of doubloons and dollars and bank-notes. Of these tables the "tiger" claimed three; for faro was predominant in those days, when a cell in a penitentiary was not the penalty for exhibiting it. Most of the persons in the room were well dressed, and a large proportion members of the legislature. There was very little noise, no loud swearing, but very deep playing.

As Simon entered, he made his rustic bow, and in an easy, familiar way saluted the company with,—

"Good-evenin', gentle*men!*"

No one seemed inclined to acknowledge, on behalf of the company, their pleasure at seeing Captain Suggs. Indeed, nobody appeared to notice him at all after the first half second. The Captain therefore repeated his salutation:—

"*I say*, GOOD-EVENIN', gentle*men!*"

Notwithstanding the emphasis with which the words were re-spoken, there was only a slight laugh from some of the company, and the Captain began to feel a little awkward, standing up before so many strangers. While he was hesitating whether to begin business at once by walking up to one of the faro tables and commencing the "fight," he overheard a young man standing a few feet from him say to another, —

"Jim, is n't that your uncle, General Witherspoon, who has been expected here for several days with a large drove of hogs?"

"By Jupiter," said the person addressed, "I believe it is, though I 'm not certain, as I have n't seen him since I was a little fellow. But what makes *you* think it 's him? You never saw him."

"No, but he suits the description given of your uncle, very well, — white hair, red eyes, wide mouth, and so forth. Does your uncle gamble?"

"They say he does; but my mother, who is his sister, knows hardly any more about him than the rest of the world. We 've only seen him once in fifteen years. I 'll be d—d," he added, looking steadfastly at Simon, "if that is n't he! He 's as rich as mud, and a jovial old cock of a bachelor, so I must claim kin with him."

Simon could of course have no reasonable objection to being believed to be General Thomas Witherspoon, the rich hog drover from Kentucky. Not he! The idea pleased him excessively, and he determined if he was not respected as General Witherspoon for the remainder of that evening, it should be "somebody else's fault," not his! In a few minutes,

indeed, it was whispered through the company that the red-eyed man with white hair was the wealthy field-officer who drove swine to increase his fortune; and in consequence of this, Simon thought he discovered a very considerable improvement in the way of politeness, on the part of all present. The bare suspicion that he was rich was sufficient to induce deference and attention.

Sauntering up to a faro-bank with the intention of betting, while his money should hold out, with the spirit and liberality which General Witherspoon would have displayed had he been personally present, he called for

"Twenty five-dollar checks, and that pretty to!o-ble d—d quick!"

The dealer handed him the red checks, and he piled them upon the "ten."

"Grind on!" said Simon.

A card or two was dealt, and the keeper, with a profound bow, handed Simon twenty more red checks.

"Deal away," said Simon, heaping the additional checks on the same card.

Again the cards flew from the little box, and again Simon won.

Several persons were now overlooking the game, and among the rest the young man who was so happy as to be the nephew of General Witherspoon.

"The old codger has nerve; I'll be d—d if he has n't," said one.

"And money too," said another, "from the way he bets."

"To be sure he has," said a third; "that's the rich hog drover from Kentucky."

By this time Simon had won seven hundred dollars. But the Captain was not at all disposed to discontinue. "Now," he thought, was the "golden moment" in which to press his luck; "now" the hour of the "tiger's" doom, when he should be completely flayed.

"That brings the fat in great fleeks as big as my arm!" observed the Captain, as he won the fifth consecutive bet. "It 's hooray, brother John, every fire a turkey, as the boy said. Here goes again!" and he staked his winnings and the original stake on the Jack.

"Gracious heavens, General! I would n't stake so much on a single card," said a young man who was inclined to boot-lick anybody suspected of having money.

"*You* would n't, young man," said the Captain, turning round and facing him, "bekase *you* never tote a pile of that size."

The obtrusive individual shrunk back under this rebuke, and the crowd voted Simon not only a man of spunk, but a man of wit.

At this moment the Jack won, and the Captain was better off, by fifteen hundred dollars, than when he entered the saloon.

"That 's better — jist the least grain in the world better — than drivin' hogs from Kaintucky, and sellin' 'em at four cents a pound!" triumphantly remarked Suggs.

The nephew of General Witherspoon was now confident that Captain Suggs was his uncle. He accordingly pushed up to him with, —

"Don't you know me, uncle?" at the same time extending his hand.

Captain Suggs drew himself up with as much dignity as he supposed the individual whom he personated would have assumed, and remarked that he did *not* know the young man then in his immediate presence.

"Don't know me, uncle? Why, I'm James Peyton, your sister's son. She has been expecting you for several days," said the much-humbled nephew of the hog drover.

"All very well, Mr. Jeemes Peyton, but as this little world of ourn is tolloble d—d full of rascally impostors, and gentle*men* of my — that is to say — you see — persons that have got somethin', is apt to be tuk in, it stands a man in hand to be a leetle perticler. So jist answer me a strait forrard question or two," said the Captain, subjecting Mr. Peyton to a test which, if applied to himself, would have blown him sky-high. But Simon was determined to place his own identity as General Witherspoon above suspicion, by seeming to suspect something wrong about Mr. James Peyton.

"Oh," said several of the crowd, "everybody knows he's the widow Peyton's son, and your nephew, of course."

"Wait for the wagin, gentle*men*," said Simon. "*Everybody* has given me several sons, which, as I ain't married, I don't want; and," added he, with a very facetious wink and smile, "I don't care about takin' a nephy on the same terms without he's giniwine."

"Oh, he's genuine," said several at once.

"Hold on, gentle*men*; this young man might want to borrow money of me" —

Mr. Peyton protested against any such supposition.

"Oh, well!" said the Captain, "*I* might want to borrer of *you*, and" —

Mr. Peyton signified his willingness to lend his uncle the last dollar in his pocket-book.

"Very good! very good! but *I* happen to be a little *notiony* about sich matters. It ain't every man I'd borrow from. Before I handle a man's money in the way of borrerin', in the fust place I must know him to be a gentleman; in the second place, he must be my friend; and in the third place, I must think he's both able and willin' to afford the accommodation" — and the Captain paused and looked around to receive the applause which he knew must be elicited by the magnanimity of the sentiment.

The applause *did* come; and the crowd thought, while they gave it, how difficult and desirable a thing it would be to lend money to General Thomas Witherspoon, the rich hog drover.

The Captain now resumed his examination of Mr. Peyton.

"What's your mother's fust name?" he asked.

"Sarah," said Mr. Peyton, meekly.

"Right, so fur!" said the Captain, with a smile of approval. "How many children has she?"

"Two, — myself and brother Tom."

"Right again!" observed the Captain. "Tom, gentle*men*," added he, turning to the crowd, and venturing a shrewd guess, — "Tom, gentle*men*, was named arter *me*. War n't he, sir?" said he to Mr. Peyton, sternly.

"He was, sir; his name is Thomas Witherspoon."

Captain Suggs bobbed his head at the company, as much as to say, "*I* knew it;" and the crowd, in their own minds, decided that the *soi-disant* General

Witherspoon was "a devilish sharp old cock," — and the crowd was n't far out of the way.

Simon was not acting in this matter without an object. He intended to make a bold attempt to win a small fortune, and he thought it quite possible he should lose the money he had won, in which case it would be convenient to have the credit of General Witherspoon to operate upon.

"Gentle*men*," said he to the company, with whom he had become vastly popular, "your attention, *one* moment, ef you please."

The company accorded him its most obsequious attention.

"Come here, Jeemes!"

Mr. James Peyton approached to within eighteen inches of his supposititious uncle, who raised his hands above the young man's head in the most impressive manner.

"One and all, gentle*men*," said he, "I call on you to witness that I reckognize this here young man as my proper giniwine nephy, — my sister Sally's son; and wish him respected as sich. Jeemes, hug your old uncle!"

Young Mr. James Peyton and Captain Simon Suggs then embraced. Several of the by-standers laughed, but a large majority sympathized with the Captain. A few wept at the affecting sight, and one person expressed the opinion that nothing so soul-moving had ever before taken place in the city of Tuskaloosa. As for Simon, the tears rolled down his face as natural'y as if they had been called forth by real emotion, instead of being pumped up mechanically to give effect to the scene.

Captain Suggs now renewed the engagement with

the "tiger," which had been temporarily suspended that he might satisfy himself of the identity of James Peyton. But the "fickle goddess," jealous of his attention to the nephew of General Witherspoon, had deserted him in a pet.

"Thar goes a dozen d—d fine, fat hogs!" said the Captain, as the bank won a bet of two hundred dollars.

Suggs shifted about from card to card, but the bank won always. At last he thought it best to return to the "ten," upon which he bet five hundred dollars.

"Now, I 'll wool you," said he.

"Next time!" said the dealer, as he threw the winning card upon his own pile.

"That makes my hogs squeal," said the Captain; and everybody admired the fine wit and nerve of the hog drover.

In half an hour Suggs was "as flat as a flounder." Not a dollar remained of his winnings or his original stake. It was therefore time to "run his face," or rather the "face" of General Witherspoon.

"Could a body bet a few mighty fine bacon hogs agin money at this table?" he inquired.

The dealer would be happy to accommodate the General upon his word of honor.

It was not long before Suggs had bet off a very considerable number of the very fine hogs in General Witherspoon's uncommonly fine drove. He began to feel, too, as if a meeting with the veritable drover might be very disagreeable. He began, therefore, to entertain serious notions of borrowing some money and leaving in the stage that night for Greensboro'. Honor demanded, however, that he

should "settle" to the satisfaction of the dealer. He accordingly called, —

"Jeemes!"

Mr. Peyton responded very promptly to the call.

"Now," said Simon, "Jeemes, I 'm a little behind to this gentleman here, and I 'm obleeged to go to Greensboro' in to-night's stage, on account of seein' ef I can engage pork thar. Now ef *I* should n't be *here* when my hogs *come in*, do *you*, Jeemes, take this gentleman to wharever the boys puts 'em up, and let him pick thirty of the finest in the drove. D'ye *hear*, Jeemes?"

James promised to attend to the delivery of the hogs.

"Is that satisfactory?" asked Simon.

"Perfectly," said the dealer. "Let 's take a drink."

Before the Captain went up to the bar to drink, he patted "Jeemes" upon the shoulder, and intimated that he desired to speak to him privately. Mr. Peyton was highly delighted at this mark of his rich uncle's confidence, and turned his head to see whether the company noted it. Having ascertained that they did, he accompanied his uncle to an unoccupied part of the saloon.

"Jeemes," said the Captain thoughtfully, "has your — mother bought — her — her — pork yet?"

James said she had not.

"Well, Jeemes, when my drove comes in, do you go down and pick her out ten of the best. Tell the boys to show you them new breed, — the Berkshears."

Mr. Peyton made his grateful acknowledgments for his uncle's generosity, and they started back to

wards the crowd. Before they had advanced more than a couple of steps, however, —

"Stop!" said Simon. "I'd like to 'a' forgot. Have you as much as a couple of hunderd by you, Jeemes, that I could use twell I git back from Greensboro'?"

Mr. Peyton was very sorry he had n't more than fifty dollars about him. His uncle could take that, however, — as he did forthwith, — and he would "jump about" and get the balance in ten minutes.

"Don't do it, ef it 's any trouble at all, Jeemes," said the Captain, cunningly.

But Mr. James Peyton was determined that he would "raise the wind" for his uncle, let the "trouble" be what it might; and so energetic were his endeavors that in a few moments he returned to the Captain, and handed him the desired amount.

"Much obleeged to you, Jeemes; I 'll remember you for this." And no doubt the Captain has kept his word; for whenever he makes a promise which it costs nothing to perform, Captain Simon Suggs is the most punctual of men.

After Suggs had taken a glass of "sperrets" with his friend the dealer, whom he assured he considered the "smartest and cleverest" fellow out of Kentucky, he wished to retire. But just as he was leaving it was suggested in his hearing that an oyster supper would be no inappropriate way of testifying his joy at meeting his clever nephew and so many true-hearted friends.

"Ah, gentle*men*, the old hog drover 's broke now, or he 'd be proud to treat to something of the sort. They 've knocked the leaf fat outen him to-night, in wads as big as mattock handles," observed Suggs,

looking at the bar-keeper out of the corner of his left eye.

"Anything this house affords is at the disposal of General Witherspoon," said the bar-keeper.

"Well! well!" said Simon, "you 're all so clever, I must stand it, I suppose, tho' I ought n't to be so extravagant."

"Take the crowd, sir?"

"Certainly," said Simon.

"How much champagne, General?"

"I reckon we can make out with a couple of baskets," said the Captain, who was determined to sustain any reputation for liberality which General Witherspoon might, perchance, possess.

There was a considerable ringing of bells for a brief space, and then a door, which Simon had n't before seen, was thrown open, and the company ushered into a handsome supping apartment. Seated at the convivial board, the Captain outshone himself; and to this day some of the *bon mots* which escaped him on that occasion are remembered and repeated.

At length, after the proper quantity of champagne and oysters had been swallowed, the young man whom Simon had so signally rebuked early in the evening rose, and remarked that he had a sentiment to propose. "I give you, gentlemen," said he, "the health of General Witherspoon. Long may he live, and often may he visit our city and partake of its hospitalities!"

Thunders of applause followed this toast, and Suggs, as in duty bound, got up in his chair to respond.

"Gentle*men*," said he, "I 'm devilish glad to see you all, and much obleeged to you, besides. You

are the finest people I ever was amongst, and treat me a d—d sight better than they do at home" — which was a fact! "Hows'ever, I'm a poor hand to speak, but here's wishing of luck to you all," — and then wickedly seeming to blunder in his little speech, — "and if I forgit you, I'll be d—d if you'll ever forgit me!"

Again there was a mixed noise of human voices, plates, knives and forks, glasses, and wine bottles, and then the company agreed to disperse. "What a noble-hearted fellow!" exclaimed a dozen in a breath, as they were leaving.

As Simon and Peyton passed out, the bar-keeper handed the former a slip of paper, containing such items as "twenty-seven dozen of oysters, twenty-seven dollars; two baskets of champagne, thirty-six dollars," — making a grand total of sixty-three dollars.

The Captain, who "felt his wine," only hiccoughed, nodded at Peyton, and observed, —

"Jeemes, you'll attend to this?"

"Jeemes" said he would, and the pair walked out and bent their way to the stage-office, where the Greensboro' coach was already drawn up. Simon would n't wake the hotel keeper to get his saddle-bags, because, as he said, he would probably return in a day or two.

"Jeemes," said he, as he held that individual's hand, — "Jeemes, has your mother bought her pork yet?"

"No, sir," said Peyton; "you know you told me to take ten of your hogs for her, — don't you recollect?"

"Don't do that," said Simon, sternly.

"Take TWENTY!" said the Captain. See page 91.

Peyton stood aghast! "Why, sir?" he asked.

"Take TWENTY!" said the Captain, and, wringing the hand he held, he bounced into the coach, which whirled away, leaving Mr. James Peyton on the pavement, in profound contemplation of the boundless generosity of his uncle, General Thomas Witherspoon of Kentucky!

# FLUSH TIMES.

It is now nearly thirty years since the publication of "The Flush Times of Alabama and Mississippi, by Joseph G. Baldwin," and, although the volume abounds with graphic anecdotes of the South during the period extending from 1830 to 1850, and is both entertaining and illustrative, it is out of print. Its author, Judge Baldwin, was in his day a lawyer of repute, who late in life migrated to California. His sketches have the merit of fidelity to truth as well as local color.

## I.

HOW THE TIMES SERVED THE VIRGINIANS. — VIRGINIANS IN A NEW COUNTRY. — THE RISE, DECLINE, AND FALL OF THE RAG EMPIRE.

The disposition to be proud and vain of one's country, and to boast of it, is a natural feeling, indulged or not in respect to the pride, vanity, and boasting, according to the character of the native; but with a Virginian it is a passion. It inheres in him, even as the flavor of a York River oyster in that bivalve; and no distance of deportation, and no trimmings of a gracious prosperity, and no pickling in the sharp acids of adversity can destroy it. It is a part of the Virginia character, just as the flavor is a distinctive part of the oyster, "which cannot, save by annihilating, die." It is no use talking about it; the thing may be right, or wrong: like Falstaff's victims at Gadshill, it is past praying for: it

is a sort of cocoa grass that has got into the soil, and has so matted over it, and so *fibred* through it, as to have become a part of it; at least, there is no telling which is the grass and which is the soil; and certainly it is useless labor to try to root it out. You may destroy the soil, but you can't root out the grass.

Patriotism with a Virginian is a noun personal. It is the Virginian himself, and something over. He loves Virginia *per se* and *propter se;* he loves her for herself and for himself; because *she is* Virginia and — everything else beside. He loves to talk about her: out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. It makes no odds where he goes, he carries Virginia with him; not in the entirety, always, but the little spot he came from is Virginia; as Swedenborg says, the smallest part of the brain is an abridgment of all of it. "*Cœlum, non animum, mutant qui trans mare currunt,*" was made for a Virginian. He never gets acclimated elsewhere; he never loses citizenship to the old home. The right of expatriation is a pure abstraction to him. He may breathe in Alabama, but he lives in Virginia. His treasure is there, and his heart also. If he looks at the Delta of the Mississippi, it reminds him of James River "low grounds;" if he sees the vast prairies of Texas, it is a memorial of the meadows of the Valley. Richmond is the centre of attraction, the *dépot* of all that is grand, great, good, and glorious. "It is the Kentucky of a place" which the preacher described heaven to be to the Kentucky congregation.

Those who came many years ago from the borough towns, especially from the vicinity of Williamsburg,

exceed, in attachment to their birthplace, if possible, the *émigrés* from the metropolis. It is refreshing, in these costermonger times, to hear them speak of it: they remember it when the old burg was the seat of fashion, taste, refinement, hospitality, wealth, wit, and all social graces; when genius threw its spell over the public assemblages and illumined the halls of justice, and when beauty brightened the social hour with her unmatched and matchless brilliancy. Then the spirited and gifted youths of the College of old William and Mary, some of them just giving out the first scintillations of the genius that afterwards shone refulgent in the forum and the Senate, added to the attractions of a society gay, cultivated, and refined beyond example, *even* in the Old Dominion. A hallowed charm seems to rest upon the venerable city, clothing its very dilapidation in a drapery of romance and of serene and classic interest, as if all the sweet and softened splendor which invests the "Midsummer Night's Dream" were poured in a flood of mellow and poetic radiance over the now quiet and half "deserted village." There is something in the shadow from the old college walls, cast by the moon upon the grass and sleeping on the sward, that throws a like shadow, soft, sad, and melancholy, upon the heart of the returning pilgrim who saunters out to view again, by moonlight, his old *Alma Mater*, the nursing mother of such a list and such a line of statesmen and heroes.

There is nothing presumptuously froward in this Virginianism. The Virginian does not make broad his phylacteries, and crow over the poor Carolinian and Tennesseeian. He does not reproach him with his misfortune of birthplace. No, he thinks the af-

fliction is enough without the triumph. The franchise of having been born in Virginia and the prerogative founded thereon are too patent of honor and distinction to be arrogantly pretended. The bare mention is enough. He finds occasion to let the fact be known, and then the fact is fully able to protect and take care of itself. Like a ducal title, there is no need of saying more than to name it; modesty then is a becoming and expected virtue; forbearance to boast is true dignity.

The Virginian is a magnanimous man. He never throws up to a Yankee the fact of his birthplace. He feels on the subject as a man of delicacy feels in alluding to a rope in the presence of a person one of whose brothers "stood upon nothing and kicked at the United States," or to a female indiscretion where there had been scandal concerning the family. So far do they carry this refinement, that I have known one of my countrymen, on occasion of a Bostonian owning where he was born, generously protest that he had never heard of it before. As if honest confession half obliterated the shame of the fact. Yet he does not lack the grace to acknowledge worth or merit in another, wherever the native place of that other: for it is a common thing to hear them say of a neighbor: "He is a clever fellow, *though* he *did* come from New Jersey, or even Connecticut."

In politics the Virginian is learned much beyond what is written, for they have heard a great deal of speaking on that prolific subject, especially by one or two Randolphs and any number of Barbours. They read the same papers here they read in Virginia, the "Richmond Enquirer" and the "Richmond

Whig." The democrat stoutly asseverates a fact, and gives "The Enquirer" as his authority with an air that means to say, *that* settles it; while the whig quoted Hampden Pleasants with the same confidence. But the faculty of personalizing everything, which the exceeding social turn of a Virginian gives him, rarely allowed a reference to the paper, *eo nomine;* but made him refer to the editor, as "Ritchie" said so and so, or "Hampden Pleasants" said this or that. When two of opposite politics got together, it was amusing, if you had nothing else to do that day, to hear the discussion. I never knew a debate that did not start *ab urbe condita.* They not only went back to first principles, but also to first times; nor did I ever hear a discussion in which old John Adams and Thomas Jefferson did not figure — as if an interminable dispute had been going on for so many generations between those disputatious personages; as if the quarrel had begun before time, but was not to end with it. But the strangest part of it to me was, that the dispute seemed to be going on without poor Adams having any defence or champion; and never waxed hotter than when both parties agreed in denouncing the man of Braintree as the worst of public sinners and the vilest of political heretics. They both agreed on one thing, and that was to refer the matter to the Resolutions of 1798–99; which said resolutions, like Goldsmith's "Good-Natured Man," arbitrating between Mr. and Mrs. Croaker, seemed so impartial that they agreed with both parties on every occasion.

Nor do I recollect of hearing any question debated that did not resolve itself into a question of constitution, strict construction, etc., — the constitution

being a thing of that curious virtue that its chief excellency consisted in not allowing the government to do anything; or in being a regular prize-fighter that knocked all laws and legislators into a cocked hat, except those of the objector's party.

Frequent reference was reciprocally made to "gorgons, hydras, and chimeras dire," to black cockades, blue lights, Essex juntos, the Reign of Terror, and some other mystic entities; but who or what these monsters were, I never could distinctly learn; and was surprised, on looking into the history of the country, to find that, by some strange oversight, no allusion was made to them.

Great is the Virginian's reverence of great men, that is to say, of great Virginians. This reverence is not Unitarian. He is a Polytheist. He believes in a multitude of Virginia gods. As the Romans of every province and village had their tutelary or other divinities, besides having divers national gods, so the Virginian of every county has his great man, the like of whom cannot be found in the new country he has exiled himself to. This sentiment of veneration for talent, especially for speaking talent; this amiable propensity to lionize men, is not peculiar to any class of Virginians among us: it abides in all. I was amused to hear "old Culpepper," as we call him (by nickname derived from the county he came from), declaiming in favor of the Union. "What, gentlemen," said the old man, with a sonorous swell — "what burst up this glorious Union! and who, if *this* Union is torn up, could write another? Nobody except Henry Clay and J. S. B. of Culpepper — and may be *they* would n't — and what then would you do for another?"

The greatest compliment a Virginian can ever pay to a speaker is to say that he reminds him of a Colonel Broadhorn or a Captain Smith, who represented some royal-named county some forty years or less in the Virginia House of Delegates; and of whom the auditor of course has heard, as he made several speeches in the capitol at Richmond. But the force of the compliment is somewhat broken by a long narrative, in which the personal reminiscences of the speaker go back to sundry sketches of the Virginia statesman's efforts, and recapitulations of his sayings interspersed, *par parenthèse*, with many valuable notes illustrative of his pedigree and performances; the whole of which, given with great historical fidelity of detail, leaves nothing to be wished for except the point, or rather two points, — the gist and the period.

It is not to be denied that Virginia is the land of orators, heroes, and statesmen; and that, directly or indirectly, she has exerted an influence upon the national councils nearly as great as all the rest of the States combined. It is wonderful that a State of its size and population should have turned out such an unprecedented quantum of talent, and of talent as various in kind as prodigious in amount. She has reason to be proud; and the other States so largely in her debt (for, from Cape May to Puget's Sound she has colonized the other States and the Territories with her surplus talent,) ought to allow her the harmless privilege of a little bragging. In the showy talent of oratory has she especially shone. To accomplish her in this art the State has been turned into a debating society, and while she has been *talking* for the benefit of the nation, as she

thought, the other, and by nature less favored States, have been *doing* for their own. Consequently, what she has gained in reputation, she has lost in wealth and *material aids*. Certainly the Virginia character has been less distinguished for its practical than its ornamental traits, and for its business qualities than for its speculative temper. *Cui bono* and utilitarianism, at least until latterly, were not favorite or congenial inquiries and subjects of attention to the Virginia politician. What the Virginian was upon his native soil, that he was abroad ; indeed, it may be said that the *amor patriæ*, strengthened by absence, made him more of a conservative abroad than he would have been if he had stayed at home, for most of them here would not, had they been consulted, have changed either of the old Constitutions.

It is far, however, from my purpose to treat of such themes. I only glance at them to show their influence on the character as it was developed on a new theatre.

Eminently social and hospitable, kind, humane, and generous, is a Virginian, at home or abroad. They are so by nature and habit. These qualities and their exercise develop and strengthen other virtues. By reason of these social traits, they necessarily become well mannered, honorable, spirited, and careful of reputation, desirous of pleasing, and skilled in the accomplishments which please. Their insular position and sparse population, mostly rural, and easy but not affluent fortunes, kept them from the artificial refinements and the strong temptations which corrupt so much of the society of the Old World and some portions of the New. There was no character more attractive than that of a young

Virginian, fifteen years ago, of intelligence, of good family, education, and breeding.

It was of the instinct of a Virginian to seek society; he belongs to the gregarious, not to the solitary division of animals; and society can only be kept up by grub and gab — something to eat, and, if not something to talk about, talk. Accordingly they came accomplished already in the knowledge and the talent for these important duties.

A Virginian could always get up a good dinner. He could also do his share — a full hand's work — in disposing of one after it was got up. The qualifications for hostmanship were signal — the old Udaller himself, assisted by Claud Halrco, could not do up the thing in better style, or with a heartier relish, or a more cordial hospitality. In *petite* manners — the little attentions of the table, the filling up of the chinks of the conversation with small fugitive observations, the supplying the hooks and eyes that *kept* the discourse together, the genial good humor, which, like that of the family of the good Vicar, made up in laughter what was wanting in wit, — in these, and in the science of getting up and in getting through a picnic, or chowder party, or fish fry, the Virginian, like Eclipse, was first, and there was no second. Great was he, too, at mixing an apple toddy or mint julep, where ice could be got for love or money; and not deficient, by any means, when it came to his turn to do honor to his own fabrics. It was in this department that he not only shone, but *out*shone, not merely all others, but himself. Here he was at home indeed His elocution, his matter, his learning, his education, were of the first order. He could discourse of everything around

him with an accuracy and a fullness which would have put Coleridge's or Mrs. Ellis's table talk to the blush. Every dish was a text, horticulture, hunting, poultry, fishing (Isaak Walton or Daniel Webster would have been charmed and instructed to hear him discourse piscatory-wise), a slight divergence in favor of fox-chasing and a detour towards a horse-race now and then, and continual parentheses of recommendation of particular dishes or glasses — Oh! I tell you, if ever there was an interesting man, it was he. Others might be agreeable, but he was fascinating, irresistible, not-to-be-done-without.

In the fullness of time the new era had set in, the era of the second great experiment of independence, — the experiment, namely, of credit without capital, and enterprise without honesty. The Age of Brass had succeeded the Arcadian period, when men got rich by saving a part of their earnings, and lived at their own cost and in ignorance of the new plan of making fortunes on the profits of what they owed. A new theory, not found in the works on political economy, was broached. It was found out that the prejudice in favor of the metals (brass excluded) was an absurd superstition, and that, in reality, anything else which the parties interested in giving it currency chose might serve as a representative of value and medium for exchange of property; and as gold and silver had served for a great number of years as representatives, the republican doctrine of rotation in office required they should give way. Accordingly, it was decided that Rags, a very familiar character, and very popular and easy of access, should take their place. Rags

belonged to the school of progress. He was representative of the then Young America. His administration was not tame. It was *very* spirited. It was based on the Bonapartist idea of keeping the imagination of the people excited. The leading fiscal idea of his system was to *democratize* capital, and to make, for all purposes of trade, credit, and enjoyment of wealth, the man that had *no* money a little richer, if anything, than the man that had a million. The principle of success and basis of operation, though inexplicable in the hurry of the time, is plain enough now: it was faith. Let the public believe that a smutted rag is money, it is money: in other words, it was a sort of financial biology, which made, at night, the thing conjured for the thing that was seen, so far as the patient was concerned, while the fit was on him — except that now a man does not do his trading when under the mesmeric influence: in the flush times he did.

This country was just settling up. Marvelous accounts had gone forth of the fertility of its virgin lands; and the productions of the soil were commanding a price remunerating to slave labor as it had never been remunerated before. Emigrants came flocking in from all quarters of the Union, especially from the slave-holding States. The new country seemed to be a reservoir, and every road leading to it a vagrant stream of enterprise and adventure. Money, or what passed for money, was the only cheap thing to be had. Every cross-road and every avocation presented an opening, through which a fortune was seen by the adventurer in near perspective. Credit was a thing of course. To refuse it — if the thing was ever done — were an in-

sult for which a bowie-knife were not a too summary or exemplary a means of redress. The state banks were issuing their bills by the sheet, like a patent steam printing-press *its* issues; and no other showing was asked of the applicant for the loan than an authentication of his great distress for money. Finance, even in its most exclusive quarter, had thus already got, in this wonderful revolution, to work upon the principles of the charity hospital. If an overseer grew tired of supervising a plantation, and felt a call to the mercantile life, even if he omitted the compendious method of buying out a merchant wholesale, stock, house, and good-will, and laying down, at once, his bull-whip for the yard-stick, all he had to do was to go on to New York, and present himself in Pearl Street with a letter avouching his citizenship and a clean shirt, and he was regularly given a through ticket to speedy bankruptcy.

Under this stimulating process prices rose like smoke. Lots in obscure villages were held at city prices; lands, bought at the minimum cost of government, were sold at from thirty to forty dollars per acre, and considered dirt cheap at that. In short, the country had got to be a full antitype of California, in all except the gold. Society was wholly unorganized, there was no restraining public opinion, the law was well-nigh powerless, and religion scarcely was heard of except as furnishing the oaths and *technics* of profanity. The world saw a fair experiment of what it would have been if the fiat had never been pronounced which decreed subsistence as the price of labor.

Money got without work, by those unaccustomed

to it, turned the heads of its possessors, and they spent it with a recklessness like that with which they gained it. The pursuits of industry neglected, riot and coarse debauchery filled up the vacant hours. "Where the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together;" and the eagles that flocked to the Southwest were of the same sort as the *black eagles* the Duke of Saxe-Weimar saw on his celebrated journey to the Natural Bridge. "The cankers of a long peace and a calm world" — there were no Mexican wars and filibuster expeditions in those days — gathered in the villages and cities by scores.

Even the little boys caught the taint of the general infection of morals; and I knew one of them — Jim Ellett by name — to give a man ten dollars to hold him up to bet at the table of a faro-bank. James was a fast youth; and I sincerely hope he may not fulfill his early promise, and some day be *assisted up still higher.*

The groceries — *vulgice* doggeries — were in full blast in those days, no village having less than a half dozen all busy all the time: gaming and horse-racing were polite and well-patronized amusements. I knew of a judge to adjourn two courts (or court twice) to attend a horse-race, at which he officiated judicially and ministerially, and with more appropriateness than in the judicial chair. Occasionally the scene was diversified by a murder or two, which, though perpetrated from behind a corner, or behind the back of the deceased, whenever the accused *chose* to stand his trial, was always found to be committed in self-defense, securing the homicide an honorable acquittal *at the hands of his peers.*

The old rules of business and the calculations of

prudence were alike disregarded, and profligacy, in all the departments of the *crimen falsi*, held riotous carnival. Larceny grew not only respectable, but genteel, and ruffled it in all the pomp of purple and fine linen. Swindling was raised to the dignity of the fine arts. Felony came forth from its covert, put on more seemly habiliments, and took its seat with unabashed front in the upper places of the synagogue. Before the first circles of the patrons of this brilliant and dashing villainy, Blunt Honesty felt as abashed as poor Halbert Glendinning by the courtly refinement and supercilious airs of Sir Piercie Shafton.

Public office represented, by its incumbents, the state of public morals with some approach to accuracy. Out of sixty-six receivers of public money in the new States, sixty-two were discovered to be defaulters; and the agent sent to look into the affairs of a peccant office-holder in the Southwest reported him *minus* some tens of thousands, but advised the government to retain him, for a reason one of Æsop's fables illustrates: the agent ingeniously surmising that the appointee succeeding would do his stealing without any regard to the proficiency already made by his predecessor, while the present incumbent would probably consider, in mercy to the treasury, that he *had* done *something* of the pious duty of providing for his household.

There was no petit larceny: there was all the difference between stealing by the small and the "operations" manipulated that there is between a single assassination and an hundred thousand men killed in an opium war. The placeman robbed with the gorgeous magnificence of a Governor-General of Bengal.

The man of straw, not worth the buttons on his shirt, with a sublime audacity, bought lands and negroes, and provided times and terms of payment which a Wall Street capitalist would have to recast his arrangements to meet.

O Paul Clifford and Augustus Tomlinson, philosophers of the road, practical and theoretical! If ye had lived to see those times, how great an improvement on your ruder scheme of distribution would these gentle arts have seemed, — arts whereby, without risk, or loss of character, or the vulgar barbarism of personal violence, the same beneficial results flowed, with no greater injury to the superstitions of moral education!

With the change of times and the imagination of wealth easily acquired came a change in the thoughts and habits of the people. "Old times were changed, old manners gone." Visions of affluence, such as crowded Dr. Samuel Johnson's mind, when advertising a sale of Thrale's Brewery, and casting a soft sheep's eye toward Thrale's widow, thronged upon the popular fancy. Avarice and hope joined partnership. It was strange how the reptile arts of humanity, as at a faro-table, warmed into life beneath their heat. The *cacoethes accrescendi* became epidemic. It seized upon the universal community, The pulpits even were not safe from its insidious invasion. What men anxiously desire they willingly believe; and all believed a good time was coming, — nay, had come.

"Commerce was king," and Rags, Tag, and Bobtail his cabinet council. Rags was treasurer. Banks, chartered on a specie basis, did a very flourishing business on the promissory notes of the individ-

ual stockholders, ingeniously substituted in lieu of cash. They issued ten for one, the *one* being fictitious. They generously loaned all the directors could not use themselves, and were not choice whether Bardolph was the indorser for Falstaff or Falstaff borrowed on his own proper credit or the funds advanced him by Shallow. The stampede towards the golden temple became general ; the delusion prevailed far and wide that this thing was not a burlesque on commerce and finance. Even the directors of the banks began to have their doubts whether the intended swindle was not a failure. Like Lord Clive, when reproached for extortion to the extent of some millions in Bengal, they exclaimed, after the bubble burst, "When they thought of what they had got, and what they might have got, they were astounded at their own moderation!"

The old capitalists for a while stood out. With the Tory conservatism of cash in hand, worked for, they could n't reconcile their old notions to the new *régime*. They looked for the thing's ending, and *then* their time. But the stampede still kept on. Paper fortunes still multiplied ; houses and lands changed hands ; real estate see-sawed up as morals went down on the other end of the plank ; men of straw, corpulent with bank bills, strutted past them on 'Change. They began, too, to think there might be something in this new thing. Peeping cautiously, like hedgehogs, out of their holes, they saw the stream of wealth and adventurers passing by ; then, looking carefully around, they inched themselves half-way out ; then, sallying forth and snatching up a morsel, ran back ; until at last, grown more bold, *they* ran out too with their hoarded store, in full chase with the other un-

clean beasts of adventure. They never got back again. Jonah's gourd withered one night, and next morning the vermin that had nestled under its broad shade were left unprotected, a prey to the swift retribution that came upon them. They were left naked, or only clothed themselves with cursing (the Specie Circular on the United States Bank) as with a garment. To drop the figure, Shylock himself could n't live in those times, so reversed was everything. Shaving paper and loaning money at a usury of fifty per cent. was for the first time since the Jews left Jerusalem a breaking business to the operator.

The condition of society may be imagined: vulgarity, ignorance, fussy and arrogant pretension, unmitigated rowdyism, bullying insolence, if they did not rule the hour, *seemed* to wield unchecked dominion. The workings of these choice spirits were patent upon the face of society; and the modest, unobtrusive, retiring men of worth and character (for there were many, perhaps a large majority of such) were almost lost sight of in the hurly-burly of those strange and shifting scenes.

Even in the professions were the same characteristics visible. Men dropped down into their places as from the clouds. Nobody knew who or what they were, except as they claimed, or as a surface view of their characters indicated. Instead of taking to the highway, and magnanimously calling upon the wayfarer to stand and deliver, or to the fashionable larceny of credit without prospect or design of paying, some unscrupulous horse doctor would set up his sign as "Physician and Surgeon," and draw his lancet on you, or fire at random a box of his pills

into your bowels, with a vague chance of hitting some disease unknown to him, but with a better prospect of killing the patient, whom or whose administrator he charged some ten dollars a trial for his markmanship.

A superannuated justice or constable in one of the old States was metamorphosed into a lawyer; and though he knew not the distinction between a *fee tail* and a *female* would undertake to construe, off-hand, a will involving all the subtleties of *uses and trusts.*

But this state of things could not last forever: society cannot always stand on its head, with its heels in the air.

The Jupiter Tonans of the White House saw the monster of a free credit prowling about like a beast of apocalyptic vision, and marked him for his prey. Gathering all his bolts in his sinewy grasp, and standing back on his heels, and waving his wiry arm, he let them all fly, hard and swift, upon all the hydra's heads. Then came a crash, as "if the ribs of nature broke," and a scattering, like the bursting of a thousand magazines, and a smell of brimstone, as if Pandemonium had opened a window next to earth for ventilation, — and all was silent. The beast never stirred in his tracks. To get down from the clouds to level ground, the Spècie Circular was issued without warning, and the splendid lie of a false credit burst into fragments. It came in the midst of the dance and the frolic, as Tam O'Shanter came to disturb the infernal glee of the warlocks, and to disperse the rioters. Its effect was like that of a general creditor's bill in the chancery court, and a marshaling of all the assets of the trades-people.

General Jackson was no fairy ; but he did some very pretty fairy work in converting the bank bills back again into rags and oak-leaves. Men worth a million were insolvent for two millions ; promising young cities marched back again into the wilderness. The ambitious town plat was re-annexed to the plantation, like a country girl taken home from the city. The frolic was ended, and what headaches and feverish limbs the next morning ! The retreat from Moscow was performed over again, and " Devil take the hindmost " was the tune to which the soldiers of fortune marched. The only question was as to the means of escape, and the nearest and best route to Texas. The sheriff was as busy as a militia adjutant on review day ; and the lawyers were mere wreckers, earning salvage. Where are ye now, my ruffling gallants ? Where now the braw cloths and watch-chains and rings and fine horses ? Alas for ye ! they are glimmering among the things that were, the wonder of an hour ! They live only in memory, as unsubstantial as the promissory notes ye gave for them. When it came to be tested, the whole matter was found to be hollow and fallacious. Like a sum ciphered out through a long column, the first figure an error, the whole and all the parts were wrong, throughout the entire calculation.

Such is a charcoal sketch of the interesting region — now inferior to none in resources and the character of its population — during the FLUSH TIMES ; a period constituting an episode in the commercial history of the world, — the reign of humbug and wholesale insanity, just overthrown in time to save the whole country from ruin. But while it lasted, many of our countrymen came into the Southwest

in time to get "a benefit." The *auri sacra fames* is a catching disease. Many Virginians had lived too fast for their fortunes, and naturally desired to recuperate; many others, with a competency, longed for wealth; and others, again, with wealth, yearned — the common frailty — for still more. Perhaps some friend or relative, who had come out, wrote back flattering accounts of the El Dorado, and fired with dissatisfaction those who were doing well enough at home, by the report of his real or imagined success; for who that ever moved off was not "doing well" in the new country, himself or friends being chroniclers?

Superior to many of the settlers in elegance of manners and general intelligence, it was the weakness of the Virginian to imagine he was superior too in the essential art of being able to hold his hand and make his way in a new country, and especially *such* a country, and at *such* a time. What a mistake that was! The times were out of joint. It was hard to say whether it were more dangerous to stand still or to move. If the emigrant stood still, he was consumed, by no slow degrees, by expenses, if he moved, ten to one he went off in a galloping consumption, by a ruinous investment. Expenses then — necessary articles about three times as high, and extra articles still more extra-priced — were a different thing in the new country from what they were in the old. In the old country, a jolly Virginian, starting the business of free living on a capital of a plantation and fifty or sixty negroes, might reasonably calculate, if no ill luck befell him, by the aid of a usurer and the occasional sale of a negro or two, to hold out without

declared insolvency until a green old age. His estate melted like an estate in chancery, under the gradual thaw of expenses; but in this fast country it went by the sheer cost of living, — some *poker* losses included, — like the fortune of the confectioner in California, who failed for one hundred thousand dollars in the six months' keeping of a candy-shop. But all the habits of his life, his taste, his associations, his education, — everything; the trustingness of his disposition, his want of business qualifications, his sanguine temper, all that was Virginian in him, made him the prey, if not of imposture, at least of unfortunate speculations. Where the keenest jockey often was bit, what chance had *he?* About the same that the verdant Moses had with the venerable old gentleman, his father's friend, at the fair, when he traded the Vicar's pony for the green spectacles. But how could he believe it? How *could* he believe that that stuttering, grammarless Georgian, who had never heard of the resolutions of '98, could beat him in a land trade? "Have no money dealings with my father," said the friendly Martha to Lord Nigel; "for, idiot though he seems, he will make an ass of thee." What a pity some monitor, equally wise and equally successful with old Trapbois' daughter, had not been at the elbow of every Virginian! "Twad frae monie a blunder free'd him, an' foolish notion."

If he made a bad bargain, how could he expect to get rid of it? *He* knew nothing of the elaborate machinery of ingenious chicane, such as feigning bankruptcy, fraudulent conveyances, making over to his wife, running property; and had never heard of such tricks of trade as sending out coffins to the

graveyard, with negroes inside, carried off by sudden spells of imaginary disease, to be "resurrected" in due time, grinning, on the banks of the Brazos.

The new philosophy, too, had commended itself to his speculative temper. He readily caught at the idea of a new spirit of the age having set in, which rejected the saws of Poor Richard as being as much out of date as his almanacs. He was already, by the great rise of property, compared to his condition under the old-time prices, rich; and what were a few thousands of debt, which two or three crops would pay off, compared to the value of his estate? (He never thought that the value of property might come down, while the debt was a fixed fact.) He lived freely, for it was a liberal time, and liberal fashions were in vogue, and it was not for a Virginian to be behind others in hospitality and liberality. He required credit and security, and of course had to stand security in return. When the crash came, and no "accommodations" could be had, except in a few instances, and in those on the most ruinous terms, he fell an easy victim. They broke by neighborhoods. They usually indorsed for each other, and when one fell — like the child's play of putting bricks on end at equal distances, and dropping the first in the line against the second, which fell against the third, and so on to the last — all fell; each got broke as security, and yet few or none were able to pay their own debts! So powerless of protection were they in those times that the witty H. G. used to say they reminded him of an oyster, both shells torn off, lying on the beach, with the sea-gulls screaming over them; the only question being *which* should "gobble them up."

There was one consolation: if the Virginian involved himself like a fool, he suffered himself to be sold out like a gentleman. When his card house of visionary projects came tumbling about his ears, the next question was the one Webster plagiarized, "Where am I to go?" Those who had fathers, uncles, aunts, or other like *dernier resorts* in Virginia limped back, with feathers moulted and crestfallen, to the old stamping ground, carrying the returned Californian's fortune of ten thousand dollars, — six bits in money, and the balance in experience. Those who were in the condition of the prodigal (barring the father, the calf, — the fatted one I mean, — and the fiddle) had to turn their accomplishments to account; and many of them, having lost all by eating and drinking, sought the retributive justice from meat and drink, which might, at least, support them in poverty. Accordingly, they kept tavern, and made a barter of hospitality a business, the only disagreeable part of which was receiving the money, and the only one I know of for which a man can eat and drink himself into qualification. And while I confess I never knew a Virginian, out of the State, to keep a bad tavern, I never knew one to draw a solvent breath from the time he opened house until death or the sheriff closed it.

Others, again, got to be not exactly overseers, but some nameless thing, the duties of which were nearly analogous, for some more fortunate Virginian, who had escaped the wreck, and who had got his former boon companion to live with him on board, or other wages, in some such relation that the friend was not often found at table at the dinings given to the neighbors, and had got to be called Mr. Flour-

noy instead of Bob, and slept in an out-house in the yard, and only read the "Enquirer" of nights and Sundays.

Some of the younger scions, that had been transplanted early, and stripped of their foliage at a tender age, had been turned into birches for the corrective discipline of youth. Yes; many who had received academical or collegiate educations, disregarding the allurements of the highway, turning from the gala-day exercise of ditching, scorning the effeminate relaxation of splitting rails, heroically led the Forlorn Hope of the battle of life, the corps of pedagogues of country schools, *academies*, I beg pardon for *not* saying; for, under the Virginia economy, every cross-road log-cabin, where boys were flogged from B-a k-e-r to Constantinople, grew into the dignity of a sort of runt college; and the teacher vainly endeavored to hide the meanness of the calling beneath the sonorous *sobriquet* of Professor. "Were there no wars?" Had *all* the oysters been opened? Where was the regular army? Could not interest procure service as a deck-hand on a steamboat? Did no stage-driver, with a contract for running at night through the prairies in mid-winter, want help, at board wages, and sweet lying in the loft, when off duty, thrown in? What right had the Dutch Jews to monopolize *all* the peddling? "To such vile uses may we come at last, Horatio." The subject grows melancholy. I had a friend on whom this catastrophe descended. Tom Edmundson was a buck of the first head, — gay, witty, dashing, vain, proud, handsome, and volatile, and, withal, a dandy and lady's man to the last intent in particular. He had graduated at the Uni-

versity, and had just settled with his guardian, and received his patrimony of ten thousand dollars in money. Being a young gentleman of enterprise, he sought the alluring fields of Southwestern adventure, and found them in this State. Before he well knew the condition of his exchequer, he had made a permanent investment of one half of his fortune in cigars, champagne, trinkets, buggies, horses, and current expenses, including some small losses at poker, which game he patronized merely for amusement; and found that it diverted him a good deal, but diverted his cash much more. He invested the balance, on private information kindly given him, in "*Choctaw Floats*." A most lucrative investment it would have turned out, but for the facts: (1) that the Indians never had any title; (2) the white men who kindly interposed to act as guardians for the Indians did not have the Indian title; and (3) the land, left subject to entry, if the "Floats" had been good, was not worth entering. "These imperfections off its head," I know of no fancy stock I would prefer to a "Choctaw Float." "Brief, brave, and glorious" was "Tom's young career." When Thomas found, as he did shortly, that he had bought five thousand dollars' worth of moonshine, and had no title to it, he honestly informed his landlord of the state of his "fiscality," and that worthy kindly consented to take a new buggy, at half price, in payment of the old balance. The horse, a nick-tailed trotter, Tom had raffled off; but omitting to require cash, the process of collection resulted in his getting the price of one chance, — the winner of the horse magnanimously paying his subscription. The rest either had gambling off-

sets, or else were not prepared just at any one particular given moment to pay up, though always ready generally and in a general way.

Unlike his namesake, Tom and his landlady were not — for a sufficient reason — very gracious; and so, the only common bond, Tom's money, being gone, Tom received "notice to quit" in regular form.

In the hurly-burly of the times, I had lost sight of Tom for a considerable period. One day, as I was traveling over the hills in Greene, by a cross-road, leading me near a country mill, I stopped to get water at a spring at the bottom of a hill. Clambering up the hill, after remounting, on the other side, the summit of it brought me to a view, through the bushes, of a log country school-house, the door being wide open; and who did I see but Tom Edmundson, dressed as fine as ever, sitting back in an arm-chair, one thumb in his waistcoat armhole, the other hand brandishing a long switch, or rather pole. As I approached a little nearer, I heard him speak out: "Sir, Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia, was the author of the Declaration of Independence, — mind that. I thought everybody knew that, even the Georgians." Just then he saw me coming through the bushes and entering the path that led by the door. Suddenly he broke from the chair of state, and the door was slammed to, and I heard some one of the boys, as I passed the door, say, "Tell him he can't come in; the master's sick." This is the last I ever saw of Tom. I understand he afterwards moved to Louisiana, where he married a rich French widow, having first, however, to fight a duel with one of her sons, whose opposition could n't be appeased until some such expiatory sacrifice to the

manes of his worthy father was attempted; which failing, he made rather a *lame* apology for his zealous indiscretion, — the poor fellow could make no other, for Tom had unfortunately fixed him for visiting his mother on crutches the balance of his life.

One thing I will say for the Virginians: I never knew one of them, under any pressure, extemporize a profession. The sentiment of reverence for the mysteries of medicine and law was too large for a deliberate quackery; as to the pulpit, a man might as well do his starving without the hypocrisy.

But others were not so nice. I have known them to rush, when the wolf was after them, from the counting-house or the plantation into a doctor's shop or a law office, as if those places were the sanctuaries from the avenger; some pretending to be doctors that did not know a liver from a gizzard, administering medicine by the guess, without knowing enough of pharmacy to tell whether the stuff exhibited in the big-bellied blue, red, and green bottles at the show-windows of the apothecaries' shops was given by the drop or the half pint.

Divers others left, but what became of them I never knew, any more than they know what becomes of the sora after frost.

Many were the instances of suffering; of pitiable misfortune, involving and crushing whole families; of pride abased; of honorable sensibilities wounded; of the provision for old age destroyed; of the hopes of manhood overcast; of independence dissipated, and the poor victim, without help, or hope, or sympathy, forced to petty shifts for a bare subsistence, and a ground-scuffle for what in happier days he

threw away. But there were too many examples of this sort for the expenditure of a useless compassion ; just as the surgeon, after a battle, grows case-hardened, from an excess of objects of pity.

My memory, however, fixes itself on one honored exception, the noblest of the noble, the best of the good. Old Major Willis Wormley had come in long before the *new era.* He belonged to the old school of Virginians. Nothing could have torn him from the Virginia he loved, as Jacopi Foscari, Venice, but the marrying of his eldest daughter, Mary, to a gentleman of Alabama. The Major was something between, or made of about equal parts of, Uncle Toby and Mr. Pickwick, with a slight flavor of Mr. Micawber. He was the soul of kindness, disinterestedness, and hospitality. Love to everything that had life in it burned like a flame in his large and benignant soul ; it flowed over in his countenance, and glowed through every feature, and moved every muscle in the frame it animated. The Major lived freely, was rather corpulent, and had not a lean thing on his plantations ; the negroes, the dogs, the horses, the cattle, the very chickens, wore an air of corpulent complacency, and bustled about with a good-humored rotundity. There was more laughing, singing, and whistling at " Hollywood " than would have set up a dozen Irish fairs. The Major's wife had, from a long life of affection, and the practice of the same pursuits, and the indulgence of the same feelings and tastes, got so much like him that she seemed a feminine and modest edition of himself. Four daughters were all that remained in the family, — two had been married off, — and they had no son. The girls ranged from sixteen to twenty-two, — fine, hearty,

whole-souled, wholesome, cheerful lasses, with constitutions to last, and a flow of spirits like mountain springs; not beauties, but good housewife girls, whose open countenances and neat figures and rosy cheeks and laughing eyes and frank and cordial manners made them, at home, abroad, on horseback or on foot, at the piano or discoursing on the old English books or Washington Irving's Sketch Book, — a favorite in the family ever since it was written, — as entertaining and as well calculated to fix solid impressions on the heart as any four girls in the country. The only difficulty was they were so much alike that you were put to fault which to fall in love with. They were all good housewives, or women, rather. But Mrs. Wormley, or Aunt Wormley, as we called her, was as far ahead of any other woman in that way, as could be found this side of the Virginia border. If there was anything good in the culinary line that she could n't make, I should like to know it. The Major lived on the main stage-road, and if any decently dressed man ever passed the house after sundown he escaped by sheer accident. The house was greatly visited. The Major knew everybody, and everybody near him knew the Major. The stage-coach could n't stop long, but in the hot summer days, about noon, as the driver tooted his horn at the top of the red hill, two negro boys stood opposite the door, with trays of the finest fruit and a pitcher of cider for the refreshment of the wayfarers; the Major himself being on the lookout, with his hands over his eyes, bowing — as he only could bow — vaguely into the coach, and looking wistfully to find among the passengers an acquaintance whom he could prevail upon to get out and stay

a week with him. There was n't a poor neighbor to whom the Major had not been as good as an insurer, without premium, for his stock, or for his crop; and from the way he rendered the service, you would think he was the party obliged, — as he was.

This is not, in any country I have ever been in, a money-making business; and the Major, though he always made good crops, must have broke at it long ago, but for the fortunate death of a few aunts, after whom the girls were named, who, paying their several debts of nature, left the Major the means to pay his less serious but still weighty obligations.

The Major, for a wonder, being a Virginian, had no partisan politics. He could not have. His heart could not hold anything that implied a warfare upon the thoughts or feelings of others. He voted all the time for his friend, that is, the candidate living nearest to him; regretting, generally, that he did not have another vote for the other man.

It would have done a Camanche Indian's heart good to see all the family together — grandchildren and all — of a winter evening, with a guest or two to excite sociability a little; not company enough to embarrass the manifestations of affection. Such a concordance, as if all hearts were attuned to the same feeling: the old lady knitting in the corner, the old man smoking his pipe opposite; both of their fine faces radiating, in the pauses of the laugh, the jest, or the caress, the infinite satisfaction within.

It was enough to convert an abolitionist to see the old Major, when he came home from a long journey of two days to the county town, — the negroes running in a string to the buggy, this one to

hold the horse, that one to help the old man out, and the others to inquire how he was ; and to observe the benignity with which — the kissing of the girls and the old lady hardly over — he distributed a piece of calico here, a plug of tobacco there, or a card of *town* gingerbread to the little snow-balls that grinned around him : what was given being but a small part of the gift, divested of the kind, cheerful, rollicking way the old fellow had of giving it.

The Major had given out his autograph (as had almost everybody else) as indorser on three several bills of exchange, of even tenor and date, and all maturing at or about the same time. His friend's friend failed to pay as he or his firm agreed, the friend himself did no better, and the Major, before he knew anything at all of his danger, found a writ served upon him, and was told by his friend that he was dead broke, and all he could give him was his sympathy ; the which the Major as gratefully received as if it was a legal tender, and would pay the debt. The Major's friends advised him he could get clear of it ; that notice of protest not having been sent to the Major's post-office released him. But the Major would n't hear of such a defense ; he said *his* understanding was that he was to pay the debt, if his friend did n't ; and to slip out of it by a quibble was little better than pleading the gambling act. Besides, what would the lawyers say ? And what would be said by his old friends in Virginia, when it reached their ears that he had plead want of notice to get clear of a debt, when everybody knew it was the same thing as if he had got notice ? And if this defense were good at law, it would not be in equity ; and if they took it into chancery, it mattered not

what became of the case; the property would all go, and he never could expect to see the last of it. No, no; he would pay it, and had as well set about it at once.

The rumor of the Major's condition spread far and wide. It reached old N. D., "an angel," whom the Major had "entertained," and one of the few that ever traveled that road. He came, post haste, to see into the affair; saw the creditor; made him, upon threat of defense, agree to take half the amount, and discharge the Major; advanced the money, and took the Major's negroes, except the house servants, and put them on his Mississippi plantation to work out the debt.

The Major's heart pained him at the thought of the negroes going off; he could n't witness it, though he consoled himself with the idea of the discipline and exercise being good for the health of sundry of them who had contracted sedentary diseases.

The Major turned his house into a tavern, — that is, changed its name, — put up a sign, and three weeks afterwards you could n't have told that anything had happened. The family were as happy as ever: the Major, never having put on airs of arrogance in prosperity, felt no humiliation in adversity; the girls were as cheerful, as bustling, and as light-hearted as ever, and seemed to think of the duties of hostesses as mere bagatelles, to enliven the time. The old Major was as profluent of anecdotes as ever, and never grew tired of telling the same ones to every new guest; and yet the Major's anecdotes were all of Virginia growth, and not one of them under the legal age of twenty-one. If the Major had worked his negroes as he had those anecdotes,

he would have been able to pay off the bills of exchange without any difficulty.

The old lady and the girls laughed at the anecdotes, though they must have heard them at least a thousand times, and knew them by heart, for the Major told them without the variations ; and the other friends of the Major laughed, too. Indeed, with such an air of thorough benevolence, and in such a truly social spirit, did the old fellow proceed "the tale to unfold," that a Cassius-like rascal that would n't laugh, whether he saw anything to laugh at or not, ought to have been sent to the penitentiary for life, — half of the time to be spent in solitary confinement.

## II.

### ASSAULT AND BATTERY.

A trial came off, not precisely in our bailiwick, but in the neighborhood, of great comic interest. It was really a case of a good deal of aggravation, and the defendants, fearing the result, employed four of the ablest lawyers practicing at the M. bar to defend them. The offense charged was only assault and battery ; but the evidence showed a conspiracy to inflict great violence on the person of the prosecutor, who had done nothing to provoke it, and that the attempt to effect it was followed by severe injury to him. The prosecutor was an original. He had been an old-field school-master, and was as conceited and pedantic a fellow as could be found in a summer's day, even in that profession. It was thought the policy of the defense to make as light of the case as possible, and to cast as much ridicule

on the affair as they could. J. E. and W. M. led the defense, and, although the talents of the former were rather adapted to grave discussion than pleasantry, he agreed to doff his heavy armor for the lighter weapons of wit and ridicule. M. was in his element. He was at all times and on all occasions at home when fun was to be raised: the difficulty with him was rather to restrain than to create mirth and laughter. The case was called and put to the jury. The witness, one Burwell Shines, was called for the prosecution. A broad grin was upon the faces of the counsel for the defense as he came forward. It was increased when the clerk said, "*Burrell* Shines, come to the book;" and the witness, with deliberate emphasis, remarked, "My Christian name is not *Burrell*, but *Burwell*, though I am vulgarly denominated by the former epithet." "Well," said the clerk, "Bur-*well* Shines, come to the book, and be sworn." He *was* sworn, and directed to take the stand. He was a picture!

He was dressed with care. His toilet was elaborate and befitting the magnitude and dignity of the occasion, the part he was to fill, and the high presence into which he had come. He was evidently favorably impressed with his own personal pulchritude; yet with an air of modest deprecation, as if he said by his manner, "After all, what *is* beauty, that man should be proud of it; and what are fine clothes, that the wearers should put themselves above the unfortunate mortals who have them not?"

He advanced with deliberate gravity to the stand. There he stood, his large bell-crowned hat, with nankeen-colored nap an inch long, in his hand; which hat he carefully handed over the bar to the

clerk to hold until he should get through his testimony. He wore a blue single-breasted coat with new brass buttons, a vest of bluish calico, nankeen pants that struggled to make both ends meet, but failed, by a few inches, in the legs, yet made up for it by fitting a little better than the skin everywhere else. His head stood upon a shirt collar that held it up by the ears, and a cravat, something smaller than a table-cloth, bandaged his throat; his face was narrow, long, and grave, with an indescribable air of ponderous wisdom, which, as Fox said of Thurlow, "proved him *necessarily* a hypocrite; as it was *impossible* for *any* man to be as wise as *he* looked." Gravity and decorum marked every lineament of his countenance and every line of his body. All the wit of Hudibras could not have moved a muscle of his face. His conscience would have smitten him for a laugh almost as soon as for an oath. His hair was roached up, and stood as erect and upright as his body; and his voice was slow, deep, in "linked sweetness long drawn out," and modulated according to the camp-meeting standard of elocution. Three such men at a country frolic would have turned an old Virginia reel into a dead march. He was one of Carlyle's earnest men. Cromwell would have made him ensign of the Ironsides, and *ex-officio* chaplain at first sight. He took out his pocket-handkerchief, slowly unfolded it from the shape in which it came from the washerwoman's, and awaited the interrogation. As he waited, he spat on the floor, and nicely wiped it out with his foot. The solicitor told him to tell about the difficulty in hand. He gazed around on the court, hen on the bar, then on the jury, then on the

crowd, addressing each respectively as he turned: "May it please your honor, gentlemen of the bar, gentlemen of the jury, audience: Before proceeding to give my testimonial observations, I must premise that I am a member of the Methodist Episcopal, otherwise called Wesleyan, persuasion of Christian individuals. One bright Sabbath morning in May, the 15th day of the month, the past year, while the birds were singing their matutinal songs from the trees, I sallied forth from the dormitory of my seminary to enjoy the reflections so well suited to that auspicious occasion. I had not proceeded far before my ears were accosted with certain Bacchanalian sounds of revelry, which proceeded from one of those haunts of vicious depravity located at the cross-roads, near the place of my boyhood, and fashionably denominated a doggery. No sooner had I passed beyond the precincts of this diabolical rendezvous of rioting debauchees, than I heard behind me the sounds of approaching footsteps, as if in pursuit. Having heard previously sundry menaces, which had been made by these preposterous and incarnadine individuals of hell, now on trial in prospect of condign punishment, fulminated against the longer continuance of my corporeal salubrity, for no better reason than that I reprobated their criminal orgies, and not wishing my reflections to be disturbed, I hurried my steps with a gradual accelerated motion. Hearing, however, their continued advance, and the repeated shoutings, articulating the murderous accents, 'Kill him! Kill Shadbelly, with his praying clothes on!' (which was a profane designation of myself and my religious profession), and casting my head over my left

shoulder in a manner somehow reluctantly, thus, [throwing his head to one side], and perceiving their near approximation, I augmented my speed into what might be denominated a gentle slope, and subsequently augmented the same into a species of dog-trot. But all would not do. Gentlemen, the destroyer came. As I reached the fence, and was about propelling my body over the same, felicitating myself on my prospect of escape from my remorseless pursuers, they arrived, and James William Jones, called, by nickname, Buck Jones, that red-headed character now at the bar of this honorable court, seized a fence rail, grasped it in both hands, and, standing on tip-toe, hurled the same, with mighty emphasis, against my cerebellum, which blow felled me to the earth. Straightway, like ignoble curs upon a disabled lion, these bandit ruffians and incarnadine assassins leaped upon me, some pelting, some bruising, some gouging, — 'everything by turns, and nothing long,' as the poet hath it; and one of them, — which one unknown to me, having no eyes behind — inflicted with his teeth a grievous wound upon my person; where, I need not specify. At length, when thus prostrate on the ground, one of those bright ideas, common to minds of men of genius, struck me. I forthwith sprang to my feet, drew forth my cutto, circulated the same with much vivacity among their several and respective corporeal systems, and every time I circulated the same I felt their iron grasp relax. As cowardly recreants, even to their own guilty friendships, two of these miscreants, though but slightly perforated by my cutto, fled, leaving the other two, whom I had disabled by the vigor and energy of my incis-

ions, prostrate and in my power. These lustily called for quarter, shouting out 'Enough!' or, in their barbarous dialect, being as corrupt in language as in morals, 'Nuff!' which quarter I magnanimously extended them, as unworthy of my farther vengeance, and fit only as subject of penal infliction at the hands of the offended laws of their country, to which laws I do now consign them, hoping such mercy for them as their crimes will permit; which, in my judgment (having read the code), is not much. This is my statement on oath, fully and truly, nothing extenuating and naught setting down in malice; and if I have omitted anything, in form or substance, I stand ready to supply the omission; and if I have stated anything amiss, I will cheerfully correct the same, limiting the averment, with appropriate modifications, provisions, and restrictions. The learned counsel may now proceed more particularly to interrogate me of and respecting the premises."

After this oration, Burwell wiped the perspiration from his brow, and the counsel for the state took him. Few questions were asked him, however, by that official, he confining himself to a recapitulation in simple terms, of what the witness had declared, and procuring Burwell's assent to his translation. Long and searching was the cross-examination by the defendant's counsel; but it elicited nothing favorable to the defense, and nothing shaking, but much to confirm, Burwell's statement.

After some other evidence, the examination closed, and the argument to the jury commenced. The solicitor very briefly adverted to the leading facts, deprecated any attempt to turn the case into ridi-

cule, admitted that the witness was a man of eccentricity and pedantry, but harmless and inoffensive; a man, evidently, of conscientiousness and respectability; that he had shown himself to be a peaceable man, but when occasion demanded, a brave man; that there was a conspiracy to assassinate him upon no cause except an independence, which was honorable to him, and an attempt to execute the purpose, in pursuance of previous threats, and severe injury by several confederates on a single person, and this on the Sabbath, and when he was seeking to avoid them.

W. M. rose to reply. All Screamersville turned out to hear him. William was a great favorite, — the most popular speaker in the country, — had the versatility of a mocking-bird, an aptitude for burlesque that would have given him celebrity as a dramatist, and a power of acting that would have made his fortune on the boards of a theatre. A rich treat was expected, but it did n't come. The witness had taken all the wind out of William's sails. He had rendered burlesque impossible. The thing as acted was more ludicrous than it could be as described. The crowd had laughed themselves hoarse already; and even M.'s comic powers seemed, and were felt by himself, to be humble imitations of a greater master. For once in his life M. dragged his subject heavily along. The matter began to grow serious, — fun failed to come when M. called it up. M. closed between a lame argument, a timid deprecation, and some only tolerable humor. He was followed by E., in a discursive, argumentative, sarcastic, drag-net sort of speech, which did all that could be done for the defense. The solicitor briefly

closed, seriously and confidently confining himself to a repetition of the matters first insisted, and answering some of the points of the counsel.

It was an ominous fact that a juror, before the jury retired, under leave of the court, recalled a witness for the purpose of putting a question to him: the question was how much the defendants were worth; the answer was, about two thousand dollars.

The jury shortly after returned into court with a verdict which "sized their pile."

## III.

### SHARP FINANCIERING.

In the times of 1836 there dwelt in the pleasant town of T——, a smooth, oily-mannered gentleman, who diversified a commonplace pursuit by some exciting episodes of finance, — dealing occasionally in exchange, buying and selling uncurrent money, etc. We will suppose this gentleman's name to be Thompson. It happened that a Mr. Ripley of North Carolina was in T——. Having some $1,200 in North Carolina money, and desiring to return to the old North State with his funds, not wishing to encounter the risk of robbery through the Creek country, in which there were rumors of hostilities between the whites and the Indians, he bethought him of buying exchange on Raleigh, as the safest mode of transmitting his money. On inquiry, he was referred to Mr. Thompson, as the only person dealing in exchange in that place. He called on Mr. Thompson and made known his wishes. With

his characteristic politeness, Mr. Thompson agreed to accommodate him with a sight bill on his correspondent in Raleigh, charging him the moderate premium of five per cent. for it. Mr. Thompson retired into his counting-room, and in a few minutes returned with the bill and a letter, which he delivered to Mr. Ripley, at the same time receiving the money from that gentleman plus the exchange. As the interlocutors were exchanging valedictory compliments, it occurred to Mr. Thompson that it would be a favor to him if Mr. Ripley would be so kind as to convey to Mr. Thompson's correspondent a package he was desirous of sending, which request Mr. Ripley assured Mr. Thompson it would afford him great pleasure to comply with. Mr. Thompson then handed Mr. Ripley a package, strongly enveloped and sealed, addressed to the Raleigh banker, after which the gentlemen parted with many polite expressions of regard and civility.

Arriving, without any accident or hindrance, at Raleigh, Mr. Ripley's first care was to call on the banker and present his documents. He found him at his office, presented the bill and letter to him, and requested payment of the former. "That," said the banker, "will depend a good deal upon the contents of the package." Opening which, Mr. Ripley found the identical bills, minus the premium, he had paid Mr. Thompson for his bill; and which the banker paid over to that gentleman, who was not a little surprised to find that the expert Mr. Thompson had charged him five per cent. for carrying his own money to Raleigh, to avoid the risk and trouble of which he had bought the exchange.

Thompson used to remark that that was the safest

operation, all around, he ever knew. He had got his exchange, the buyer had got his bill, and the money, too, and the drawee was fully protected! There was profit without outlay or risk.

# MAJOR JONES'S COURTSHIP.

In "Simon Suggs" we have the vulgarian of the South "done," to use his own elegant phraseology, "to a cracklin'." In the amusing, amatory adventures of Major Joseph Jones, the reverse side of the picture — homely, not to say rough, but clean — is given us. Here there is nothing equivocal or coarse ; not so much as the suspicion of a *double entente*.

The "Major" is a simple, yet shrewd, straightforward, honest Georgia lad, whose migrations have been for the most part from the blue bud to the brown. He loves Mary Stallins, and Mary loves him. The "old people" favor the match. The young people conspire to bring it about. There is positively no obstruction, no plot, and no villain. But, by a grotesque humor and rustic narrative, composed of ingredients of the most transparent and unambitious description, the author contrives to maintain the interest of the reader throughout. In representative quality, both as to its *dramatis personæ* and its dialect, the story is genuinely racy of the soil. It is distinctively Southern and provincial. If no names were mentioned, its *locale* could not be mistaken. Its scenes might possibly be laid in Tennessee or Alabama, but not in Virginia or Mississippi.

In truth, there are divergencies between South Carolina and Kentucky, for example, as great as there are between Maine and Texas. Nothing could be more whimsical than the attempt to draw a mythical line across the country, parceling off on the one hand and the other certain peculiar and antagonistic characteristics. The diversities of habit and speech which mark our people cannot be so classified, but are to be sought under conditions which the geography does not affect. The most influential and popular Mississippian who ever lived was born and raised in New England ; and the most representative citizen of Maine, at the present time, born and educated in Pennsylvania, never saw New England until he was three or four and twenty, and carried thither with him many of the idiosyncratic features of the typical Kentuckian.

But Major Jones is a Georgian. He is well to do, and he knows a thing or two, albeit his education in "grammer" and "retorick"

has been neglected. His character, like his diction, is homespun. He is a thorough rustic, and belongs to a class which is still very large in the interior of the South.

The author of this typical creation, Colonel W. T. Thompson, lived and died an editor in Georgia. He was a man of singular modesty, but a good scholar, a close observer, and, at times, a trenchant controversialist. He passed away at a ripe old age in Savannah, in the early part of 1882.

## I.

### THE MAJOR TAKES A CHEW OF TOBACCO.

You know the Stallinses lives on the plantation in the summer, and goes to town in the winter. Well, Miss Mary Stallins, who, you know, is the darlinest gall in the county, come home tother day to see her folks. You know she 's been to the Female College, down to Macon, for most a year now. Before she went, she used to be jest as plain as a old shoe, and used to go fishin' and huckleberryin' with us, with nothin' but a calico sun-bonnet on, and was the wildest thing you ever seed. Well, I always used to have a sort of a sneakin' notion after Mary Stallins, and so, when she come, I brushed up, and was 'termined to have a right serious talk with her about old matters ; not knowin' but she mought be captivated by some of them Macon fellers.

So, shure enough, off I started, unbeknowin' to anybody, and rode right over to the plantation. (You know ours is right jinin' the widder Stallinses.) Well, when I got thar, I felt a little sort o' sheepish ; but I soon got over that, when Miss Carline said (but she did n't mean me to har her), " There, Pinny " (that 's Miss Mary's nick-name, you know), " there 's your bow come."

Miss Mary looked mighty sort o' redish when I

shuck her hand and told her howdy ; and she made a sort of stoop over and a dodge back, like the little galls does to the school-marm, and said, "Good-evenin', Mr. Jones." (She used to always call me jest Joe.)

"Take a chair, Joseph," said Miss Carline ; and we sot down in the parlor, and I begun talkin' to Miss Mary about Macon, and the long ride she had, and the bad roads, and the monstrous hot weather, and the like.

She did n't say much, but was in a mighty good humor, and laughed a heap. I told her I never seed sich a change in anybody. Nor I never did. Why, she did n't look like the same gall. Good gracious ! she looked so nice and trim, — jest like some of them pictures what they have in "Appletons' Journal," — with her hair all komed down longside of her face, as slick and shiny as a mahogany burow. When she laughed she did n't open her mouth like she used to ; and she sot up straight and still in her chair, and looked so different, but so monstrous pretty ! I ax'd her a heap of questions, about how she liked Macon and the Female College, and so forth ; and she told me a heap about 'em. But old Miss Stallins and Miss Carline and Miss Kesiah, and all of 'em, kep all the time interruptin' us, axin' about mother, — if she was well, and if she was gwine to the Spring church next Sunday, and what luck she had with her soap, and all sich stuff, — and I do believe I told the old woman more 'n twenty times that mother 's old turky-hen was settin' on fourteen eggs.

Well, I was n't to be backed out that-a-way ; so I kep it a-goin' the best I could, till bimeby old Miss Stallins let her knitin' drap three or four times, and then begun to nod.

I seed the galls lookin' at one another and pinchin' one another's elbows, and Miss Mary said she wondered what time it was, and said the college disciplines, or something like that, did n't low late hours. I seed how the game was gwine ; but howsumever, I kep talkin' to her like a cotton gin in packin' time, as hard as I could clip it, till bimeby the old lady went to bed, and after a bit the galls all cleared, and left Miss Mary to herself. That was jest the thing I wanted.

Well, she sot on one side of the fire-place, and I sot on tother, so I could spit on the hath, whar ther was nothin' but a lighterd chunk burnin' to give light. Well, we talked and talked, and I know you would like to hear all we talked about, but that would be too long. When I 'm very interested in anything, or git bother'd about anything, I can't help chawin' a heap of tobacker, and then I spits uncontionable, specially if I 'm talkin'. Well, we sot thar and talked, and the way I spit was larmin' to the crickets ! I axed Miss Mary if she had any bows down to Macon.

" Oh, yes," she said ; and then she went on and named over Matthew Matix, Nat. Filosofy, Al. Geber, Retric Stronomy, and a whole heap of fellers, that she 'd been keepin' company with most all her time.

" Well," ses I, " I spose they 're mazin' poplar with you, ain't they, Miss Mary ? " for I felt mighty oneasy, and begun to spit a good deal worse.

" Yes," ses she, " they 're the most interestin' companions I ever had, and I am anxious to resume their pleasant society."

I tell you what, that sort o' stumped me, and I

spit right slap on the chunk and made it "flicker and flare" like the mischief. It was a good thing it did, for I blushed as blue as a Ginny squash.

I turned my tobacker round in my mouth, and spit two or three times, and the old chunk kep up a most bominable fryin'.

"Then I spose your gwine to forgit old acquaintances," ses I, "sense you 's been to Macon, among them lawyers and doctors, is you, Miss Mary? You thinks more of them than you does of anybody else, I spose."

"Oh," ses she, "I am devoted to them. I think of them day and night!"

That was *too* much; it shot me right up, and I sot as still as could be for more 'n a minute. I never felt so warm behind the ears afore in all my life. Thunder! how my blood did bile up all over me! and I felt like I could knock Matthew Matix into a grease-spot, if he 'd only been thar.

Miss Mary sot with her handkercher up to her face, and I looked straight into the fire-place. The blue blazes was runnin' round over the old chunk, ketchin' hold here and lettin' go thar, sometimes gwine most out, and then blazin' up a little. I could n't speak. I was makin' up my mind for tellin' her the sitewation of my hart. I was jest gwine to tell her my feelins, but my mouth was chock full of tobacker, so I had to spit — and slap it went, right on the light-wood chunk, and out *it* went, spang!

I swar, I never did feel so tuck aback in all my born days. I did n't know what to do.

"My Lord, Miss Mary," ses I, "I did n't go to do it. Jest tell me the way to the kitchen, and I 'll go and git a light."

But she never said nothin', so I sot down agin, thinkin' she 'd gone to git one herself, for it was pitch dark, and I could n't see my hand afore my face.

Well, I sot thar and ruminated, and waited a long time, but she did n't come; so I begun to think may be she was n't gone. I could n't hear nothin' nor I could n't see nothin'; so bimeby ses I, very low, for I did n't want to wake up the family, — ses I, "Miss Mary! Miss Mary!" But nobody answered.

Thinks I, What 's to be done? I tried agin.

"Miss Mary! Miss Mary!" ses I. But it was no use.

Then I heard the galls snickerin' and laughin' in the next room, and I begun to see how it was: Miss Mary was gone, and left me thar alone.

"Whar 's my hat?" ses I, pretty loud, so somebody mought tell me. But they only laughed worse.

I begun to feel about the room, and the first thing I know'd, spang! goes my head agin the edge of the pantry dore, what was standin' open. The fire flew, and I could n't help but swar a little. "D—n the dore," ses I, "whar 's my hat?" But nobody said nothin', and I went gropin' about in the dark, feelin' round to find some way out, when I put my hand on the dore knob. All right, thinks I, as I pushed the dore open quick. . . . Ther was a scream! — heads popped under the bed kiver quicker'n lightnin' — something white fluttered by the burow, and out went the candle. I was in the galls' room! But there was no time for apologisin', even if they could stopped squealin' long enough to hear me. I crawfished out of that place monstrous quick, you

may depend. Had n't I went and gone and done it, sure enough! I know'd my cake was all dough then, and I jest determined to git out of them diggins soon as possible, and never mind about my hat.

Well, I got through the parlor dore, after rakin my shins three or four times agin the chairs, and was feelin' along through the entry for the front dore; but somehow I was so flustrated that I tuck the wrong way, and bimeby kerslash I went, right over old Miss Stallinses spinnin'-wheel, onto the floor! I hurt myself a good deal; but that did n't make me half so mad as to hear them confounded galls a gigglin' and laughin' at me.

"Oh," said one of 'em (it was Miss Kesiah, for I knowed her voice), "there goes mother 's wheel! my Lord!"

I tried to set the cussed thing up agin, but it seemed to have more 'n twenty legs, and would n't stand up nohow. May be it was broke. I went out of the dore, but I had n't more 'n got down the steps, when bow! wow! wow! comes four or five infernal grate big coon-dogs, rite at me. "Git out! git out! hellow, Cato! call off your dogs!" ses I, as loud as I could. But Cato was sound asleep, and if I had n't a run back into the hall, and got out the front way as quick as I could, them devils would chawed my bones for true.

When I got to my hoss, I felt like a feller jest out of a hornet's nest; and I reckon I went home a little of the quickest.

Next mornin' old Miss Stallins sent my hat by a little nigger; but I hain't seed Mary Stallins sense. Now you see what comes of chawin' tobacker! No more from Your friend, till death,

Jos. Jones.

## II.

### THE MAJOR HAS A MISADVENTURE.

I want to tell you about a scrape I got in tother day, as I know you never heard of jest sich a catasterfy before.

Last Sunday, Miss Mary and Miss Carline and Miss Kesiah and all of the Stallinses wer at church, and when it was out I jest rid right up to Miss Mary and 'lowed I 'd see her home. She did n't say nothin', and I rid along side of her a little ways, and begun to feel mighty good ; but before we got out of sight of the church ther was a whole gang of fellers, and a heap more young lady's, cum ridin' up and reinin' in, and prancin' and cavortin' about so that nobody could tell who was ridin' with which : all jabberin' and talkin' and laughin', as if they 'd been to a corn-shuckin' instead of a meetin'-house. Of course cousin Pete was thar, on uncle Josh's old white-eyed hoss, with his saddle-bags on, — for he always carrys 'em wherever he goes, to make folks blieve he 's a doctor, — and the way he tumbled the big words about was 'stonishin'. I did n't say much, but rid monstrous close to one side of Miss Mary, so cousin Pete could n't shine much thar.

Well, we all got to old Miss Stallinses without any perticeler accident happenin', though I spected every minit to see some of 'em histed rite in the mud, the way they kep whippin' one another's hosses unawars, and playin' all manner of pranks with one another. When we got thar the whole crowd stoped, and some one proposed a walk down to the branch

to git some grapes. All hands was agreed 'cept old Miss Stallins, who sed the galls better stay home and read the Bible. But you know it ain't no use to talk about religion to young galls when they ain't sick nor sorry bout nothin'. So away we went; but I tuck monstrous good care to git long side of Miss Mary, and thar I stuck till we got down to the branch whar the grapes wer. You know the wild grapes is jest gittin' good now; and I never seed a pretty young lady yet that did n't like something sour. Ther 's lots of fox grapes all round the plantation, but the best ones is down on the branch. Cousin Pete and Ben Biers, and all the fellers, fell to gettin' grapes for the ladys, but they all had ther Sunday fixins on, and was fraid to go into the brush much.

"Oh, my! what pretty grapes is on that tree!" ses Miss Mary, lookin' up half-way to the top of the grate big gum that stood right over the water; and her pretty bright eyes sparklin' like dew-drops in the sunshine. "Oh, I wish I had some!"

Cousin Pete had been tryin' to make himself very poplar with Miss Mary, but he did n't seem to care about them high grapes more 'n some that was lower down. But all the galls had got ther eyes on them high grapes.

"Them grapes is like the young ladys," ses cousin Pete.

"Why is they like the galls?" axed Miss Kesiah.

"Oh, cause — cause they 's sweet," ses cousin Pete.

"I reckon it 's cause they 's hard to git," ses Bill Willson.

"It 's cause they 's more trouble to git than they 's worth," ses Tom Stallins.

"Ain't you shamed, brother Tom?" ses Miss Carline.

"What do you think, Majer?" ses Miss Mary; and she gin me one of them witchin' side-looks of hers that almost made me jump rite out of my boots.

"Why," ses I, "I think they 's like the young ladys cause they 's sour grapes to them as can't git 'em."

"Yes, Majer," ses she, "but you know they can git 'em that has the prowess to win 'em," — and then she gin me a look that made me feel prouder than I ever did afore in my life, — "and *you* can git 'em if you try, Majer; I know you kin."

When she said that last part, I seed cousin Pete's lip sort o' drap. My heart liked to knock the buttons off my jacket, and I do blieve I 'd had them grapes if I 'd had to dig the tree up by the roots. My hat went off quicker than a flash, and up the old sweetgum I went like a cat squirrel.

"Don't fall, Majer," ses Miss Mary. When she said that, I swar I like to let go, it made me feel so interestin'. I was n't no time gittin' to the very tip-top branch, and the fust thing I done was to cut off the largest bunch, and throw it rite down to Miss Mary's feet.

"Thank you, Majer, — thank you," ses she.

"Throw me some, Majer," ses Miss Carline, "and me too" — "and me too" — "thank you, Majer" — "throw me some, Majer" — "ain't the Majer kind?" — "it takes him to climb trees," ses all the galls.

"He 's good as a coon," ses Ben Biers.

"I can beat him any time," ses Tom Stallins.

"No, y-o-u can't, brother Tom, no sich thing," ses Miss Mary, poutin' out her pretty lips at him.

By this time I had gin 'em more grapes than they could all eat, and carry home to boot; and if I had jest come down then, I 'd come out fust rate. But you know that 's the nice pint, — to know when to stop: ther is such a thing as bein' a leetle *too* smart — and that 's jest whar I mist the figure.

I was standin' on one vine right over the branch, with my hands holt of one over my head, and thinks I to myself, How it would stonish 'em all now to see me skin the cat. My spunk was up, and thinks I I 'll jest show 'em what I kin do. So up I pulls my feet and twisted 'em round through my arms over backwards, and was lettin' my body down tother side foremost, when they all hollered out, —

"Oh, look at Majer Jones!" "Oh, see what he 's doin'!"

"Oh, I 'm so fraid," ses Miss Mary.

That made me want to do my best, so I let myself down slow and easy, and I begun to feel with my feet for the vine below.

"Oh, my gracious!" ses Miss Kesiah, "see how he is twisted his arms round."

Somehow I could n't find the vine, and my arms begun to hurt, but I did n't say nothin'.

"A l-e-e-t-l-e further forward, Majer," ses Tom Stallins.

"No; more to the right," ses Ben Biers.

The galls wer all lookin', and did n't know what to say. I kep tryin' to touch both ways, but cuss the vine was thar. Then I tried to git back agin, but I could n't raise myself, somehow, and I begun to feel monstrous dizzy; the water below looked sort o' yaller and green, and had sparks of fire runnin' all through it, and my eyes begun to feel so tight, I

"A l-e-e-t-l-e further forward, Majer," ses Tom Stallins. See page 144.

thought they would bust. They was all hollerin' something down below, but I could n't hear nothin' but a terrible roarin' sound, and the fust thing I knowd something tuck me right under the chin, and before I had time to breathe, kerslash I went, right in the cold water, more 'n six feet deep. I got my mouth chock full of muddy water, and how upon yeath I ever got out without droundin' I can't see; for I was almost dead before I drapt, and when I come down I hit sumthing that like to broke my jawbone, and skinned my nose most bominable.

When I got out, the galls wer all screamin' for life, and Miss Mary was pale as her pocket-hankercher.

"Oh, I 'm so glad you ain't hurt no wurse, Majer," ses she; "I thought you was killed."

But, Lord! she did n't begin to know how bad I was hurt. I sot down on a log a little, and the fellers all come round laughin' like they was almost tickeld to death.

"Was n't I right, Majer? — ain't they more trouble to git than they 's worth after you 's got 'em?"

I did n't say nothin' to Tom Stallins, cause he 's Miss Mary's brother; but cousin Pete come up with his fine rigins on, laughing like a grate long-legged fool, as he is. Says he, —

"Ain't you shamed to cut sich anticks as that! I 'd have more sense — jest look at your nose — ha, ha! Ain't you got yourself in a nice fix with yer smartness?"

The galls was gitin' ready to go home; Miss Mary was lookin' monstrous serious.

"Don't you think he looks like a drounded rat, Miss Mary?" axed cousin Pete.

"I think he looks as good as you do, any time," ses she, looking as mad as she could.

Pete sort of looked a leetle sheapish, and turned round and tried to laugh.

"I would n't take sich a duckin' as that not for all the sour grapes nor sour gals in Georgia," ses he.

Thinks I, that 's sort of personally insultin' to Miss Mary, and I seed her face grow sort o' red. It would n't never do to let cousin Pete hurt her feelins so right afore my face; so, ses I, —

"You would n't, would n't you?" and with that I jest tuck hold of the gentleman and pitched him neck and heels into the branch.

When he got out, he 'lowed he 'd settle it with me some other time, when thar was n't no ladys along to take my part. That 's the way cousin Pete settles all his accounts, — some other time.

Tom Stallins tuck his sisters home, and the rest of the gals and fellers went along; but cousin Pete and I did n't show ourselves no more that day. I hain't seed him sense, tho' thar 's been all sorts of a muss 'tween mother and aunt Mahaly about that Sunday bisness. I don't think I 'll ever skin the cat agin. No more from

Your friend, till death,

Jos. Jones.

## III.

### A GEORGIA COON HUNT.

That duckin' what I got tother Sunday gin me a monstrous cold, and my nose feels jest about twice as big as it used to before. Colds is curious things any way; no wonder people always calls em *bad*, for

I don't know nothin' but a downright fever 'n ager that makes me so out o' sorts. Why, I can't taste nothin' nor smell nothin', and I do blieve I've sneezed more 'n five thousand times in the last twenty-four owers. I 'm all the time a hich-cheein'! so, I can't do nothin', or I 'd rit you before now about a coon hunt we had tother night, whar I cotched more cold than coons. But we had some rale fun, I tell you. It was the fust coon hunt we 've had this season, and I reckon it tuck the starch out of sum of the boys, so they won't want to go agin in a hurry. Cousin Pete like to cotch'd his death.

You see, I 's got two of the best coon dogs in the settlement, and the fellers can't never go without 'em. Well, jest after supper I heard 'em comin', blowin' ther horns like they was gwine to tear down the walls of Jerico, and the dogs all howlin' as if heaven and yeath was comin' together. I 'd been layin' off to go to see Miss Mary, but my nose was n't quite well whar I blazed it on that dratted grape-vine, and so I thought I mought as well go long with 'em; specially as they begged so hard for my company, (my patience, my nose feels jest like it was the spout of a bilin' tea-kittle), and Smart and Wise would n't trail good without me to make 'em. So I told nigger Jim to git some light-wood and the axe, and let the dogs out, and come along.

Well, cousin Pete, he 's never said peas about the duckin' I gin him, and I wish I had n't done it now, for he 's a rite clever-hearted feller after all, and, you know, it ain't his fault cause he 's got no better sense. Cousin Pete was along, with two hound pups, and Tom Stallins had three or four hounds and one grate big yaller cur, what was n't worth

shucks to trail, but was bomination to fight. Ben Biers had more dogs than you could shake a stick at; and sich another hellabeloo as they all made! why, one could n't hear himself think for 'em. It put me in mind of what Shakespear ses about dogs: —

> "I never herd sich powerful discord,
> Sich sweet thunder."

Well, we soon tuck the woods down towards the branch, and ses I to Smart and Wise, "high on!" ses I, and away they went, snuffin' and snortin' like mad. The rest of the fellers hollered, "steboy! sick 'em, Tows! hunt 'em, Troup! high on! hey!" and part of 'em went tarein' through the brush like they had a coon's tail within a inch of ther noses. But ther was two or three young hounds — and, you know, they 's the biggest fools in the world — what would n't budge; and when anybody tried to encourage 'em to hunt, they 'd begin to squall like all nater, and come jumpin' about, and one of 'em licked Ben Biers rite in the face. "Cuss your imperence!" ses Ben, "I 'll larn you how to tree coons better 'n that," and spang he tuck him a side of the head with a lighterd-knot, and sich another ki-i! ki-i! ki-i-in'! I never heard afore. Two or three of 'em tuck the hint and turned tail for home.

It was a bominable dark night, and every now and then it kep sprinklin' a little. I and two or three more carried torches, but some of 'em had none, and was all the time gittin' lost, or gitting hung in the bushes, and then they 'd holler out, "Hold the light sumbody, over here!" till they got out of ther tanglement. It was a mighty sight of botherment, and we did n't go very fast, you may know.

Bimeby one of the dogs opened, and we all stoped to listen.

"Ough! ough-ough!" In about two minits more we heerd him agin: "Ough-ough! ough-ough! ough-ough!"

"That's Majer's Smart," ses Tom Stallins.

"He's treed," ses Ben Biers; "but he's way tother side of creation."

"No, he hain't treed, but he's on a warm trail," ses I; for I know'd by the way he opened.

"I would n't go whar he is for all the coons in Georgia," ses cousin Pete.

"Stop," ses I, "may be he'll bring the trail up this way."

Shore enough, he was comin' like a steam-car, every now and then blowin' off, — "ough-ough" ough-ough! ough-ough!" — gittin' faster and louder, as the track warmed. Then old Wise struck in, with his voice about three pitches higher than Smart's, and Troup and Touse, and the whole pack of 'em jined in, keepin' up a most oudacious racket. On they come, and passed right by us, gwine up the branch towards old Mr. Myrick's corn field. We all turned and tuck after 'em, but they did n't go far before they all come to a stop, and old Smart gin out his loud bull-dog, "ough! — ough! ough!" which is jest as much as to say, "Here's yer coon!"

When we got up to 'em, thar they all was, friskin' about one of the biggest kind of poplers, close to the branch: all barkin' and pantin' and lookin' up into the tree like they seed the coon run up. Sometimes the young ones would git in the way of the old dogs, and the fust thing they'd know, they'd git slung more 'n six foot into the bushes; but they'd give a

yelp or so and come right back, to git sarved the same way agin.

Well, I tell you what, it tuck a feller mighty wide between the eyes to tackle that tree, for it was a whopper; but off coats, and at it we went, and by the time nigger Jim got his fires kindled all round, so the coon could n't run off without our seein' him, the old tree begun to feel weak in the knees.

"Hold the dogs, boys; she 's gwine to cave," ses Ben Biers.

The next minit, kerslash! went the old poplar, right into the branch, makin' the muddy water fly in every direction, and before the limbs was all done fallin', in went the dogs. All was still for about two minits before anybody sed a word.

"They 've got him!" ses Ben Biers, who was standin' with his mouth wide open all the while; "they 've got him! hurra!"

Then ther was sich another rippin' and tearin', and barkin' and shoutin', and runnin' among the dogs and fellers.

"Hurra! take him! bite him! sick him, Tows! lay hold of him, Wise! shake him, Smart!" and all kinds of encouragement was hollered to the dogs; but every now and then one of 'em would come out pantin' and whinin' and holdin' his head a one side, with his ears all slit to ribbins.

The coon had the advantage of the dogs, for he was down in the brush and water, so more 'n one dog could n't git to him at a time, nohow; and if one of 'em happened to take hold of the bitin' eend, in the dark, he was nearly licked to death before he could let loose.

Cousin Pete was on top of the log with a torch in his hand, coaxin' on the dogs as hard as he could.

"Here, Wolf," ses he, "here! here, take hold of him, good feller, — shake him!"

Tom Stallinses big cur jumped onto the log, and the next thing I know'd cousin Pete's light was out, and the dogs had him down under the log with the coon.

"Oh, my Lord! git out! call off the dogs! bring a light, fellers!" holler'd out cousin Pete; but before we could git thar the dogs like to used him up clean. The big dog he was callin' knocked him off the log in his hurryment to git at the coon, and before the other dogs found out the mistake they like to tare all his clothes off his back, they and the brush together.

By this time the coon tuck the bank and tried to make off, most of the dogs bein' out of the notion of tryin' him agin; but Tom Stallins' big cur, after a heap of coaxin', gin him one more hitch. The coon had no friends in the crowd, but the other dogs was perfectly willin' to show him fair fight; and if anybody don't blieve a coon 's got natural pluck, he jest ought to seed that same old coon, the way he fit. Sometimes Wolf would gether holt of him like he was gwine to swaller him whole, and mash him all into a cocked hat; but it did n't seem to have no effect, for in less than no time he 'd have the dog rite by the cheek or by the ear, and he would n't let go till the hide gin way. It was the hottest night's work ever old Wolf undertuck, and it tuck a mighty chance of hollerin' to make him stand up to the rack as well as he did. The other dogs kept runnin' round and whinin' mighty anxious, but they tuck good care to keep out of reach of the coon. Bimeby I seed old Wolf drap his tail and kind o' wag it,

when the coon had him by the jowl. I know'd it was all day with him then. "Shake him, Wolf! lay hold of him, old feller! bite him!" says Tom; but it want no use; the dog was clean licked, and the fust thing we know'd he was gone for home, kind o' whistlin' to himself as he went, — and if nigger Jim had n't fotch 'd my pistols along with him, the coon would got away, after all.

Cousin Pete, who was terribly down in the mouth and as wet as a drounded rat, wanted to go, so we gin nigger Jim the coon and started for home. Some of the dogs was along, and they kep a mighty snortin' like they 'd cotch'd a monstrous bad cold, and every now and then they 'd find sum new place about 'em what wanted lickin'.

We was most up to the corner of our field when the dogs started up something, and run it a little ways and stopped. Tom Stallins and Ben Biers, and one or two more, run to 'em before I could git thar.

"Thar it is — that black and white thing — on that log," ses Tom. "Steboy; catch him!" ses he.

Ben run up with his light, and the fust thing I heerd him say was, "P-e-u-g-h! thunder an lightnin'! — look out, fellers! it 's a pole-cat!"

But the warnin' was too late for Ben Biers; he got scent enough on him to last him for a month. The dogs got chock full, and was rollin' all about in the leaves, while Ben stood and cussed more 'n would blow the roof off a meetin'-house.

It was most day before we got home. Cousin Pete and Ben Biers say they won't never go coon huntin' any more down that way, anyhow. No more from Your friend, till death,

JOS. JONES.

## IV.

### THE MAJOR HAS A RIVAL.

Well, now I 've got a fair swing at Miss Mary, for she 's so close I can jest call in any time ; but 'tween you and me, I 'm fraid I 'm gwine to have some trouble bout this matter yit. Ther 's a lot of fellers scootin' round her that I don't more 'n half like, nohow. One chap 's jest come from the North, rigged out like a show monkey, with a little tag of hair hangin' down under his chin jest like our old billy goat, that 's a leetle too smart for this latitude, I think. He 's got more brass in his face than ther is in mother's preservin' kittle, and more gab than Mr. Mountgomery and our preacher together. He 's a music teacher and I don't know what all, and makes himself jest as popler bout town as if he 'd lived here all his life. All the town galls is gwine to take lessons from him on the pianer, 'cept Miss Mary, and old Miss Stallins ses she ain't gwine to the expense of buyin' a pianer these hard times, nohow. She ses she 's gwine to larn her galls to make good housekeepers and good wives, and when they git married, if ther husbands like musick, they can buy sich things for 'em, if they 've a mind to.

" Yes, madam, but though, you know " — ses the imperent cuss, the very fust time he was interduced into the house by cousin Pete, who is jest as thick with him as two fools could be — " you know 'complishments is the best riches a young lady can have; 'complishments last forever, but riches don't."

" But nobody can't live on 'complishments," ses old Miss Stallins ; " not these times they can't."

"Yes; but Miss Stallins," ses he, "you 's rich enough to give your butiful daughters every gratification in the world. Now you had n't ought to be so stingy with sich charmin' daughters as you 've got."

Well, cuss your imperence, thought I, for a stranger, right afore ther faces, too; and I never wanted to settle my foot agin the seat of a feller's trowses so bad afore in my life. Old Miss Stallins did n't say much. I was settin' pretty near Miss Mary, and when he begun to run on so I sot in talkin' with her, so she could n't hear the dratted fool, but the fust thing I knowed Mr. Crotchett come and sot right down between us.

"Don't you think we can 'swade the old woman into it, Miss Mary, if we lay our heads together?"

I gin Mary a look as much as to say, I think he 's in a mighty grate hurry to lay your heds together; but she jest smiled, and put her hankercher up to her face, and sed she did n't know.

"I say, Jones," ses he, "won't you be a spoke in my wheel, old feller? I 'm dyin' in love with this butiful young lady, and I can't bear to see her opper*tunities* neglected."

I looked at the feller rite in the face, and I jest had it on the eend of my tongue to tell him cuss his insurance. But Miss Mary was thar and her mother, and I tried to turn it off the best way I could, without lettin' my temper rise.

"I ain't no wagon-maker, Crotchett," ses I, "but I 've got a nigger feller that kin put a spoke in your wheel mighty quick, if that 's all you want."

Miss Mary crammed her hankercher in her mouth.

"Oh," ses he, "you don't take, — you don't take,

Jones; I mean, can't you help me to court Miss Mary, here, and her mother?"

I begun to feel sort o' warm behind the ears, but I thought I 'd jest give him a sort of a hint.

"I reckon you won't need no help," ses I; "you seem to git along pretty fast for a stranger."

"I think so, too, Joseph," sed old Miss Stallins.

"Then you will give your consent, I spose, madam," ses he.

I did n't breathe for more 'n a minit, and tried to look at 'em all three at the same time.

"What, sir?" axed the old woman, openin' her eyes as wide as she could and drapin' her ball of nittin' yarn on the floor at the same time.

"You 'll buy one, won't you?"

"Whew!" ses I, right out loud, for I felt so relieved.

Miss Mary laughed more 'n I ever heard her afore in company.

"That 's what I won't," ses old Miss Stallins, jerkin' at the ball till she like to onwinded it all, tryin' to pull it to her; "not these times, I 'll asshore you, sir."

I jumped up and got the ball, and wound all the yarn on it, and handed it to her.

"Thank you, Joseph," ses she, — "thank you, my son."

I kind o' cleared my throte, and my face burnt like fire when she sed that.

"Oh, ho!" ses he, lookin' round to me, "I see how the wind blows, Jones, but you might as well give up the chase, for I don't think you can shine. I 'm smitten myself. What say you, Miss Mary? The Majer hain't got no morgage, has he?"

"Oh, no, sir," said Miss Mary, — "none at all."

"Any claim, Jones, eh?"

I tried to say something, but I could n't git a word in edge-ways, and every time I looked at Miss Mary she kep laughin'.

"Ther ain't no morgage on nary nigger nor foot of ground, thank the Lord, these hard times," sed the old woman. She was drappin' to sleep, and did n't know what she was talkin' about.

It was Saturday night and time to go; but I was n't gwine till Crotchett went, and he did n't seem like he was gwine at all.

"Wonder what time it is?" sed Miss Mary.

"Oh, tain't late," ses he. "Is ther gwine to be any preachin' here to-morrow?"

"Yes, sir," ses Miss Mary.

"Are you gwine?" axed Crotchett.

"I blieve mother intends to go."

"Very glad," ses he. "I 'll be very much obliged to attend you."

"Mother is gwine, I blieve."

"But won't you go, too? I 'm certain to come after you; come, you must say" —

"It 's most ten," ses I; but he did n't pay no 'tention to that.

"Shall I have the pleasure, Miss" —

"It 's ten o'clock," ses I, agin, "and I 'm a gwine," — and I looked at the feller, and then shook my head at Miss Mary.

"I 'll call for you, Miss Mary," sed Crotchett, pickin' up his hat.

Miss Mary did n't say nothin', but kind o' smiled, I thought.

"Good evenin', Miss Mary," ses I.

— "That I won't, not these hard times!" ses old Miss Stallins, jest wakin' up.

"Good evenin', ladies," ses Crotchett.

Well, next mornin' don't you think Miss Mary went to meetin' with that imperent cuss, and I had to take old Miss Stallins and Miss Carline, and cousin Pete tuck Miss Kesiah. Thar he was, shore enough, and nobody could n't git to say a word to Miss Mary, and before the galls was out of the dore he had her arm in his. I never felt jest zactly so cheap afore in my life, to see that journeyman fiddler, what nobody did n't know nothin' about, walkin' with Miss Mary to church, and stickin' his big carroty whiskers right down under her bonnet, and talkin' to her, and grinnin' like a baked possum. And what made me feel worse, was she seemed to take it all so mighty fine.

Miss Carline ses I musn't mind it, cause Miss Mary could n't help herself. But I mean to find out all about it, and if she is big enough fool to be tuck in by sich small taters as he is, I 'll jest drap the whole bisness at once, for ther ain't nothin' in creation I hates wors'n a coquet. No more from

Your friend, till death, JOS. JONES.

## V.

### AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

Well, ther 's been a dredful climax among the galls in Pineville sense my last letter. Things has turned out jest as I spected, only a grate deal more so. They could n't went more to my likin' if they 'd tried. That chap Crotchett, what I told you about, had all

the galls in town crazy round him, in no time, and I do blieve they tried to see which could get the most 'tention out of him. The way the feller did shine for about a week beat anything that was ever seed in Pineville; he was callin' and takin' tea here, and dinner thar, and ridin' out with this young lady, and walkin' out and perminadin', as he called it, with that one, jest as if he was cousin or uncle, or some near kin to 'em all. Well, Miss Mary come in for her share, and I do blieve the cussed fool — it makes me so mad when I think of it — I do blieve he had a notion of marryin' her; and what was a drated sight worse, she seemed to be bout as willin' as he was. He sed his kin was all monstrous rich, and owned some mighty grate water-powers in the Jarsey. He told old Miss Stallins that he jest come out south to spend the winter, for his health, and he would like to 'stonish his people by takin' a butiful wife to New York with him in the spring. He showed the old woman two or three maps of thunderin' big towns that was all on his father's land; one was named Crotchettville, and had the greatest water-powers in it in the world, he sed, 'cept Niagara Falls, which he lowed was hard to beat. But old Miss Stallins was n't to be tuck in so easy, and she gin her galls a good talkin' to right afore me about the way they was blievin' everything he told 'em.

"A track of land," ses she, "is worth more 'n a bushel basket full of sich picter papers; and mind what I say, galls, all ain't gold as glitters. I hain't lived my time for nothin', and I don't blieve in these Jarsey water-powers. Whar upon yeath is Jarsey, anyhow?" ses she.

"Why, mother, Jarsey 's to the north," sed Miss Mary.

"Hush, child," ses the old woman; "your head 's full of nothin' but Crotchetts, and water-powers, and the North, and sich nonsense. I tell you I don't blieve in 'em."

"Thar ain't no use of gittin' mad at the gentleman, mother. I 'm sure he 's very polite to us all," sed Miss Mary.

"Perliteness ain't everything, my child, and 'pearances ain't everything, nother. I don't blieve in these outlandish people, not till I know 'em good. If they 's so monstrous well off, and sich big things whar they come from, what 's the reason they don't stay thar, and not be always travellin' about for ther health, and tryin' to marry every gall what 's got a little property? Nobody that 's any account don't never go to the North to git married, but whenever anybody gits found out in sum of ther meanness, they 're shore to go to Texas or somewhar else for ther health."

Them 's my sentiments, thinks I, but I did n't say a word.

"Why, mother," ses Miss Mary, "anybody can see Mr. Crotchett 's a gentleman of refinement and edecation."

Miss Kesiah and Miss Carline kep lookin' at me and then at onenother, and smilin'; but Miss Mary looked as serious as a judge.

Old Miss Stallins was jest gwine to speak, when rap, rap, went somebody at the dore.

"Thar 's that plagy Crotchett, I 'll lay my life," ses she.

Miss Mary run to the dore as quick as she could.

"Ah, ha! Good evenin', Miss Stallins — ladies, good evenin'. Ah, how are you, Jones — here agin, eh?"

I felt my dander raisin' when the imperent cus went and tuck a seat along side of Miss Mary, and she begun to smile and talk with him as pleasin' as could be. I knowed it would n't do for me to stay thar, so I jest tuck my hat and went home.

"Good evenin', Jones," ses he.

I was in a ace of cussin' him back.

"Oh, don't go, Majer," ses Miss Mary; "don't go yet, Majer."

I jest said, "Good evenin', ladies," without lookin' at any one in pertickeler, and put out.

Well, the next mornin' I went out to the plantation to tend to the hog-killin', and I was jest mad enough to kill all the hogs in Georgia. I could n't git that imperent cuss out of my head all day, and as to Mary Stallins, I did n't hardly know what to think; sometimes I felt sort o' mad at her, but then agin I could n't. The fact is, it ain't sich a easy thing to feel mad at a right pretty gall, and the more a man feels mad at 'em, the more he 's apt to feel sorry too. I tell you what, I was in a stew. I did n't know what to do.

It was after dark when I got home, and when I got thar, all Pineville was in a buz; everybody was talkin' about Crotchett. Some said he was a bigamy, and some said he was a thief, and I don't know what all. Come to find out about it, what do you think? His name was n't Crotchett, but Jackson alias Brown, and he was no more a music-teacher than I was, but a dandy barber, what had stole somebody's pocket-book with a heap of money, in New York, and then run away, and left his wife and two children, to keep from being sent to the Sing Song Penetentiary. He was gone, and nobody could n't tell whar, and the

man what come after him stuck up some notices at the tavern and the post-office, offerin' "$100 reward!" for anybody to ketch him.

Cousin Pete 'lowed he knowed he was n't no grate shakes all the time, and was makin' more noise than anybody else about gwine after him to ketch him; and all the fellers that was tryin' to git into Mr. Crotchett's good graces was tellin' how they spected something, and how they had ther eyes on him; they was lookin' out for him, and all that.

But Crotchett was gone, and that 's what tuck my eye. I did n't care a tinker's cuss who he was, nor whar he was gone to; he could n't shine 'bout Miss Mary no more, with his big whiskers and his water-powers in the Jarseys, and that 's all I cared for. I don't know when I felt so good; not sense that time we went after grapes, and I had to go and "skin the cat" like a fool, and skinned my nose so oudaciously. I jest tuck one of the advertisements, and writ on it, "This is a map of Mr. Crotchett's water-powers at the North, for Miss Mary Stallins," and sent it to her by one of the little niggers. When she read it she laughed right out, and sed she jest done so to try me. May be she did; but it 's my turn to try her now, and I 'm termined to do it. I 'll let Miss Mary Stallins know that I 've got a little spunk too, and I 'll let her see that I can be as independent as she can. Don't you think it would be a good plan, if I don't carry the joke too far? I 'll tell you how it works in my next. No more from

Your friend, till death, JOS. JONES.

## VI.

### A RECONCILIATION.

I do blieve last week was the longest one ever was. It seemed to me that the axeltree of the world wanted greasin', or something or other was out of fix, for it did n't seem to turn round half so fast as it used to. The days was as long as the weeks ought to be, and the nights had n't no eend to 'em. Somehow or other, I could n't sleep o' nights nor eat nothin', and I don't know what upon yeath was the matter with me, 'thout it was the dispepsy, which, you know, makes people have mighty low sperits.

Cousin Pete thought he was monstrous smart, and went all around town and told everybody that my simptems was very bad, and sed he was gwine to put a strengthenin' plaster, made out of Burgemy pitch, on my breast, to keep my heart from breakin'. I know what he thought, but if he sposed I was gwine to make a fool of myself 'bout Mary Stallins, he 's jest as much mistaken as he was when he tuck the show-man for Tom Peters, from Cracker's Neck. I did feel sort of vexed about the way she tuck up with that bominable scoundrel Crotchett, that 's a fact; but then she was so disappinted when he turned out to be a run-away barber that I could n't help feelin' sorry for her, too. It 's a monstrous curious feelin' when anybody tries to hate somebody that they can't help likin'. The more one tries to spite 'em the worse he feels himself. But I was termined to hold out, and if she had n't come to, I — I — Well, the fact is I don't know what I should a' done, for it was monstrous tryin', you may depend.

But it 's all over now, and everything is jest as straight as a fish-hook. Old Miss Stallins was over to our house to take tea long of mother, one evenin' last week. She and mother talked it all over about Crotchett and Miss Mary to themselves, and when I went to see her home she did n't talk of nothin' else all the way.

"Bomination take the retch," ses the old woman, "to run away from his wife and children, the fidlin' wagabone, and come out here a tryin' to ruinate some pore innocent gall by marryin' her, when he 's got a wife to home! He ought to be sent to the penetentiary for life, so he ought."

"Zactly so, Miss Stallins," ses I; "but he was mighty popler 'mong the galls. Some of 'em was almost crazy after him."

"I know they was, Joseph, I know they was; and now they want to turn it all on my pore daughter Mary, when, Laws knows, the child could n't bear the creetur, only for perliteness."

"Yes, but," ses I, "she went to church with him, you know, and he was to your house every night when I was thar, talkin' to her."

"That was only for perliteness, Joseph. That 's what she larnt down to the Female College," ses she. "If a gentleman comes to see a lady, she must be perlite to him, whoever he is" —

Cuss sich perliteness as that, thinks I.

— "And it ain't no matter if she despises him off the face of the yeath, she must talk and smile to him jest like she liked him ever so much."

"But Miss Mary looked like she thought a heap of Crotchett," ses I.

"It was all decate, Joseph, all decate and perlite-

ness," ses she. "That's the way with the galls nowadays, Joseph, and you mus' n't mind 'em. It did n't use to be so when I and your mother was galls. I 'll warrant no Crotchetts did n't come 'bout us if we did n't like ther company, and we had to know all about 'em fore we kep company with anybody."

"It ain't so now, though, Miss Stallins," ses I — and I blieve I sort o' drawed a long breath — "it 's very different now. If a chap only comes from the North, or some place away out of creashun, and is got a crap of hair and whiskers that would make a saddle-pad, and is got a coat different from everybody else, and a thunderin' grate big gold chain round his neck, no matter if he stole 'em, he 's the poplerest man mong the ladys, and old acquaintances, whose been raised right along side of 'em, don't stand no sort of a chance."

"Not all the galls ain't so, Joseph, — my galls has n't no sich fool notions in their heds, I 'll asshore you."

By this time we was right up to the door.

"Come in, Joseph," ses she.

"No, thank you, Miss Stallins," ses I. "I blieve I 'll go home."

"Oh, come in, child, and set a while with the galls; — they 's pullin' lasses candy in the parlor."

I was kind of hesitatin', when I heard Miss Mary's voice say, —

"Never mind, mother. I 'spose he 's mad at me."

I could n't stand that, no more 'n a gum stump could stand a clap of thunder. I had n't heard that voice for more 'n a week, and it did sound so enticin'.

It made me feel sort of trembly all over. My face felt red as a pepper-pod, and my ears burnt like they was frostbit. When I went into the room, Miss Mary turned round with one of the wichinest smiles, with her hair all fallin' over her rosy cheeks, lookin' sweeter than the lasses candy what she had in her hand, and said, —

"Are you mad at me, Majer?"

I never was so tuck all aback; my throte felt like I'd swallered a bundle of fodder, and I could n't speak to save me. I don't know what would tuck place if it had n't been for old Miss Stallins.

"Oh, no, Joseph ain't mad with you, child. Ther never was a quarrel 'tween the Stallinses and the Joneses, honey, and we 've lived neighbors these twenty years!"

"What made you think I was mad with you, Miss Mary?" ses I. Then I kind o' stopped a little and cleared my throte. "You know I never *could* be mad with *you*."

"I thought you was," ses she, "cause you did n't come to see us any more sense that night that mean old Crotchett was here."

When she sed that, I do think she looked handsomer than ever she did in her life, and I could n't have the heart to say anything to make her feel bad. I felt that all was right agin, and made up my mind to treat her jest like nothin' unpleasant had ever happened, I was so happy.

We was all settin' by the parlor fire, and the galls was pullin' lasses candy. Miss Carline ax'd me if I would n't pull some. I felt so queer I did n't think about nothin' but Miss Mary, who was pullin' a grate big piece, right close to me.

"Take some, Majer," ses she, "and pull it for me, and I'll give you this when it's done," and she kind o' looked sideways at me.

"Well, I know it'll be mighty sweet," ses I, jest as I was gwine to take up some out of the dish.

"Take care, Majer," ses she, "it's dredful hot. Whar 's the spoon, Cloe?" ses she, as she was pullin' away as hard as she could at a grate big bright rope of lasses.

"Oh, never mind the spoon," ses I, and in goes my fingers right into the almost bilin' hot lasses. "Ugh!" ses I, and I pulled 'em out quicker 'n lightnin'.

"My Lord!" ses Miss Kesiah, "if the Majer hain't burnt his fingers dredful. That lasses is right out of the pot, I know. Hain't you got no better sense, Cloe?"

I could n't help dancin' a little, and grindin' my teeth, and slingin' my fingers; but I did n't say nothin' loud.

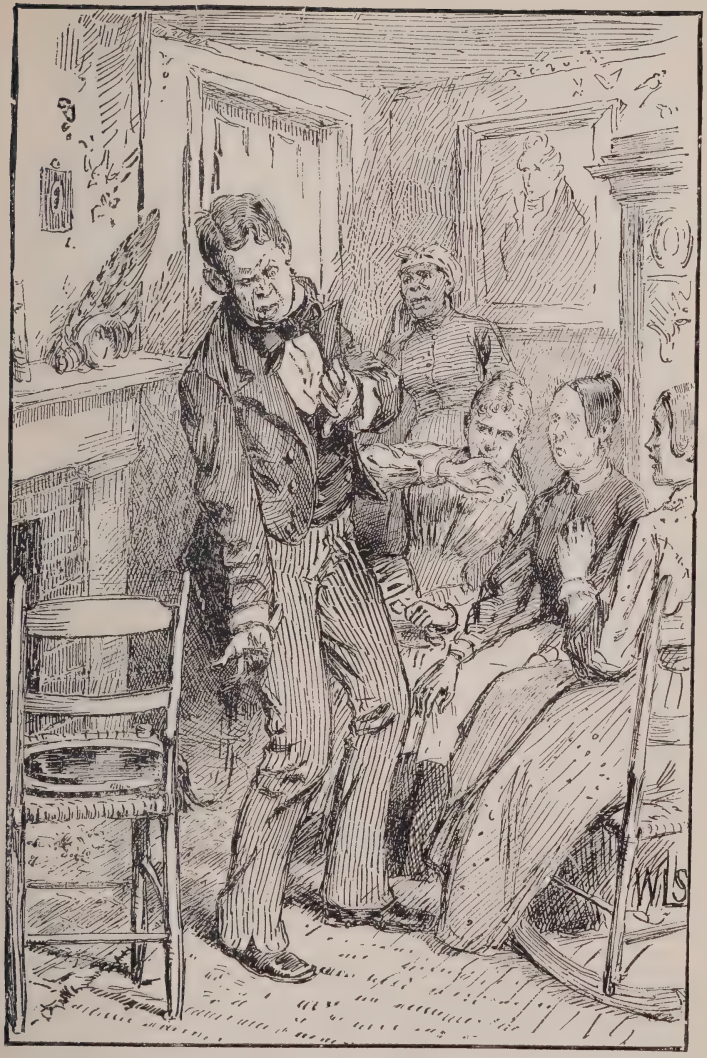
Well, Miss Carline tole me bring some more from de kitchen," ses the cussed nigger.

"Oh, dear!" ses Miss Mary, "I 'm so sorry. Did you git much on your fingers, Majer?"

The tears was runnin' out of my eyes, but I did n't want to let on, for fear it would make her feel bad.

"Oh, no, not much. It ain't *very* bad," ses I; and the fust thing I knowed my trousers was plastered all over with the cussed stuff whar I rubbed it off on 'em, it burnt so alfired bad.

They made old Cloe git a basin of water to wash the lasses off, and old Miss Stallins got some soft soap to draw the fire out, and after a while I sot



"Oh, no, not much  It ain't *very* bad." See page 166.

down with the galls to eat candy and talk about Crotchett.

I tell you what, I had the game all my own way this time. I hinted to Miss Mary that I *was* sort of afraid Crotchett was gwine to cut me out, and that I was a leetle jealous at first; and she hinted to me that I ought to know'd better than that, and that I ought n't to expect her to show her feelins for me no plainer than she had done before, and that she only tuck a little notice of Crotchett jest to try me, to see if really I did think anything of her.

My pen won't begin to tell my feelins. I never felt so full of talk before the galls in my life, and I think in one or two more heats (I don't mean the hot lasses) I 'll be able to come up to the pint. I know I 'm jest as good for old Miss Stallins's consent as a thrip is for a ginger cake; and if Miss Mary ain't foolin' (you know these galls is mighty uncertain) I think I won't have no difficulty in bringin' all things round as I want 'em. No more from

Your friend, till death, JOS. JONES.

## VII.

### THE MAJOR MOVES UP TO THE FRONT.

I 'm not a gwine to let sich matters interfere with my marryin' specelation. I call it specelation, for, you know, ther 's no tellin' how these things is gwine to turn out. In the fust place, it 's a chance if a body gits the gall he 's courtin', and after he 's got her all to himself, for better or for worse, it 's a chance again if she don't turn out a monstrous site worse nor he tuck her for. But I think mine 's a

pretty safe bisness, for Miss Mary is jest a leetle the smartest, and best, and the butifulest gall in Georgia. I 've seed her two or three times sense the candy pullin', and I ain't more 'n half so fraid of her as I used to be. I told her tother night I had a Crismus gift for her which I hoped she would take and keep.

"What is it, Majer?" ses she.

"Oh," ses I, "it 's something what I would n't give to nobody else in the world!"

"Well, but what is it? *Do* tell me."

"Something," ses I, "what you stole from me a long time ago, and sense you 've got it I want you to keep it, and give me one like it in return."

"Well, *do* tell me what it is, fust," ses she, and I seed her cut her eye at Miss Carline, and sort o' smile.

"But will you give me one in return?" ses I.

"What, Majer, — tell me what."

"I 'll tell you Crismus eve," ses I. "But will you give me *yours* in return?"

"*Yours!* eh, my" — Then her face got as red as a poppy, and she looked down.

"You know what, Miss Mary," ses I, — "will you?"

She did n't say nothin', but blushed worse and worse.

"Now, mind," ses I, "I must have a answer Crismus eve."

"Well," ses she, — and then she looked up and laughed, and sed, — "exchange is no robbery, is it, sister Carline?"

"No, sis," ses she; "but I reckon Joseph got his pay bout the same time you stole his" —

"Stop, stop, sister, Majer did n't say his heart" —

"There, there!" ses Miss Carline and Miss Kesiah, clappin' ther hands, and laughin' as loud as they could; "there, there, little innocent sister has let the cat out of the bag, at last. I told you so, Majer."

I never felt so good afore in all my born days, and Miss Mary, pore gall, hid her face in her hands and begun to cry, she felt so about it. That's the way with the galls, you know; they always cry when they feel the happyest. But I soon got her in a good humour, and then I went home.

I'm gwine to bring her right up to the scratch Crismus, or I ain't here. It would take a barber's-shop full of Crotchetts to back me out now. I'll tell you how I come out in my next. No more from

Your friend, till death, JOS. JONES.

## VIII.

### THE MAJOR POPS THE QUESTION.

Crismus is over, and the thing is done did! You know I told you in my last letter I was gwine to bring Miss Mary up to the chalk on Crismus. Well, I done it, slick as a whistle, though it come mighty nigh bein' a serious bisness. But I'll tell you all about the whole circumstance.

The fact is, I's made my mind up more 'n twenty times to jest go and come right out with the whole bisness; but whenever I got whar she was, and whenever she looked at me with her witchin' eyes, and kind o' blushed at me, I always felt sort o' skeered and fainty, and all what I made up to tell her was forgot, so I could n't think of it to save me. But

you 's a married man, Mr. Thompson, so I could n't tell you nothin' about popin' the question, as they call it. It 's a mighty grate favour to ax of a pretty gall, and to people what ain't used to it; it goes monstrous hard, don't it? They say widders don't mind it no more 'n nothin'. But I 'm makin' a transgression, as the preacher ses.

Crismus eve I put on my new suit, and shaved my face as slick as a smoothin' iron, and after tea went over to old Miss Stallinses. As soon as I went into the parler whar they was all settin' round the fire, Miss Carline and Miss Kesiah both laughed right out.

"There! there!" ses they, "I told you so! I know'd it would be Joseph."

"What 's I done, Miss Carline?" ses I.

"You come under little sister's chicken bone, and I do believe she know'd you was comin' when she put it over the dore."

"No, I did n't, — I did n't no such thing, now," ses Miss Mary, and her face blushed red all over.

"Oh, you need n't deny it," ses Miss Kesiah; "you belong to Joseph now, jest as sure as ther 's any charm in chicken bones."

I know'd that was a first rate chance to say something, but the dear little creeter looked so sorry and kep blushin' so, I could n't say nothin' zactly to the pint! So I tuck a chair, and reached up and tuck down the bone and put it in my pocket.

"What are you gwine to do with that old chicken bone now, Majer?" ses Miss Mary.

"I 'm gwine to keep it as long as I live," ses I, "as a Crismus present from the handsomest gall in Georgia."

When I sed that, she blushed worse and worse.

"Ain't you shamed, Majer?" ses she.

"Now you ought to give *her* a Crismus gift, Joseph, to keep all *her* life," sed Miss Carline.

"Ah," ses old Miss Stallins, "when I was a gall we used to hang up our stockins"—

"Why, mother!" ses all of 'em, "to say stockins right before"—

Then I felt a little streaked, too, cause they was all blushin' as hard as they could.

"Highty-tity!" ses the old lady—"what monstrous 'finement, to be shore! I 'd like to know what harm ther is in stockins. People nowadays is gittin' so mealy-mouthed they can't call nothin' by its right name, and I don't see as they 's any better than the old-time people was. When I was a gall like you, child, I use to hang up my stockins and git 'em full of presents."

The galls kep laughin' and blushin'.

"Never mind," ses Miss Mary, "Majer 's got to give me a Crismus gift,—won't you, Majer?"

"Oh, yes," ses I; "you know I promised you one."

"But I did n't mean *that*," ses she.

"I've got one for you, what I want you to keep all your life, but it would take a two bushel bag to hold it," ses I.

"Oh, that 's the kind," ses she.

"But will you promise to keep it as long as you live?" ses I.

"Certainly I will, Majer."

—"Monstrous 'finement nowadays,—old people don't know nothin' about perliteness," said old Miss Stallins, jest gwine to sleep with her nittin' in her lap.

"Now you hear that, Miss Carline," ses I. "She ses she 'll keep it all her life."

"Yes, I will," ses Miss Mary; "but what is it?"

"Never mind," ses I; "you hang up a bag big enough to hold it, and you 'll find out what it is, when you see it in the mornin'."

Miss Carline winked at Miss Kesiah, and then whispered to her; then they both laughed and looked at me as mischievous as they could. They 'spicioned something.

"You 'll be shore to give it to me now, if I hang up a bag," ses Miss Mary.

"And promise to keep it," ses I.

"Well, I will, 'cause I know that you would n't give me nothin' that was n't worth keepin'."

They all agreed they would hang up a bag for me to put Miss Mary's Crismus present in, on the back porch, and about ten o'clock I told 'em good evenin' and went home.

I sot up till midnight, and when they was all gone to bed I went softly into the back gate, and went up to the porch, and thar, shore enough, was a great big meal-bag hangin' to the jice. It was monstrous unhandy to git to it, but I was termined not to back out. So I sot some chairs on top of a bench, and got hold of the rope, and let myself down into the bag; but jest as I was gittin' in, it swung agin the chairs, and down they went with a terrible racket; but nobody did n't wake up but Miss Stallinses old cur dog, and here he come rippin' and tearin' through the yard like rath, and round and round he went, tryin' to find what was the matter. I scrooch'd down in the bag and did n't breathe louder nor a kitten, for fear he 'd find me out, and after a while he quit barkin'.

The wind begun to blow bominable cold, and the old bag kep turnin' round and swingin' so it made me seasick as the mischief. I was afraid to move for fear the rope would break and let me fall, and thar I sot with my teeth rattlin' like I had a ager. It seemed like it would never come daylight, and I do believe if I did n't love Miss Mary so powerful I would froze to death; for my heart was the only spot that felt warm, and it did n't beat more 'n two licks a minit, only when I thought how she would be supprised in the mornin', and then it went in a canter. Bimeby the cussed old dog come up on the porch and begun to smell about the bag, and then he barked like he thought he 'd treed something. "Bow! wow! wow!" ses he. Then he 'd smell agin, and try to git up to the bag. "Git out!" ses I, very low, for fear the galls mought hear me. "Bow! wow!" ses he. "Be gone! you bominable fool!" ses I, and I felt all over in spots, for I spected every minit he 'd nip me, and what made it worse, I did n't know wharabouts he 'd take hold. "Bow! wow! wow!" Then I tried coaxin'. "Come here, good feller," ses I, and whistled a little to him, but it was n't no use. Thar he stood and kep up his everlastin' whinin' and barkin', all night. I could n't tell when daylight was breakin', only by the chickens crowin', and I was monstrous glad to hear 'em, for if I 'd had to stay thar one hour more, I don't believe I 'd ever got out of that bag alive.

Old Miss Stallins come out fust, and as soon as she seed the bag, ses she, —

"What upon yeath has Joseph went and put in that bag for Mary? I 'll lay it 's a yearlin' or some live animal, or Bruin would n't bark at it so."

She went in to call the galls, and I sot thar, shiverin' all over so I could n't hardly speak if I tried to, — but I did n't say nothin'. Bimeby they all come running out on the porch.

"My goodness! what is it?" ses Miss Mary.

"Oh, it 's alive!" ses Miss Kesiah. "I seed it move."

"Call Cato, and make him cut the rope," ses Miss Carline, "and let 's see what it is. Come here, Cato, and git this bag down."

"Don't hurt it for the world," ses Miss Mary.

Cato untied the rope that was round the jice, and let the bag down easy on the floor, and I tumbled out, all covered with corn meal from head to foot.

"Goodness gracious!" ses Miss Mary, "if it ain't the Majer himself!"

"Yes," ses I, "and you know you promised to keep my Crismus present as long as you lived."

The galls laughed themselves almost to death, and went to brushin' off the meal as fast as they could, sayin' they was gwine to hang that bag up every Crismus till they got husbands too. Miss Mary — bless her bright eyes! — she blushed as beautiful as a morning-glory, and sed she 'd stick to her word. She was right out of bed, and her hair was n't komed, and her dress was n't fix'd at all, but the way she looked pretty was real distractin'. I do believe if I was froze stiff, one look at her sweet face, as she stood thar lookin' down to the floor with her roguish eyes, and her bright curls fallin' all over her snowy neck, would have fotched me too. I tell you what, it was worth hangin' in a meal bag from one Crismus to another to feel as happy as I have ever sense.

I went home after we had the laugh out, and sot by the fire till I got thawed. In the forenoon all the Stallinses come over to our house, and we had one of the greatest Crismus dinners that ever was seed in Georgia, and I don't believe a happier company ever sot down to the same table. Old Miss Stallins and mother settled the match, and talked over everything that ever happened in ther families, and laughed at me and Mary, and cried about ther dead husbands, cause they was n't alive to see ther children married.

It 's all settled now, 'cept we hain't sot the weddin' day. I 'd like to have it all over at once, but young galls always like to be engaged a while, you know, so I spose I must wait a month or so. Mary (she ses I must n't call her Miss Mary now) has been a good deal of trouble and botheration to me ; but if you could see her you would n't think I ought to grudge a little sufferin' to git sich a sweet little wife. Your friend, till death, JOS. JONES.

## IX.

### THE WEDDING.

I am too happy, and no mistake ; the twenty-second of February is over, and the "consumation so devotedly to be wished for" is tuck place. In other words, I 's a married man ! !

I ain't in no situation to tell you all how the thing tuck place, not by no means, and if it was n't for my promis, I don't blieve I could keep away from my wife long enough to write you a letter. Bless her little heart, I did n't think I loved her half so good

as I do ; but to tell you the real truth, I do blieve I 've been almost out of my senses ever sense night before last. But I must be short this time while the galls is plaguein' Mary in tother room. They is so full of ther mischief.

I had the license got mor 'n a week ago, and old Mr. Eastman brung home my weddin' suit jest in time. Mother would make me let cousin Pete wait on me, and Miss Kesiah was bride's-maid. Mother and old Miss Stallins had everything ranged in fust rate style long before the time ariv, and nothing was wantin' but your company to make everything complete.

Well, about sundown cousin Pete come round to my room, whar we rigged out for the weddin', and I don't blieve I ever seed him look so good ; but if he 'd jest tuck off them bominable grate big sorrel whiskers of his, he 'd looked a monstrous sight better. I put on my fawn-colored britches, and blue cloth cote, and white satin jacket, and my new beaver hat, and then we druv round to old Squire Rogerses and tuck him into the carriage, and away we went out to Miss Stallinses plantation. When we got to the house ther was a most everlastin' getherin' thar waitin' to see the ceremony before they eat ther supper. Everybody looked glad, and old Miss Stallins was flyin' round like she did n't know which eend she stood on.

"Come in, Joseph," ses she ; "the galls is in the other room."

But I could n't begin to git in tother room, for the fellers all pullin' and haulin' and shakin' the life out of me to tell me how glad they was.

"Howdy, Majer, howdy," ses old Mr. Byers. "I

give you joy," ses he; "yer gwine to marry the flower of the county, as I always sed. She 's a monstrous nice gall, Majer."

"That 's a fact," ses old Mr. Skinner, "that 's a fact; and I hope you 'll be a good husband to her, Joseph, and that you 'll have good luck with your little" —

"Thank you, thank you, gentlemen; come along, cousin Pete," ses I, as quick as I could git away from 'em.

The dore to tother room was opened, and in we went. I never was so struck all up in a heap. Thar sot Mary with three or four more galls, butiful as a angel and blushin' like a rose. When she seed me she kind o' looked down and sort o' smiled, and sed, "Good evenin', Joseph."

I could n't say a word, for my life, for more 'n a minit. Thar she sot, the dear gall of my heart, and I could n't help but think to myself what a infernal cuss a man must be that could marry her and then make her unhappy by treatin' her mean; and I determined in my sole to stand between her and the storms of the world, and to love her, and take care of her, and make her happy as long as I lived. If you could jest seen her as she was dressed then, and you was n't a married man, you could n't help but envy my luck, after all the trouble I 've had to git her. She was dressed jest to my likin', in a fine white muslin frock, with short sleeves, and white satin slippers, with her hair all hangin' over her snow-white neck and shoulders in butiful curls, without a single breastpin or any kind of jewelry or ornament, 'cept a little white satin bow on the side of her head. Bimeby Miss Carline come in the room.

"Come, sis, they 's all ready," ses she, and ther was grate big tears in her eyes, and she went and gave Mary a kiss right in her mouth, and hugged her a time or two.

We all got up to go. Mary trembled monstrous, and I felt sort o' fainty myself, but I did n't feel nothin' like cryin'.

When we got in the room whar the company was old Squire Rogers stopt us right in the middle of the floor and axed us for the license. Cousin Pete handed 'em to him, and he read 'em out loud to the people, who was all as still as death. After talkin' a little he went on, —

"If enny body 's got enny thing to say why this couple should n't be united in the holy bands of wedlock," ses he, "let 'em now speak, or always afterwards hold ther peace" —

"Oh, my Lord! oh, my darlin' daughter! oh, dear laws a massy!" ses old Miss Stallins, as loud as she could squall, a-clappin' her hands and cryin' and shoutin' like she was at a camp meetin'.

Thunder and lightnin'! thinks I, here 's another yeathquake. But I held on to Mary, and was termined that nothin' short of a real bust up of all creation should git her away from me.

"Go ahed, Squire," ses cousin Pete. "It ain't nothin'."

Mary blushed dredful, and seemed like she would drap on the floor.

Miss Carline come and whispered something to her, and mother and two or three more old wimmin got old Miss Stallins to go in tother room.

The Squire went through the rest of the bisness in a hurry, and me and Mary was made flesh of one

bone, and bone of one flesh, before the old woman got over her highstericks. When she got better she come to me and hugged and kissed me as hard as she could, right afore 'em all, while all the old codgers in the room was salutin' the bride, as they called it. I did n't like that part of the ceremony at all, and wanted to change with 'em monstrous bad; but I reckon I 've made up for it sense.

After the marryin' was over we all tuck supper, and the way old Miss Stallinses table was kivered over with good things was uncommon. After playin' and frolickin' till bout ten o'clock, the bride's cake was cut, and sich a cake was never baked in Georgia before. The Stallinses bein' Washingtonians, ther was n't no wine, but the cake was n't bad to take jest dry so. About twelve o'clock the company begun to leave for home, all of 'em jest as sober as when they come.

I had to shake hands again with 'em all, and tell 'em all good night.

"Good night, cousin Mary," ses Pete. "Good night, Majer," ses he. "I spose you ain't gwine back to town to-night," and then bust right out in a big laugh, and away he went.

That 's jest the way with Pete; he 's a good feller enough, but he ain't got no better sense.

Mary ses she 's sorry she could n't send you no more cake, but Mr. Mountgomery's saddlebags would n't hold half she wrapped up for you. Don't forgit to put our marriage in the Miscellany. No more from Your friend, till death,

JOS. JONES.

# MAJOR JONES'S TRAVELS.

THE popularity of Major Jones's Courtship created a demand for another installment of the redoubtable Georgian's adventures, and gave birth to the series of "Travels" which ensue. In making selections from the "Courtship" my aim was to present a connected story of the hero's ups and downs with his lady-love. In the "Travels" I have picked out those letters which retain a certain permanent and general interest and value. There is not a little in them to suggest the wonderful changes in the progress of our country during the last forty years. In Major Jones's day a trip from Pineville to New York was a great affair. Ten days at least were required to accomplish it. Now not many more hours. The reader will, perhaps, be curious to know why Mary did not accompany the Major on his "travels." The following initial chapter furnishes the reason. The Major, writing to "Mr. Thompson," says: —

This is a world of disappointment, shore enuff. All my plans is busted up, and I don't know if anything ever sot me back much worse before. You know I had evrything fixed for a journey to the North this summer, with my famly. Well, last nite, bein' as we was gwine to start the next mornin', we had a little sort of a sociable party at our house, jest by way of makin' one job of biddin' good-by to the nabors. 'Mong the rest of 'em, old Mr. Mountgomery come to see us, and wish us good luck on our journey.

Mary and all of 'em was in a monstrous flurryment, and had little Harry all dressed out in his new clothes, to let the nabors see how pretty he looked before he went away. Old Mr. Mountgomery 's monstrous fond of children, and always makes a heap of little Harry, 'cause he 's so smart; and the old man tuck him up on his knee and ax'd him whose sun he was, and how old he was, and a heap of other things what the little feller did n't know nothing about.

"Don't you think it 'll improve his helth to take him to the North?" ses Mary to him.

"O, yes!" ses he; "no doubt it 'll be a great deal of sarvice to the little feller; but he 'll be a monstrous site of trouble to you on the road, Mrs. Jones."

"Yes!" ses Mary; "but Prissy 's a very careful nurse; and she 's so devoted to him that she won't hardly let me touch him."

"O, yes!" ses the old man; "if you could jest take Prissy 'long with you, then you 'd do very well. But there 's it, you see" —

"What?" ses Mary; "you did n't think I was gwine to the North without a servant, did you, Mr. Mountgomery?"

The old man laughed rite out. "Ha, ha, ha!" ses he; "'t ain't possible you is

gwine to take Prissy with you to New York, is it? Why, Majer," ses he to me, "hain't you got no better sense than to think of takin' sich a valuable nigger as that with you, to have her fall into the hands of them infernal abolitionists?"

"The mischief take the abolitionists," ses I; "I reckon they hain't got nothin' to do with none of my niggers."

The old man shuck the ashes out of his pipe, and laughed like he would split his sides.

"Why, bless yer soul, Majer," ses he, "you could n't keep her from 'em a day after you got to New York. No, no!" ses he; "not sich a likely gall as that. They 'd have her out of yer hands quicker 'n you could say Jack Robinson."

Prissy's eyes looked like sassers, and Mary and mother and all of 'em stared like they did n't know what to say.

"Why, Massa Gummery!" ses Prissy, "um would n't trouble me if I was 'long a' Massa Joe, would dey?"

"To be sure they would, nigger!" ses Mr. Mountgomery; "they 'd take you whether you was willin' or not, in spite of yer Massa Joe, or anybody else."

"But," ses Mary, "Prissy would n't leave us on no account; she knows as well as anybody when she 's well treated; and I 'm sure she could n't be better taken care of nowhar in the world."

"That don't make no manner of difference," ses the old man. "They would n't ax her nothin' about it. The fust thing you 'd know she 'd be gone, and then you mought as well look for a needle in a haystack as to try to find a nigger in New York."

Then he took a paper out of his pocket and red whar a gentleman had his nigger tuck from him, somewhar in Providence, and carried right off and put in jail.

"Ki," ses Prissy, lookin' like she was half scared out of her senses, "den I ain't gwine to no New York, for dem pison ole bobolitionists for cotch me."

"But ain't ther no law for nigger stealin' at the North?" says old Miss Stallins.

"Law!" ses Mr. Mountgomery; "bless you, no! They 've sold all ther niggers long ago, and got the money for 'em, — so the law don't care whose niggers they steal."

Mary sot and looked rite in the fire for 'bout a minit without sayin' a word. I jest saw how it was. It wan't no use for me to think of her gwine with me, 'thout Prissy to take care of the baby; and after what Mr. Mountgomery had sed to her, I mought jest as well try to git her to stick her hed in the fire as to go to New York. I never thought of them bominable abolitionists before, and I never was so oudaciously put out with 'em. It was enough to make a man what was n't principled agin swearin' cus like a trooper. Just to think, — everything reddy to start, and then to have the whole bisness nocked rite in the hed by them devils."

"Well," ses Mary, "thar 's a eend to my jurney to the North. I could n't think of gwine a step without Prissy to take care of the child; and spose I was to gi' sick, too, way off 'mong strangers, — what would I do without Prissy?"

"Oh! it would n't never do in the world," ses old Miss Stallins.

"But," ses Mr. Mountgomery, "you could git plenty of servants at the North when you git thar."

"What!" ses Mary; "trust my child with one of them good-for-nuthin' free niggers? No, indeed! I would n't have one of 'em about me, not for no considerashun. I never did see one of 'em what had any breedin', and they 're all too plagy triflin' to take care of themselves, let alone doin' anything else."

"No! but," ses the old man, "they 've got plenty of white servants at the North, what you can hire for little or nothing."

"Goodness gracious!" ses old Miss Stallins; "white servants! Well, the Lord knows I would n't have none of 'em 'bout me."

"Nor me, neither," ses Mary. "It may do well enuff for people what don't know

the difference between niggers and white folks; but I could never bear to see a white gall toatin' my child about, and waitin' on me like a nigger. It would hurt my conscience to keep anybody 'bout me in that condition, who was as white and as good as me."

"That 's right, my child," ses old Miss Stallins; "no Christian lady could do no such thing, I don't care who they is"

I know'd the jig was up, and I was like the boy what the calf run over, — I did n't have a word to say.

"But," ses Mr. Mountgomery, "they 're brung up to it."

"Well," ses Mary, "the more sin to them that brings 'em up to be servants. A servant, to be any account as a servant, has got to have a different kind of a spirit from other people: and anybody that would make a nigger of a white child, because it was pore, hain't got no Christian principle in 'em."

"But," ses Mr. Mountgomery, "you know, Mrs. Jones, when you 're in Rome you must do as Rome does. If the Northern people choose to make niggers gentlemen, and their own children servants, you can't help that, you know."

"Yes; but," ses Mary, "niggers is niggers, and white folks is white folks, and I could n't bear to see neither of 'em out of ther proper places. So, if I 've got to have white servants to wait on me, or stay at home, I 'll never go out of old Georgia long as I live, that 's what I won't."

"Then, Mary," ses I, "is our journey to be busted up, shore enuff?"

"O, no, Joseph; you can go, and I 'll stay home with mother. May be I won't have many more summers to be with her, and I 'd feel very bad afterwards, to think I neglected her when she was with us."

The old woman put her arms round Mary's neck, and squeezed her til the tears come into her eyes.

"My sweet, good daughter," ses she, "bless your dear hart; you always was so kind to your pore old mother."

That made Mary cry a little; and little Harry, thinkin' something was the matter, sot up a squall, too, til his mother tuck him and talked to him a bit, and then Prissy come and carried him in tother room.

I did n't know what to do. I always hate terribly to be backed out of anything what I 've sot my mind on; but to go to the North without takin' Mary along was something I did n't like to think about. But then, after all my 'rangements was made, and I 'd shuck hands and bid good-by to 'most everybody in Pinevilie, it was too 'bominable bad to be disappointed that a-way. But after a while I told Mary I 'd stay home, too, and go some other time.

"No, no, Joseph," ses she; "I know you want to go, and I want to have you go, cause it 'd do you good to see the North, and git acquainted with the world. When little Harry gits big enuff so he can take care of himself, then we can take a journey together, in spite of the old abolitionists; and then you 'll know all about the country, and it 'll be a great deal pleasanter for us all."

"That 's a fact; Mrs. Jones is right, Majer," ses Mr. Mountgomery. "You 'd better leave your family at home this time. You won't be gone more 'n a month or so, and I reckon Mrs. Jones ain't afraid to trust you that long 'mong the Yanky galls."

Mary blushed terrible.

"But," ses I —

"O! you ain't 'fraid of her runnin' off with anybody fore you git back, is you?" ses he. Then the old feller laughed like he would die

"Ain't you 'shamed, Mr. Mountgomery, to talk that a-way?" ses Mary.

"You need n't be 'fraid of that, brother Joe," ses sister Calline. "for me and Kizzy 'll watch her monstrous close while you 're gone

"Shaw," ses I; "you can't make me jealous."

"Nor me, neither," ses Mary.

Then old Mr. Mountgomery laughed till he knocked the fire out of his pipe all over himself, and that sot the galls and all of 'em to laughin' worse than ever.

But I tell you what, Mr. Thompson (and you're a married man and will blieve what I say), I did n't feel much like laughin' myself. I never did like this Yanky way of married people livin' all over creation without seein' one another more 'n once in a coon's age; and the idee of gwine off and leavin' Mary for a whole month tuck all the rinkles out of my face whenever I tried to laugh. But the difficulty was, I could n't help myself. If I staid home, I could n't be contented about it, and all the fellers would be rigin me, 'cause I could n't leave my wife long enough to go to the North. So I made up my mind to go anyhow, and make the best I could of it.

Bimeby old Mr. Mountgomery 'lowed it was time to be gwine home; so he bid us good-by, and promised to come and see me off to-morrow mornin'.

After the old man was gone we all sot round the fire and talked the thing over in a family way. Mary looked monstrous serious, but she 's got too much good sense to make a fuss 'bout sich things. She ses I must rite to her every day, and I must be very careful and not git shipracked or blowed up in any of the steambotes or railrodes, and I must take care and not ketch no colds by exposin' myself in the cold weather at the North, whar people, she ses, dies off with the consumption like sheep does with the distemper.

All our trunks has got to be overhauled, and my things put by themselves, so I can't start til to-morrow mornin'. I 'm gwine as far as Augusty in my carriage, and then take the railrode to Charlston. If no other botherment don't turn up to pervent, you shall hear from me on my Travels pretty soon.

## I.

### MAJOR JONES TAKES A PEEP AT THE GOVERNMENT.

WASHINGTON CITY, *May* 19, 1845.

IT was pretty late before I got up this mornin', and then it was 'bout a ower before I found my way down stairs after I did git up. You hain't no idee what a everlastin' heap of rooms and passages and stairways ther is to these big hotels, and to a person what ain't use to 'em it 's 'bout as difficult to navigate through 'em as it is to find one's way out of a Florida hammock.

As soon as I got my breckfast I sot out for the Capitol, what stands on the hill, at the upper eend of the Avenue, as they call it, which is a grate wide street runnin' rite through the middle of the city. When I looked up to it, — from the street, — it

seemed like it was n't more 'n twenty yards off, but before I got to it I was pretty tired walkin'. The gates was open, and I walked into the yard, and follered round the butiful paved walks til I cum to the steps. The yard round the bildin' is all laid off in squares and dimonds, jest like Mary's flower-garden, and is all sot out with trees. Rite in frunt of the bildin', on the side towards the city, is a curious kind of a monument, standin' in a basin of water, with little babys and angels, all cut out of solid marble, standin' all round on the corners of it, pintin' up to a old eagle what looks like he 'd gone to roost on the top of it. It 's a very pretty thing, and the water what it stands in is full of little red fishes, playin' all about as lively as tadpoles in a mill pond. I looked at the monument sum time, and red sum of the names on it, but sum I could n't make out, and the rest I 've forgot.

After gwine up two or three more pair of stone stairs, I cum to the door of the Capitol. I could n't see nobody about, so I nocked two or three times, but nobody did n't answer. I waited awhile, and then nocked agin with my stick, but nobody never sed a word. Thinks I, they can't be home. But the door was open ; so thinks I, I 'll go in and see the bildin', anyhow. Well, in I went, and the fust thing I met was two pair of stairs agin, both gwine the same way. I tuck one of 'em, and after gwine a little ways I cum to another green door. Thinks I, it won't do to be too bold, or I mought git into a fuss with the kitchen cabinet, and I knowd a whig would n't find no frends thar. So I nocked agin, louder and louder, but nobody answered Well, thinks I, the government can't be to home, sure

enuff, and I was jest thinkin' what a bominable shame it was for them to neglect their bisness so, when here cum a feller, what had whiskers all over his face, with three or four galls, laughin' and gigglin' at a terrible rate, and in they went, without ever nockin' a lick. Well, thinks I, I 've got as good a right here as anybody else what don't belong to the administration, so in I follered into the Rotunda.

I tell you what, Mr. Thompson, this Rotunda is a monstrous tall bildin' jest of itself. Why, you could put the Pineville court-house inside of it, and it would n't be in the way a bit. A full-grown man don't look no bigger in it than a five-year-old boy, and I cum very near nockin' a pinter dog in the hed for a rat, he looked so little. The sides is all hung round with picters, and over the doors ther is some sculptures representin' William Penn swindlin' the Injins out of ther land, and Columbus cumin' ashore in his boat, and old Danel Boon killin' off the aborignees with a butcher knife, and other subjects more or less flatterin' to the national character. The figers is all cramped up like they 'd been whittled down to fit ther places, and don't look well to my likin' at all. The places would be a great deal better filled with single figers representin' our grate generals and statesmen. The picters is very good, and it 's worth a trip from Georgia to Washington to see them great national paintins, the Signers of the Declaration of Independence, the Surrender of Cornwallis, Washington givin' up his Commission, the Baptism of Pocahontas, and the Pilgrim Fathers on board ther ship. I could looked at 'em a whole day, but I had so much to see, and so little time to spare, that I only gin 'em a passin' examination.

Bimeby I went up to a chap what was sitin' by the door with a book in his hand, and ax'd him whar the government was.

"Who?" ses he.

"The government," ses I, — "Polk and Dallas."

"Oh," ses he, "the President is at home at his house, I believe, but I don't know whar Mr. Dallas is."

"Don't the President live here?" ses I.

"No, *sir*," ses he. "He lives in the White House at the other eend of the Avenue. This is the Capitol whar Congress sets, but it ain't in session now."

"Beg your pardon, sir," ses I, "I thought the government all lived at the Capitol."

"Your a stranger here, then, it seems?" ses he. "My business is to show strangers over the Capitol. Do you wish to see it?"

"That 's jest what I cum here for," ses I, "and I 'd like very much to see whar Congress makes the laws."

"Very well," ses he, "jest foller me."

Well, he led the way and I follered, up stairs and down, through passages and round pillars and corners, under arches and over roofs, through the Senate Chamber, the Hall of the Representatives, and ever so many offices and committee rooms, til he brung me out on the top of the dome. I never was so high up in the world before. Thar was the "city of magnificent distances," literaly stretched out at my feet, and I looked *down* upon the dignitaries of the land. I was indeed elevated above Presidents and Cabinets and Ministers of State. Houses looked like martin-boxes, men looked no bigger than seed-ticks, and carriages and horses went crawlin'

along over the ground like a couple of ants draggin' a dead blue-bottle. The eye ranges over half the nation; Virginy and Maryland comes into the ten miles square, and the Potomac looks like a little branch runnin' through a meadow of trees; while the Tiber don't look no more like "the angry Tiber chafing with its shores," in which Julius Cæsar and Mr. Cassius went a swimmin' with ther clothes on, than our duck pond does like the Atlantic Ocean.

Well, after takin' a good look from the dome, I followed the man what keeps the Capitol down agin into the Rotunda, and ax'd him what was to pay for his trouble. "Nothing at all," ses he, and then he told me whar the statues was on the eastern portico, and pinted out the place whar they kept Mr. Greenough's Washington.

I went out on the portico, and what do you think, Mr. Thompson! the very first thing I seed was a woman without so much as a pettycoat on! Not a real live woman, but one cut out of marble, jest as nateral as life itself. Thar she was, sort of half standin' and half squattin' by the side of a man dressed off in armor and holdin' a round ball in his hand. At first I never was so tuck aback in my life, and I looked all round to see if anybody was lookin' at me. I could n't help but look at it, though it did make me feel sort o' shamed all alone by myself. Every now and then somebody would cum by, and then I would walk off and look tother way. But sumhow I could n't go away. The more I looked at it the handsumer it got, til bimeby I seemed to forgit every other thought in the contemplation of its beauty. Ther was sumthing so chaste, and cold, and pure about that beautiful figure, that I begun to

be in love with it, and I could n't help but think if I was Columbus, and was n't marble myself, I 'd be tempted to give her a hug now and then, if she *was* a squaw. I went down off the portico, and took a front view of it, and then I looked at it sideways, and then I went up the steps and looked at it thar agin, and every way it presented a image of beauty to dream of years to come. Bimeby the galls what I saw when I was nockin' at the door cum up with that chap with the whiskers, and I backed out.

Ther is two other statues standin' on the east frunt of the Capitol, one representin' the godess of Peace, and the other General Mars, the god of War. They are both very handsome. Mars carrys his hed like a genewine South Carolina militia captain, and Peace looks like she would n't hurt anybody for the world; but ther is something tame about 'em; they look somehow like they was cast in a mould.

After lookin' at them a while, I went out to the bildin' what stands in the yard, and tuck a look at Mr. Greenough's Washington; and to tell you the truth, I never was so disappinted in my life. This statue has some terrible bad faults, and on first view, before one has time to study and understand the design of the artist, creates anything but a favorable impression. In the fust place the position is out of keepin' with the character of Washington; in the second place, the costume is worse than the position; and in the next place, the mouth is not good, and destroys the character and expression of the face. Ther ain't nothing Washington about it, to my notion. The idea of puttin' a Roman togy on Gen. Washington is ridiculous; as if he was n't jest as much entitled to be a type of his age and

generation as Julius Cæsar or any other Roman hero is of the age when ther was no tailors to make coats. It made me feel bad when I looked up and saw Washington's bare busum. The veneration which Americans feel for the character of Washington is shocked at the exposure of that noble breast, whose every throb was for his country. It seems like a desecration to represent him in any other way than as he was when he was alive ; and though ther is something imposin' and grand in the artist's design, the effect is destroyed by the want of fidelity to the character of the man. I tried my best to overcum my prejudices agin the Washington, because it was a American work ; but it was no go, and I went back and tuck another look at Columbus and his Ingin gall, before I went down to my hotel.

After dinner, I went to see the President, up to the White House, as they call it, what stands at the other eend of the Avenue. All along the way the hackmen kep settin' at me to ride in one of ther carriages. It looked like only a little ways, and I wanted to see the city as I went along ; but if I stopped for a minit to explain to one of 'em, I was sure to have a dozen of 'em round me at once, all pullin' and haulin' at me, and cusin' one another for everything you could think of. Washington 's so bominably scattered all over creation that most everybody rides, and these fellers think it 's a outrage on ther rights to see a gentleman walkin' in the street. I cum mighty nigh gettin' into three or four fights with 'em fore I got half way to the President's house. It was a monstrous long walk, and I was terrible tired fore I got thar. What makes it so deceivin' is, the Capitol at one eend, and the

White House at the other eend, of the wide street is so large that one loses all idee of distances and proportions.

When I got to the house, I nocked at the door, and a gentleman opened it and told me to cum in.

"Good evenin', Mr. President," ses I. "I hope yourself and famly is all well," offerin' him my hand at the same time.

"Good evenin', sir," ses the gentleman, givin' me a real Georgia shake by the hand. "It's not Mr. Polk your spakin' too," ses he, "but no offense, sir; walk in."

"Why," ses I, "don't the President live here?" beginin' to think I never would find him.

"To be sure, sir; this is the Prisident's house, but it's Cabinet day, and his excellency can't be seen by strangers."

"Well, I'm very sorry for that," ses I.

"And so am I," ses the gentleman. "But," ses he, "since you can't see his excellency, you can have the honor of taking a pinch of snuff wid his lagal ripresintative;" and with that, he poked his snuff-box at me, and I tuck a pinch of his Irish blackguard, that liked to put my neck out of jint a sneezin'.

As soon as I got over it a little, ses he, "Walk this way, sir, and I'll show you through the public rooms, if you would like to see them."

After walkin' about awhile we cum into the great East Room, which is a real stylish place, you may depend, with gold chairs, and marble tables, and the richest kind of carpets, with lookin'-glasses clear down to the floor. I knew that was the room whar pore old General Harrison lay before he was buried, so I ax'd the man if he know'd General Harrison.

"To be sure I did," ses he; "I cum here in General Jackson's administrashun, and I've bin here iver since. Ah, sir!" ses he, "General Harrison was a great and good man. He was a true dimocrat, he was. We waked him here two days in this room, sir, and I shall niver, til the day of my deth, forgit that melancholy sight. The gineral was none of yer blarneyin' politicians, but a true man, sir. When he cum to the White House I wint to him, and ses I, 'Gineral, I'm a dimocrat, and if I'd had a vote I'd voted agin you, and now I'm reddy to give up my place.' 'Don't think of it, Martin,' ses he; 'I'm tould yer attentive and faithful in the discharge of yer duties. I'll need such a man about me, and it's not myself that'll discharge any man for his political opinions.' I kep my place, sir, but the pore ould gintleman, rest his sowl, was n't spared to keep his. He was kind to ivrybody 'bout him, from the highest to the lowest. I used to walk out wid him whin he was sick; and if you'd seen us togither you could n't a tould which was the best dimocrat, the Prisident of the United States or his Irish futman."

"Giv me yer hand, Martin," ses I; "I'm a Georgia whig, and I'm glad to hear you speak well of the man I loved so much."

"Dimocrat or whig," ses he, "the truth's all the same. But are ye all the way from Georgia?"

"I am," ses I; "my name is Jones, — Joseph Jones of Pineville."

"Majer Joseph Jones?" ses he.

"That's my name when I'm at home," ses I.

"Then giv me yer hand agin, Majer," ses he, "and tell me how did you lave Mary and the baby; how

is little Henry Clay Jones, and the good wife? Faith, I've red yer book, Majer," ses he, "and I'm rite glad to make yer acquaintance. Will you take another pinch of snuff?" ses he.

"No, I thank you, sir," ses I; "I ain't much used to snuffin'."

"Well, no matter for that, Majer," ses he, "if it don't agree wid you; I know you used to chew tobacco. But you see I'm a bit of a litterary man myself, and I'm writin' a jurnal of my life in the White House, for these last fifteen years. Now what do you think of the idee, Majer?"

Then he went into a description of his book, and you may depend it's gwine to be one of the most interestin' books ever published in this country. You know Martin's bin jest as familiar as a mushstick with the Kitchen Cabinets under General Jackson, Mr. Van Buren, Captain Tyler, and Mr. Polk, — he knows evry politician in the country, and all ther tricks and intrigues; and it'll be monstrous strange if a man of as much natural smartness as Martin, with sich opportunities, could n't pick up enuff materials in fifteen years to make a interestin' book. I told him I thought he had a fortune by the tail, if he'd only hang on to it, and not let anybody git it away from him. He gin me a Irish wink, as much as to say he was n't quite so green, and after a little more chat 'bout literature, politics, and matters and things in general, I bid him good-by, and went back to my hotel. And here I must drap my pen for the present. So no more from

Your friend, till death, JOS. JONES.

## II.

### THE MONUMENTAL CITY.

BALTIMORE, *May* 21, 1845.

I left off my last letter whar I went to my hotel. Well, after tea I red the papers a little while, and then went out and tuck a walk by moonlight to see the city. I straggled round all over the place without payin' much attention whar I went, lookin' at the public bildins and fine-dressed ladies and gentlemen what was in the streets, til the fust thing I know'd I found myself at the gate in frunt of the Capitol. Thar it was agin, with its stupendous white walls, and its monstrous high, dark dome, standin' in the bright moonlight, loomin' up agin the heavens, vast, majestic, and sublime, like the stone mountain in De Kalb County. It did n't seem possible sich a everlastin' pile could be bilt with hands; and I could almost imagine it was sum inchanted castle, and that the goblins and fairys was caperin' and dancin' in the Rotunda at that very minit.

I tuck a seat on the stone steps, and looked up at it as it stood out agin the blue, star-bespangled sky. Thinks I, this is the hed of the nation, the place whar Uncle Sam does his thinkin'; and with that I got to ruminatin' 'bout the falibility of national wisdom as well as individual judgment. Public men, thinks I, is like idees: sumtimes they 's good, and sumtimes they 's monstrous bad; and when they git into the Capitol at Washington, they 're jest like thoughts in a man's hed, and make the nation do a monstrous silly thing or a very sensible thing, jest

as they happen to be wise or foolish. If ther 's any truth in the science of frenology, it must effect the Capitol in the same way it does a man's skull, and I don't doubt that a rite scientific Yankee professor could discover the bumps by feelin' the walls of the bildin', and could tell what organ was developed the most. Lately the organ of secretiveness has been pretty strongly developed, and sense we 've pocketed Texas, ther ain't no tellin' whar we 'll stop. Combattiveness, too, which is very prominent, if you notice the projections on the north and south side of the dome, is very active; and I would n't be much surprised if we was to lick sum nation like blazes before long. If it was n't for the excess of veneration which is indicated by the fullness of the dome on the top, we 'd been monstrous apt to pitch'd into John Bull before now. Too much veneration is a very bad fault, but may be it 's all the better whar there 's so much combattiveness. I ain't much of a frenologist myself, or I 'd go on and give you a full description of Uncle Sam's knowledge-box. I think ther ought to be a scientific committee appinted evry session to make out a complete chart of its bumps, so the people might know what to depend on.

I could n't leave the Capitol 'thout gwine round and takin' one more look at the Ingin gall on the east portico. Like all butiful wimen, she looked handsumer in the soft, pale moonlight than she did in the daytime. The outlines and shadows was not so hard; ther was sumthing dreamy and indistinct about her form, and the 'magination was allowed a freer scope in givin' the finishin' touches to the picter. You know all that is necessary to create in the mind a image of buty is the mere idee of a

woman, with a object for the 'magination to work on. Ther are certain times when a man's 'magination will make a angel out of a bed-post. Well, as I gazed at her, she seemed to becum livin' flesh and blood; and, as she looked at Columbus, stoopin' over, with her hands raised in a attitude of wunder, I almost fancied I could hear her say, "Christofer! why don't you speak to me?" I tuck a long, long look at her, and then went to the hotel to dream of Mary.

In the mornin', as soon as I got my breckfust, I went to see the Nashunal Institute, whar they told me the government kep all its curiosities. Since as they had n't the politeness to tell me to cum in when I nocked at the dore of the Capitol yesterday, I tuck it for granted the government was too democratic republican to stand on ceremony; so I did n't nock this time, but jest walked rite in. Well, when I got up-stairs, the fust room I got into was the Patent Office, whar, the Lord knows, I seed more Yankee contraptions of one kind and another than ever I thought ther was in the known world. Ther was more 'n five hundred thousand models, all piled up in great big glass cages, with ther names writ on 'em, rangin' from steam saw-mills down to mouse-traps. Ther was ingines, wind-mills, and water-wheels; steam-botes, ships, bridges, cotton-gins, and thrashin'-machines; printin'-presses, spinnin'-ginnies, weavin'-looms, and shingle-splinters; all on a small scale. But it would take a whole letter to give you the names of one half of 'em. I did n't understand much about 'em, and so I went into another room, whar they had a everlastin' lot of shells, and stones, and ores, and fish, and birds, and varmints,

and images, and so forth, what was brung home from the North Pole, by the explorin' expedition. I spose, to sum people, what can find "sermons in stones and good in anything," these things, what cost the government so much to git 'em, would be very interestin'; but I hain't got quite fur enuff in the ologies for that yet; so I went into another apartment, whar they keep the relics of the Revolution and other curiosities. This is the most interestin' part of the show, and contains a heap of things that must always be objects of the deepest interest to Americans. 'Mong the rest is General Washington's military cote; the same cote that has been gazed on by so many millions of adorin' eyes, when it enveloped the form of the great father of his country. It made me have very strange feelins to look upon General Washington's clothes; it caused in my mind the most familiar impression of that great man I had ever felt, and which no paintin' or statue could ever give. I was lookin' upon what had been a portion of the real, livin' Washington; and I almost felt as if I was in his presence. Close by hung the sword, and below was the camp-chest what he used in the war of the Revolution. What a sight! to behold in one glance the garment that sheltered his sacred person, the provision-chest, cracked and shattered in the great conflict, and the sword with which he won for us the blessings of liberty, which we enjoy. How many thousands, in centuries to come, will look upon the remains of these sacred relics, and bless the memory of the great and good man!

Not far from Washington's cote, in a case by itself, is the cote what General Jackson wore at the

battle of New Orleans. I stopped and looked at it with feelins of sincere veneration. Few would suppose the victory of New Orleans was won in sich a coarse cote; but it is like the lion-harted hero who wore it, — corse, strong, and honest, without tinsel or false gloss. It looks like the General, and will be preserved as a priceless relic of the brave old patriot, whose days are now drawin' to a close. I never voted for General Jackson, cause I thought his politics was wrong; but I always believed him to be a honest man and a true patriot, and I don't blieve ther 's a lokyfoky in the land that 's prouder of his fame, or will hear of his deth with more unfeigned sadness.

Ther 's a heap of other curiosities in this part of the bildin', that is well worth the attention of the visiter. Among the rest is General Washington's Commisshun, and the original Declaration of Independence, besides treaties in all sorts of outlandish languages, and guns and pistols and swords, all covered with gold and diamonds, that have been made presents to our government from foreign powers. Ther 's a heap of Ingin picters, and among 'em some portraits of the Seminole chiefs, what fit us so hard a few years ago. I seed old Alligator settin' up thar, as dignified as a turky-cock in a barnyard, and I could n't help but think of the time I seed the old feller fall off a log into the St. Johns with all his fancy rigins on, and a jug of rum in his hand. Ther 's sum very good likenesses among the Ingin portraits, but they 've got sum of the triflinest fellers in the whole nation settin' up thar as grand as Mogulls.

After lookin' at the other picters, and busts, and

statues (and ther 's sum butiful things among 'em), I went down into the lower story, and thar I saw the grate Sarcofagus what Commodore Elliott brung over from Egypt to bury General Jackson in. I don't blame the old General for backin' out from any sich arrangement. In the fust place, I don't think it in very good taste for to be in too big a hurry to provide a coffin for a man before he 's ded; and in the next place, I 've got no better opinion of old second-hand coffins than I have of second-hand boots. I 'd a grate deal rather walk in the footsteps of a dozen livin', illustrious predecessors than to fill the coffin of one ded King Fareo. No, indeed; the old hero is too much of a proud-spirited republican for that; he 's not gwine to lay his bones in a place whar sum bominable old heathen king has rotted away, before, and I glory in him for it. Such men as Jackson finds a sarcofagus in every true patriot's heart, that will preserve his memory, from generation to generation, to the eend of time.

After gettin' out of Uncle Sam's curiosity shop, I went out into his flower-garden, what is kep in a long, low house, with a glass roof. It 's got about five hundred kinds of cactuses in it, and that 's about all. True, ther 's a good many little bushes and weeds, with monstrous hard names, and sum few with flowers on 'em, but Mary's flower-garden at home would beat it all holler for buty and variety.

I tuck a walk round by the Post Office, and up to the War Department and the President's house. The new Post Office, the National Institute, and the War Department is most magnificent bildins, of grayish, coarse stone; and if they don't paint 'em, like they have the Capitol and the President's house,

they 'll look ancient enuff to suit the fancy of Mr. Dickens, or anybody else who never saw a new country before, and who think none of the rest of the world ain't fit to live in, cause it ain't as old and musty as London.

By the time I got down to Gadsby's I was pretty tired ; and after eatin' a fust rate dinner, I got reddy to go to Baltimore. I paid my bill, which was very little, I thought, for sich comfortable livin', and got my trunks all packed and reddy sum time before the cars started.

Bimeby long cum the omnibus and tuck my trunks ; but the depo was so close that I jest fit my way through the hack drivers to the cars, without any serious accidents. It was a very plesant afternoon, and ther was ever so many ladys and gentlemen in the cars, gwine to Baltimore, and among 'em sum of the most outlandish specimens of human nater I ever met with. I thought I 'd seed whiskers and bustles before, but I find the further north I git the bigger they grow. After a while the bell rung, and away we went, the houses, Capitol, and all waltzin' round behind us, til we was out of sight of the city ; and the posts of Professor Morse's telegraph, as they call it, gettin' closer and closer together the faster we went.

But now the scene is very different from what it is on the Carolina, or even the Virginy rodes. The woods is in little patches, and the fields is smaller, and the houses and towns is thicker. The country is more uneven, and evry mile changes the scenery, and gives one sumthing new to look at. The track, too, is even as a die, and the cars go like lightnin' and as easy as a rockin'-chair. One minit we was

whirlin' along between butiful farms, in the next we darted into a cut whar the banks shut out the view, and perhaps the next we was crossin' over sum butiful valley on a bridge, with mills and houses and people far below us. We passed lots of hoses and cattle, and sum of 'em would twist up ther tails and giv us a race, but we went so fast that nothin' could n't keep up with us but the wire lightnin' conductors of the telegraph, which kep us cumpany all the way. It 's only 'bout forty miles from Washington to Baltimore, and I had n't begun to git tired before the monuments and steeples and towers of the city begun to show themselves in the distance, gittin' nearer and nearer, til we was rite in among 'em.

When we got to the depo in the edge of the city, they unhitched the lokymotive, and hitched on sum hoses, that pulled us away down into the centre of the city to the railrode office. I could find enuff for twenty pair of eyes to do, lookin' at this butiful city. I had n't no idee it was half so large or half so handsum. But I had no time to give it more 'n a glimpse before we was at the stoppin' place, and in the middle of another regiment of whips, all pullin' and haulin', and axin' me to go this way and tother, til I did n't hardly know which eend I stood on.

Bimeby one very civil little man, with a piece of painted lether on his hat, ses to me, ses he, "Sir, giv me yer checks for yer baggage, and I 'll take ye to the Exchange Hotel, a very good house, sir." It was Hobson's choice with me, for I did n't know one house from tother, so I jest handed him over the tins, and he went to look out for my baggage. While I was waitin' for him a reinforcement of hackmen

got round me, and insisted on takin' me to the Exchange. Well, I was like the gall what married the chap to git rid of him, and I got into the fust hack and druv off. I was n't more 'n seated, fore we was at the dore of a grate big stone house, with a dome on the top of it like the Capitol at Washington, what the feller sed was the Exchange Hotel. After I got out I ax'd the driver how much was to pay. "A quarter," ses he. I pulled out my purse and paid him, but if I 'd know'd it was no further I 'd seed him to Ballyhack fore I 'd got into his hack, that 's certain.

Soon as I got in the hotel the man in the office laid a big book out before me and gin me a pen. I know'd what he ment, so I put my name down, — Jos. Jones, Pineville, Geo., as plain as a pike-staff. I had n't more 'n finished writin' my name before here cum the man with my trunks, and in a minit after I found myself up stairs in No. 27, whar I am now writin' to you, and whar I expect to remain for a day or two. I mean to go to bed early to-night, and take a fresh start in the mornin' to look at Baltimore. So no more from

Your friend till death, JOS. JONES.

## III.

### THE MAJOR'S ADVENTURES IN BALTIMORE.

NO. 27, EXCHANGE HOTEL,
BALTIMORE, *May* 21, 1845.

I waked up this mornin' bright and early, but I felt so monstrous tired that I did n't git rite out of bed. Well, while I was layin' thar, lookin' round

the room at the fine furniture, — at the splendid mahogany burow and wardrobe, the marble-top'd washstand, and the cast-iron fire-place, and a heap of other curious fixins, — I seed a green cord with a tossel on the eend of it, hangin' down by the hed of my bed. Thinks I that must be to pull the winder blinds, to let the light in, and as it was raythor dark I tuck hold of it and pulled it easy two or three times; but the thing seemed to be hitched sumwhar, and the blinds did n't move a bit. I was n't more 'n done pullin' it before sumbody nocked at my dore, and as I did n't know who it mought be I covered up good, and ses I, "Cum in."

A nigger feller opened the dore, and stood thar for 'bout a minit, lookin' at me like he wanted sumthing, 'thout sayin' a word.

"Well, buck," ses I, "what 's the matter?" beginnin' to think he had a monstrous sight of imperence.

"I cum to see what the gemmen wants," ses he.

"Well," ses I, "I don't want nothin'."

He looked sort o' sideways at me and put out.

After studyin' a bit to try to make out what upon yeath could brung him to my room, I put my hand out and tried the curtains agin; and the fust thing I know'd here cum the same chap back agin.

This time I looked at him pretty sharp, and ses I, "What upon yeath do you mean?"

With that he begun bowin' and scrapin' and scratchin' his hed, and ses he, "Did n't you ring, sir?"

"Ring what?" ses I.

"Your bell," ses he.

I was beginnin' to git pretty considerable riled,

and ses I, "I don't carry no bell, but I can jest tell you what it is, my buck: if you go to cumin' any of yer free nigger nonsense over me, I'll ring yer cussed neck off quicker 'n lightnin'."

And with that I started to git out of the bed, but ther was no nigger thar when my feet tetched the floor.

It was too dark to dress, so I tuck another pull or two at the blinds; and while I was pullin' and jerkin' at 'em, here cums another big nigger, to know what I wanted. By this time I begun to spicion thar was sumthing rong; and shore enuff, cum to find out, I'd been pullin' a bell rope all the time, what kep up a terrible ringin' down stairs, though I could n't hear the least sign of it myself. I'd seed them things hangin' round in the rooms at the Charleston Hotel, and at Gadsby's, but I never know'd what they was before. Well, thinks I, live and larn. I'll know a bell rope when I see it agin.

After findin' my way down stairs I went in the barber's room and got shaved, and I do blieve, if it had n't been so early in the mornin', I should went spang to sleep while Billy was takin' my beard off. That feller 's a real magnetiser; and he goes through the bisness so easy that you can't hardly tell whether he 's usin' the brush or the razor; and by the time he 's done, your face is so smooth that it takes a pretty good memory to remember whether you ever had any beard or not. After brushin' and combin' a little, I went out into the readin'-room and looked over the papers til breckfust.

I was settin' on the sofa readin' in the National Intelligencer, when the fust thing I know'd I thought the whole roof of the bildin' was cumin' down on

top of my hed. Whow! row! whow-wow! went sumthing like the very heavens and yeath was cumin' together. I could n't hear myself think, and I was makin' for one of the winders as fast as I could, when the everlastin' rumpus stopped. I ax'd sumbody what in the name of thunder it was. "O, you need n't be larmed," ses he, "it 's nothin' but the breckfust gong." I was jest about as wise then as I was before, but I know'd it had sumthing to do with breckfust, and my appetite soon cum back to me agin.

You know I always used to drink coffee, and I 'm monstrous fond of it yet; but bein' as I did n't feel ry well this mornin', when the waiter ax'd me hich I 'd have, I sed "tea."

"Black or green?" ses he.

I looked at the feller, and ses I, "What?"

"Will you have black or green tea?" ses he.

I did n't know whether he was projectin' with me or not, so ses I, "I want a cup of tea, jest plain tea, without no fancy colorin' about it."

That settled the bisness, and in a minit he brung me a grate big cup of tea that looked almost as strong as coffee; but it was monstrous good, and I made out a fust rate breckfust.

After breckfust I tuck a walk out to see the city, and shore enuff it is a city! Gracious knows, I thought Charleston, and Richmond, and Washington was big enuff, but Baltimore lays 'em all in the shade. It ain't only a long ways ahed of 'em all in pint of size, but it 's a monstrous sight the handsumest. The streets is wide enuff, and then ther ain't no two of them alike, and evry corner you turn gives you a new view, as different from the other as

if you was in another city. Monuments and steeples, and minarets and towers, and domes and columns, and piazzas and porticos, and pillars of all orders, sizes, and heights, is constantly changin' before you; and the ground rises and falls in butiful hills and hollers, as if it tried to do its share towards givin' variety and buty to the view. Baltimore Street is the principal street, and you may depend it 's got a heap of fine stores on it.

After takin' a good stretch on Baltimore Street, lookin' at the picter shops and show-winders, I struck out into Calvert Street, whar the monument stands what was raised to the brave fellers what licked the British at the battle of North Pint, in the last war. It 's a good deal bigger than the Naval Monument at Washington, and, to my notion, it 's a grate deal handsomer. Its proportions is good, and the design is very butiful.

After takin' a good look at the monument, I walked along down by sum fine large brick houses with marble porticos to 'em, and winder-glasses so clean you mought see yer face in 'em, lookin' back now and then at the woman on top of the monument, when the fust thing I know'd I got a most alfired skeer, that made me jump clear off the sidewalk into the street, before I know'd what I was about. "Get out!" ses I, at a cussed grate big fierce-lookin' dog upon one of the porticos, that looked like he was gwine to take rite hold of me. "Seize him, Tiger!" ses a chap what was gwine by, laughin', and I raised my stick quicker 'n lightnin', but the dog never moved a peg. Cum to find out, it was nothin' but a statue of a dog made out of stone or iron, put up thar to watch the dore and

keep off house-brakers, I spose. I got over my skare and went along, but I could n't help thinkin' it was monstrous bad taste to have sich a fierce-lookin' thing standin' rite before a body's dore that-away. If he was lyin' down asleep he 'd look jest as natural, and would n't be apt to frighten anybody out of ther senses fore they know'd what it was.

Bimeby I cum to a open place, with a butiful little temple standin' back in the yard, under the trees, and over the gate was a sign what sed "City Springs." Well, as I felt pretty dry by this time, I thought I 'd go in and git sum water. When I got to the house what was standin' over the spring on butiful round pillars, and was gwine down the white stone steps, I seed a whole heap of galls down thar, playin' and dabblin' in the water, and sprinklin' and splashin' one another, and laughin' and carryin' on like the mischief. I 'd heard a grate deal about Baltimore buty, and I thought I 'd jest take a peep at 'em while they did n't see me, and when they was n't suspectin' anybody was lookin' at 'em. Well, thar they was, five or six of 'em, all 'bout sixteen and seventeen, with ther butiful faces flushed up, and ther dark eyes sparklin' with excitement, while ther glossy ringlets, in which the crystal water glittered like dimonds, fell in confusion over ther white necks and shoulders. They was butiful young creters ; and as I leaned over the wall, lookin' down on 'em as they was wrestlin' and jumpin' and skippin' about as graceful as young fawns, I almost thought they was real water-nymphs, and I was 'fraid to breathe hard for fear they mought hear me and dart into the fountains. Bimeby one of 'em, that was scufflin' for life to keep two more of 'em from given

her a duckin', happened to look up. The next minit thar was a general squeelin' and grabbin' up of sunbonnets, and away they went up tother flight of steps. I did n't want 'em to think I 'd been watchin' 'em, so I went rite down to the spring, like I had jest cum for a drink of water. Ther was three fountains all in a row, and on each side of the fountains was two iron ladles hangin' chained to the wall. I tuck up the one on the right, and was holdin' it under the spout on that side, when I heard the galls gigglin' and laughin' up on the steps, whar they was rangin' ther dresses. I could n't help but look round, when I saw one of the prettyest pair of sparklin' eyes lookin' over the wall at me that I have seed sense I left home. " The middle fountain 's the best, sir," ses one of the sweetest voices in the world. I did n't wait to think, but jest cause she sed so I jerked the ladel what was already runnin' over, towards the middle spout, when kerslosh went the water all over my feet, and the ladel went rattleteklink agin the walls whar it was chained. Sich another squall as they did give I never heard before, and away they all scampered, laughin' fit to die at me. The fact was the chain was n't long enuff to reach to the middle fountain nohow, even if the water was any better, which I ought to know'd was all gammon.

From the City Springs I went to the Washington monument, what stands at the hed of Charles Street. This is another butiful structure, which, while it commemorates the fame of the greatest man what ever lived on the face of the yeath, reflects honor on the patriotism and liberality of Baltimoreans. At the dore ther was a old gentleman, who ax'd me if I

wanted to go up on the monument. I told him I 'd like to very well, if ther was no danger. He sed ther was n't the least in the world ; so, after payin' him a seven-pence and writin' my name in a big book, he gin me a lamp, and I started up the steps, what jest kep runnin' round and round like a screw-auger. Up, up I went, and kep a gwine til I thought my legs would drap off me. Evry now and then I stopped and tuck a blow, and then pushed on agin, til bimeby I got to the top, whar ther is a dore to go out on the outside.

From that place I could see all over the city, and for miles round the country ; and, to tell you the truth, I could n't hardly blieve my own eyes, when I saw so many houses. The ground seemed to be covered with bricks for miles ; and every here and thar some tall steeple or lofty dome shot up from the dark mass of houses below. Streets was runnin' in every direction, and carriages and hoses and peeple was all movin' about in 'em, like so many ants on a ant-hill. Away off to the southeast I could see the dome of the Exchange Hotel, and a little further was the blue arms of the Patapsco, covered with white sails, gwine in and out of the harbor ; while the naked masts of the vessels at the wharves and in the basin looked like a corn-field jest after fodder-pullin' time. I could see "the star-spangled banner" on the walls of old Fort Mackhenry, still wavin' "over the land of the free and the home of the brave," as proudly as it did on that glorious night when

> "The rocket's red glare, and bums bustin' in air,
> Gave proof thrugh the night that our flag was still thar,"

and I could n't keep from singin', "O, long may it wave ! " etc.

By the time I got down from the monument it was two o'clock, and I begun to have a pretty good appetite agin. I made out to git back to the Exchange, by enquirin' the way 'bout twenty times; and pretty soon after I got thar that everlastin' gong rung agin, and we all went in to dinner. I never seed sich a handsum table in all my life before. It was long enuff for a fourth of July barbacue, and all dressed out like a weddin'-supper. Evrything looked in order, like a army formed in line of battle. The plattoons of ivory-handled knives, and silver forks, and cut-glass goblets, and wine-glasses, was all ranged in two long columns on each side, with a napkin standin' at each place like a file-closer, crimped up as handsum and lookin' as white and fresh as a water-lilly. In the middle was the baggage-train, which was made up of a long row of bright covers, with elegant silver casters and tureens, large glass vases full of sallary, and lots of other dishes. I felt jest like I was gwine into battle; and whether Mr. Dorsey, like Lord Nelson, expected every man to do his duty or not, I was termined to do mine. Well, the table was soon surrounded, and then the attack commenced. It was a terrible carnage. The knives and forks rattled like small arms, the corks popped like artillery, and the shampane flew like blood at evry discharge. General Jennings manoovered his troops fust rate, carryin' off the killed and wounded as fast as possible and supplyin' ther places with reinforcements of fresh dishes. He had a regular Wellington army, made up of English, French, American, German, Itallian, and all kinds of dishes; but, like Napoleon at Waterloo, he was doomed to come out second

best, and in a short time his splendid army was cut to pieces, routed, dispersed, and demolished, horse, foot, and dragoons, or rather roast, boiled, and stewed.

You know I 've fit the Ingins in Florida, and can stand my hand as well as the next man in a bush fight, but I never was in jest sich a engagement before, and I made rather a bad job of it in the beginnin'. I had n't more 'n swallered my soup when here cums a nigger pokein' a piece of paper at me, which he sed was a bill. Thinks I, they 're in a monstrous hurry 'bout the money, so I told him I had n't time to look it over then. The feller looked and grinned like he did n't mean no offence, and ax'd me what I 'd be helped to. Well, I know'd they did n't have no bacon and collards, so I told him to bring me a piece of roast beef. By the time I got fairly gwine on my beef, Mr. Dorsey cum in and tuck a seat at the eend of the table not far from me, and ax'd me how I was pleased with Baltimore. I told him very well, and was passin' a word or two with him, when the fust thing I know'd my plate was gone, and when I turned round to look for it the nigger poked the bill at me agin. I begun to think that was carryin' the joke a leetle too fur, and ses I, —

"Look here, buck; I told you once I had n't no time to tend to that now, and I 'd like to know what in the devil's name you tuck my plate away for!"

"What 'll you be helped to?" ses he, like he did n't understand me.

"I ax'd for sum beef," ses I, "but"— and before I could git it out he was off, and in a minit he brung me another plate of roast beef.

Well, by the time I got it salted to my likin', and

"Sum more beef," ses I. See page 211.

while I was takin' a drink of water, away it went agin. I jest made up my mind I would n't stand no such nonsense any longer, so I waited til he brung me a clean plate agin, and ax'd me what I wanted.

"Sum more beef," ses I.

I kep my eyes about me this time, and shore enuff, the moment I turned to nod to sum gentlemen what Mr. Dorsey introduced me to, one of the niggers made a grab at my plate. But I was too quick for him that time.

"Stop!" ses I.

"Beg pardon, sir," ses he; "I thought you wanted another plate."

"I've had enuff plates for three or four men already," ses I; "and now I want sum dinner."

"Very well, sir," ses he; "what'll you have?"

"What's your name?" ses I.

"Hansum, sir," ses he.

Thinks I, you was n't named for yer good looks, then, that's certain; but I never let on.

"Well, Hansum," ses I, "I want you to jest keep a eye on my plate, and not let anybody grab it off til I'm done with it, and then I'll tell you what I want next."

Just then Mr. Dorsey called him to him and sed sumthing in his ear, and here he cum with Mr. Dorsey's compliments and a bottle of shampane, and filled one of my glasses, and then tuck his stand so he could watch my plate, grinnin' all the time like he'd found a mare's nest or sumthing.

The plan worked fust rate, and after that I got a fair showin' at the beef. Then I ax'd Hansum what else ther was, and he brung me the bill agin, and told me I'd find it on thar. Shore enuff, it was a

bill of things to eat, insted of a bill of expenses. Well, I looked it over, but I could n't tell the *rari de poulets à la Indienne*, or the *pigeons en compote*, or the *anguelles à la Tartare* from anything else, til I tasted 'em, and then I did n't hardly know the chickens from the eels, they was cooked so curious. Ther was plenty that I did know, though, to make out a fust rate dinner, and long before they brung in the custards, and jellies, and pies, my appetite was gone. I was jest gwine to leave the table, when Mr. Dorsey ax'd me if I liked Charlotte Roose. I told him I had n't the pleasure of her acquaintance. "Well, Majer," ses he, "you better try a little;" and with that he sent me a plate with sumthing on it made out of pound-cake and ice cream 'thout bein' froze, which was a little the best thing I ever eat in my life.

Two or three more sich dinners as this would lay me up, so I could n't git away from the Exchange in a month. No more from

Your friend, till death, JOS. JONES.

## IV.

### FARTHER ADVENTURES IN BALTIMORE.

NO. 27, EXCHANGE HOTEL,
BALTIMORE, *May* 22, 1845.

I 've always found that it was the best way to make "good digestion wait on appetite, and helth on both," as Mr. McBeth ses, to stir about a little after eatin' a harty bate. So after eatin' the excellent dinner at the Exchange, what I told you about

in my last letter, I tuck another turn round through the city. By this time I begun to git the hang of the place a little better, and was n't so fraid of gettin' lost. I turned up South Street, as they call it, whar ther 's more tailors than would make a dozen common men, — even if the old maxim is true, which I never did blieve, — and went up Baltimore Street agin, whar the fine stores is kep, and whar the galls all go a shoppin' and perminadin' in the afternoons to show ther new dresses.

Well, sir, I can tell you what 's a positiv fact, it would take a French dancin' master to git along in Baltimore Street without runnin' agin sumbody ; and even he could n't shassay his way round through the troops of galls without runnin' a fowl of one now and then, or rakin' his shins all to pieces on the pine boxes what is piled all along the sidewalk, after you git above Charles Street. I done the very best dodgin' I could, but every now and then I run spang agin sumbody, and then, while I was bowin' and scrapin' a apology to 'em, ten to one if I did n't knock sum baby over in the gutter what was cumin' along with its ma, behind me, or git my cote-tail fast in among the crates and boxes so tite that I run a monstrous risk of losin' it bowdaciously. But I was n't the only one what got hung : two or three galls got ther dresses hitched up, on the nails and hoops, so they blushed as red as fire, and a old gentleman with a broad-brimmed hat, and his stockins over his trowses, tumbled over a wheel-barrow rite into a pile of boxes, and tore his clothes dredful. It tuck the old man sum time to gether himself up, and git out of the jam he was in. When he got out he never cussed a word, but he fetched a groan that

sounded like it cum from way down below his waistbands, and went on.

I thought, at fust, that the store-keepers must be doin' a terrible sight of bisness, to be shure, to be sendin' off and receivin' so much goods, but I knocked on sum of the boxes with my cane, and they sounded as holler as a old empty bee-gum. I spose the city gits a fust rate rent for the pavement, but if the merchants was to keep ther empty boxes in the sellers, it would be a great deal more convenient for the people to pass along, and I should think it would n't hurt ther contents a bit. The fact is a body can't git into the stores to buy nothing, for the piles of boxes round the doors. I wanted a piece of tobacker myself, but I could n't see no store what I could git into without runnin' the risk of breakin' my neck or tearin' my trowses.

You may suppose I seed a heap of butiful wimmin in Baltimore Street. Well, so I did; but, to tell you the truth, I seed some bominable ugly ones too. The fact is, Mr. Thompson, wimmin 's wimmin, all over the world; and the old sayin' that "fine feathers makes fine birds" is jest as true here as it is in Georgia. I 'm a married man, you know, and can speak my sentiments about the galls 'thout givin' offence to nobody; or, at least, 'thout bein' spected of selfish motives. Well, then, I say Baltimore need n't be ashamed of her wimmin, so far as buty 's concerned. "Handsum is as handsum does" is a old and true sayin': and if the Baltimore galls is only as amiable and good as they is butiful, they 'll do fust rate, take 'em on a average. But, like every other place, ther 's some here that needs a monstrous sight of goodness to make up for ther ugliness.

I know it used to be a common opinion that the Baltimore wimmin was the prettyest in the world; and I 've heard people what had been here before advise the young merchants what was gwine to New York to buy goods that if they did n't want to lose ther harts they 'd better go round this city. But that was a good many years ago, and you know time alters circumstances as well as circumstances alters cases, and this is the way I account for the change. Then the Baltimore galls was most all natives, and come from the same stock, and they was so universally handsum that nobody could help but notice it. But the city is growed a monstrous sight since them days; a great many people from all parts of the world have come into it; and what was the buty of Baltimore has been mixed up with and distributed about among sich a heap of ugliness that a great deal of it is spilt altogether; and what does remain pure and unadulterated ain't more 'n half so conspicuous now as it used to be. But notwithstandin', ther 's some monstrous handsum wimmin in Baltimore, some butiful creaters, with dark hazel eyes, bright auburn ringlets, Grecian noses, coral lips, and plump, graceful forms, that is enough to melt the ice from round the heart of a old bachellor who had been cold as a lizzard for twenty years; and it 's my positiv opinion that a man what could n't find a gall handsum enuff in this city would stand a monstrous poor chance of gittin' suited short of gwine to Georgia, where the galls, you know, take ther temperments from the warm Southern skies, ther buty from the wild flowers that grow in our fields, and ther voices from the birds that sing in our groves.

After gwine up as far as Youtaw Street, I crossed

over and cum down on tother side of the street, lookin' along at one thing and another til I got most down to Charles Street. By this time I begun to be monstrous dry, and as I 'd heard tell a good deal about the sody water what they have in the big cities, I thought I 'd try a little at the fust place whar they sold it. Well, the fust docter's shop I cum to had a sody water sign up, and in I went to git sum.

Ses I, "I want a drink of yer sody water."

"What kind of syrup will you have?" ses he, puttin' his hand on a bottle of molasses.

"I don't want no syrup," ses I. "I want sody water."

"Ah," ses he, "you want extra sody."

And with that he tuck a glass and put sum white stuff in it, and then held it under the spout til it was full, and handed it to me.

I put it to my hed and pulled away at it, but I never got sich a everlastin' dose before in all my life. I got three or four swallers down before I begun to taste the dratted stuff, and you may depend it liked to killed me right ded in my tracks. It tuck the breth clean out of me, and when I cum to myself my tongue felt like it was full of needles, and my stummick like I 'd swallered a pint of frozen soapsuds, and the tears was runnin' out of my eyes in a stream.

I drapped the glass and spurted the rest out of my mouth quicker 'n lightnin', but before I could git breth to speak to the chap what was standin' behind the counter, starein' at me with all his might, he ax'd me if I was n't well.

"Well! thunder and lightnin'," ses I, "do you

want to pisen me to deth, and then ax me if I 'm well ? "

" Pisen ! " ses he.

" Yes," ses I, " pisen ! I ax'd you for sum sody water, and you gin me a dose bad enough to kill a hoss."

" I gin you nothin' but plain sody," ses he.

" Well," ses I, " if that 's what you call sody water, I 'll be dadfetch'd if I 'll try any more of it. Why, it 's worse nor Ingin turnip juice stew'd down six gallons into a pint, cooled off in a snow-bank, and mixed with a harrycane."

Jest then some bilin' hot steam come up into my throte, that liked to blow'd my nose rite out by the roots.

Ses he, " May be you ain't used to drinkin' it without syrup."

" No," ses I, " and what 's more, I never will be."

" It 's much better with sassypariller, or gooseberry syrup," ses he. " Will you try some with syrup ? "

" No, I thank you," ses I, and I paid him a thrip for the dose I had, and put out.

I wanted some tobacker monstrous bad : so I stepped into a store and ax'd for sum. The man said he did n't sell nothin' but staples, but he reckoned I 'd find some a little further down, at Smith's. Well, I went along lookin' at the signs til I cum to Shaw, Smith & Co. Thinks I, this must be the place. So in I went, and ax'd a very good lookin' man with whiskers, what was standin' near the door, if he had any good chewin' tobacker.

" No, sir," ses he, " we hain't got any more of that

article on hand than we keep for our own use; but we would like to sell you some carpets to-day."

"Carpets?" ses I; and shore enuff, come to look, ther was n't another thing but carpets and oil cloths and mattins and rugs and sich things in the store; and I do blieve ther was enuff of 'em of all sorts and figers to furnish all the houses in Georgia.

After a little explanation he told me the Smith I wanted was J. C. Smith, down opposite to the Museum. He said I 'd find lots of tobacker and segars thar, and I 'd know the place by a big Ingin standin' out before the door. Shore enuff, when I went thar I got some fust rate segars and tobacker, and a box to put it in.

That 's the way they do bisness here. They don't keep dry goods and groceries, calicoes, homespun, rum, salt, trace chains, and tobacker all together, like they do in Pineville, but every kind of goods has a store to itself. If you ever come to Baltimore, and want some tobacker or segars, you must go to the stores what 's got little painted Ingins or niggers standin' out by the doors; for you mought jest as well go to a meetin' house to borrow a hand-saw as go to any of the stores here for anything out of ther line. I spose, like the sody water, it 's well enuff to them that 's used to it, but it 's monstrous aggravokin' to them what ain't.

As I had n't been down in the lower part of the city, I thought I 'd git into one of the omminybuses and ride over to Fells' Pint, and see how it looked. Well, it 's a good long stretch from one eend of Baltimore to the other, I can tell you, and after you cross over Jones' falls, what runs through to the river and divides the old town from the new one,

you're monstrous apt to think your gettin' into another city, if not in another nation. I lik'd to put my jaws out of jint tryin' to read sum of the signs. Sum of 'em was painted in Dutch, so I could n't make out the fust letter, and sum of the people looked so Dutch that you mought almost feel it on 'em with a stick.

I noticed when anybody wanted to git out they jest pulled a leather strap, and the omminybus cum to a halt. So when we got down to Fell Street, I tuck hold of the strap and gin it a jerk; but the hosses went on fast as ever, so I jest laid my wait on the strap to stop 'em. "Hellow!" ses the driver outside, "do you want to pull me in two?" Cum to find out, the strap was hitch'd to the man insted of the hosses, and I liked to draw'd him through the hole whar he tuck his money. He was mad as a hornit, but when he looked in and seed who it was he had nothin' more to say.

I expect some parts of Fells' Pint would suit Mr. Dickens fust rate. It 's old as the hills, and crooked as a ram's horn, and a body can hear jest as much bad English thar as he could among the cockneys of London, and can find sum fancy caracters, male and female, that would do honor to St. Gileses, or any other romantic quarter of the British metropolis.

After lookin' about a little while at the sailors that was drinkin' toasts and singin' songs in the taverns, I went down on one of the wharves, whar ther was a ship jest cum from Liverpool. The sailors was singin' "All together, oh, heve oh!" and pullin' her in to the wharf. Poor fellers, they had been out thirty days, workin' hard, in all kinds of weather, and now they was cumin' ashore to giv ther money

to the sharpers that was lookin' out for 'em like sharks for a ded body. I could n't help but feel sorry for 'em, when I thought how in a few days they would be without money and without frends, and would gladly go back to the perils of the ocean, to escape the treachery that beset 'em on shore.

I went and tuck a seat on some logs what was layin' on the wharf, and smoked a cigar, and looked at the vessels sailin' about in the harbor. While I was settin' thar, thinkin' of ships and sailors, and one thing and another, a little feller come along with a baskit on his arm, and ax'd me if I wanted to buy some matches. I told him no, I did n't want none.

"You better buy some, sir," ses he. "I sell 'em very cheap."

The little feller looked so poor and pittiful that I could n't help feelin' a little sorry for him.

"How much do you ax for 'em?" ses I.

"Eight boxes for a levy," ses he.

They was jest the same kind of boxes that we git two for a thrip in Georgia, and though I did n't want none, I thought I 'd buy some of him jest to patronize him.

"Well," ses I, "give me two boxes."

The little feller handed me two boxes, and I gin him a sevenpence.

"You may keep the change for profit," ses I.

"Thank you, sir," ses he, and his eyes brightened up as he put the money in his pocket.

"I like to encourage honest enterprize," ses I. "Be honest, and never lie or cheat, and you 'll always find frends," ses I.

"Yes, sir," ses he. "I never steals nor cheats nobody."

"That's right," ses I. "That's a good boy."

I went on smokin', and in a few minits, when I thought he was gone, I heard the little feller behind me agin.

"What?" ses I.

"My sister died last week," ses he, "and we're very poor, and my mammy's sick, and I can't make money enough to buy medicine for the baby" —

"Well," ses I, "I don't want no more matches, but here's a quarter to add to your profits to-day."

"Thank you, sir," ses he, and he went off agin, thankin' me for the quarter.

Poor little feller, thinks I; how much better to give him that quarter of a dollar than to smoke it out in segars! He'll go home to his poor mother, happy, and if he has felt any temptation to be a rogue the recollection of my kindness will give him courage to be honest. I hadn't got done thinkin' about him before here he was back agin.

"Daddy died last week," ses he, "and sister Betsy got her foot skalded, and we hain't had no bred to eat not for a week, — ever sense daddy died, — and" —

"Look here," says I, "you better go before you kill off all your relations; I begin to think you're a little imposter."

"Oh, no, sir, daddy *is* ded," ses he, "and mammy and sister lives all alone, and mammy told me to ax you if you would come and see her, and give her some money."

I begun to smell a rat, and ses I, "I'll see your mammy to the mischief fust; and if I'd had the same opinion of you that I have now, I'd never gin you the fust red cent."

With that the little ragged cus sot up a big laugh, and put his thum on his nose and wiggled his fingers at me.

"Do you see anything green," ses he, "eh, hos? What do you think of me now, eh? Would you like to buy another levy's worth of matches? You see," ses he, "I'm one of the b'hoys!—a out-and-out Fell's Pinter, by ——!" and then he ripped out a oath that made the hair stand on my hed, and away he went.

I felt like I was completely tuck in, and I never sed another word. But I made up my mind when I gin another quarter away to encourage honesty, it would be to a different sort of candidate; and, throwing the stump of my segar into the water, I left the place, and tuck the fust omminybus for the Exchange. I'm done with Baltimore, and shall start to-morrow for the city of Brotherly Love. So no more at present from

Your friend, till death, JOS. JONES.

## V.

### THE QUAKER CITY.

FILLADELFY, *May* 23, 1845.

You may be sure I was tired when I got back to the Exchange, after my visit to Fell's Pint, last night. I could n't help but think how I had been tuck in by that bominable little match seller, and I felt rite mad at myself for bein' sich a fool.

I had a fust rate appetite for my supper, and by the politeness of Mr. Dorsey—who, tween you and me, is one of the cleverest fellers I 've met with

sense I left Georgia — I got a invitation to take tea in the lady's supper room. You know when the grand caraven was in Pineville, last year, the manager charged a thrip extra for admittin' people when they was feedin' the annimals. Well, it was worth the money; and if Mr. Dorsey had charged me double price for eatin' at the lady's ordinary, as they call it, I would n't grumbled a bit. Ther was a heap of ladys at the table, rangin' from little school galls up to old grandmothers, all dressed out as fine as a fiddle, and lookin' as pleasin' and happy as the Georgia galls do at a Fourth of July barbycue; and sich a gabblin' as they did keep I never heard before. Jest over opposite to me was a bridle party from Virginny, what had jest been gettin' married, and had come to Baltimore to see ther honey-moon. It was really a interestin' party, and it almost tuck my appetite from me to look at 'em, they was so happy and so lovin'. They was only married 'bout a week, and of course the world was all moonshine and hummin'-birds and roses to them. They felt like ther was no other inhabitants in creation, and that all that was beautiful and bright and good on earth was made for their enjoyment alone. They had ther bridesmaid and groomsman along, and two or three more young ladys and gentlemen. The galls was all monstrous handsum, but the bride was the handsumest of 'em all. Pore gall, she looked sort o' pale, and could n't eat much supper for lookin' at her husband; and he drunk his tea 'thout any sweetenin' in it, just cause she looked in his cup with her butiful soft eyes.

They put me in mind of the time when I was married, and of Mary, and by the time supper was

over I was as homesick as the mischief. Segars is good for the blues sometimes, and I smoked til my hed whirled round so I could n't hardly hold my hat on, but it did n't do me not the least bit of good; so I went to my room, and tried to find in the arms of Morfyus a substitute for the arms of her who is a great deal dearer to me than anything else in this world.

I did n't git much time to sleep for dreamin' all night, and when I waked up in the mornin' Hansum sed the second gong was rung, and if I was gwine to Filladelfy in the cars I better git up rite off. Well, out I got, and dressed, and went down to breckfust. After eatin' a good breckfust I ax'd for my bill, and Hansum brung down my baggage. Every time I looked at Hansum he was grinnin', but as soon as he seed me lookin' at him he straitened up his face and sort o' pretended to scratch his hed. I could n't think what was the matter with the feller; and when I looked at him pretty hard he grinned, as much as to say it was the strangest thing in the world to him why I could n't understand his meanin'. Bimeby, when I was puttin' my change in my purse, I spected what was the matter. "That 's it, ain't it, Hansum?" ses I, handin' him a quarter. "Yes, sir; thank you, sir," ses he, and he grinned more 'n ever, and if you ever seed a ugly nigger he was one.

When I was reddy to start, I went to the door to see if they had put my trunks on the waggon to take them to the cars, and rite in the middle of the hall I met a chap standin' with a big painted tin label on his buzzum, what had on it "Boot Black," in big yaller letters. Thar he stood like a sentinel on quarter gard, as stiff as a post, and as I walked

by him he kept turnin' round, so his sign was all the time in view. When I cum back thar he stood in the same place, with his hands down by his side, and his hed up, lookin' me rite in the face. Thinks I, he must be a deaf and dum man what blacks the boots of the establishment, and he wants me to giv him sum change. Well, I did n't know nothin' about the deaf and dum language, and as I did n't have no slate and pencil handy I begun to make signs to him, by pintin' at my boots, and then at him, and then doin' my hands like I was brushin' a boot. He nodded his hed. Then I tuck out my purse and made a motion to him, as much as to say, Do you want sum money? and he nodded his hed agin, twice. Poor feller, thinks I, he can't dun nobody, and must lose many a debt whar people 's always gwine away in a hurry so. So I handed him a half a dollar. When it fell in his hand he opened his eyes and started like he was tuck by surprise. "Thank ye, sir," ses he, scrapin' his foot and bowin' his hed like a snappin' turtle. "Thank ye, sir," ses he.

You may depend that sot me back like the mischief.

"If you ain't dum," ses I, "why did n't you speak before?" ses I.

"I had nothin' to spake of," ses he.

"Could n't you sed you was the boot-blacker?" ses I.

"I 'd tould ye that," ses he, "but I thought you could rade; 'and where 's the use of keepin' a dog and doin' one's own barkin'?'" ses he.

Tuck in agin, thinks I. If I had n't thought he was a dum man I would n't gin him but a sevenpence, nohow.

It was nine o'clock, and I was seated in the cars on my way to Filladelfy. The road runs rite along in the edge of the city, near the wharves, and gives a body a pretty good idee of the heavy bisness part of Baltimore from the basin clear out to Fell's Pint, in Old Town.

After we got out of the city they took out the horses and hitched in the old steam Belzebub, and away we went, rattle-te-klink, over embankments and through cuts, across fields and over bridges, until we was soon out of site of Baltimore. The mornin' was dark and cloudy, and the ground was wet; so if we lost anything by not havin' brighter skies and a better view of the scenery, we made up for it by not havin' no dust to choke us to deth. This is a butiful railroad, and the cars is as comfortable as a rockin' chair with arms to it. You hain't got to be bumpin' and crowdin' up together in the seats, like you do on some roads, for every man has a comfortable seat to himself; and another thing that I liked very much was that the sparks ain't always dartin' about your face, and lightin' down when you ain't spectin' nothin', and burnin' your clothes off of you.

I begin to find it a great deal colder here than it was in Georgia when I left home. We had summer in Pineville more 'n a month ago, and everybody had gardin vegetables on their tables, and my corn was more 'n knee high long before I left. Here ther ain't hardly an English pea to be seen, and the cornfield malitia is still on duty to skeer the birds from pullin' up the sprouts. But in that line of bisness they can beat us all holler, for I have seed two or three skeercrows standin' about in the cornfields

here that would n't only skeer all the birds in Georgia to deth, but they would n't leave a nigger on the plantation in twenty-four hours after they wer put in the field. They looked more like the old boy in regimentals than anything I can think of.

The road passes through a rather thinly popilated country most of the distance, til it gits to Haverde-grass, whar it crosses the Susquehanny River. After that it goes through a country that keeps gettin' better and better til we git to Wilmington, Delaware, which is a butiful town on the Brandywine River, 'bout thirty miles from Filladelfy. Between Baltimore and the Susquehanny we crossed over several rivers, on bridges, some of 'em more 'n a mile long, but ther ain't no changin', only at the Susquehanny, which we crossed in a butiful steamboat to the cars on the other side. From Wilmington all the way to Filladelfy, we wer in site of the broad Delaware on our right, on the banks of which and as far as we could see on the left is one of the handsumest agricultural districts in the country, the houses lookin' like palaces, and the farms like gardens.

When the cars got to the depo, they was surrounded as usual by a regiment of whips. But the Filladelfy hackmen behaved themselves pretty well for men in ther line of bisness. Ther was n't more 'n twenty of 'em at me at one time, and none of 'em did n't 'tempt to take my baggage from me whether I would let 'em have it or not. Soon as I got so that I knowed which eend I was standin' on, I took a hack and druv to the United States Hotel in Chestnut Street, rite opposite the old raw head and bloody bones, the United States Bank.

After dinner I tuck a walk up Chestnut Street to the old State House, whar the Continental Congress made the Declaration of Independence. The old bildin' stands whar it did, and the doorsills is thar, upon which the feet of our revolutionary fathers once rested; but whar are they now? Of all the brave hearts that throbbed in them old halls on the 4th of July, 1776, not one now is warmed by the pulse of life! One by one they have sunk down into ther graves, leavin' a grateful posterity to the enjoyment of the civil and religious blessins for which they pledged ther "lives, ther fortins, and ther sacred honors." I felt like I was walkin' on consecrated ground, and I could n't help but think that if some of our members of Congress was to pay a occasional pilgrimage to this Mecky of our political faith, and dwell but for a few hours on the example of the worthy men who once waked the echoes of these halls with ther patriotic eloquence, they would be apt to go back wiser and better politicians than they was when they cum; and that we would have less sound and more sense, less for Buncum and more for the country, in ther speeches in our Capitol at Washington.

After lookin' about the old hall, I went up stairs into the steeple, whar the bell still hangs what was cast by order of Congress, to proclaim liberty to the world. It is cracked and ruined, and like the walls in which it hangs, the monuments and statues and paintins, and every other relic of them days, it remains a silent memento of the past, and as such it should be preserved as long as the metal of which it is made will stick together.

After takin' a good look at it, and readin' the in-

scription on it, I went up higher in the steeple, and tuck a look at the city. Well, I thought thar was brick and morter enough under my eyes at one time when I was on the Washington monument in Baltimore; but, sir, Baltimore, large as it is, ain't a primin' to Filladelfy. I could see nothin' but one eternal mass of houses on every side. On the east, I could see the Delaware, what divided the city from the houses on the Jersey side; but on the north and south it was impossible to see the eend of 'em. They stretched out for miles, until you could n't tell one from another, and then the confused mass of chimneys, roofs, and steeples seemed to mingle in the gray obscure of the smoky horizon. The streets run north and south, east and west, at right angles, as straight and level as the rows in a cotton patch. The fact is, I can't compare the city to anything else but one everlastin' big chess-board, covered with pieces: the churches with steeples answerin' for castles, the State House, Exchange, and other public bildins for kings, the banks for bishops, the theatres and hotels for knights, and so on down til you cum to the private houses, which would do to stand for counters. The only difficulty in the comparison is that ther ain't no room to move, — the game bein' completely blocked or checkmated everywhar, except round the edges, and whar ther is now and then a square left for a public walk.

I was standin' thar ruminatin' and wonderin' at the great city that was stretched out at my feet, and thinkin' to myself what a heap of happiness and misery, wealth and poverty, virtue and vice, it contained, and how if I was a Asmodeus what a interestin' panorama it would afford me, when the fust

thing I know'd I cum in a ace of jumpin' spang off the steeple into the tree-tops below. Whang! went something right close by me, with a noise louder than a fifty-six pounder, that made the old steeple totter and creak as if it was gwine all to pieces. I grabbed hold of the railins and held on to 'em with all my might, til I tuck seven of them allfired licks, every one of which I thought would nock my senses out of me. It jarred my very inards, and made me so deaf I could n't hear myself think for a ower afterwards. Come to find out it was the town clock strikin' in the steeple rite over my head. It was a monstrous lucky thing for me that it was n't no later, for I do believe if it had been ten or leven o'clock it would been the deth of me.

As soon as I got able to travel I cum down out of that place and went through Independence Square, what 's right in the rear of the State House, to Washington Square. This is said to be the handsumest public square in the world; it certainly is the handsumest I ever seed, and I do blieve that on this occasion ther was n't that spot of earth on the whole globe that could compare with it. I don't mean the square itself, — though that is handsum enuff in all conscience, with its butiful gravelled walks, its handsum grass-plats, its shady trees, and ellegant iron fence, that would cost more itself than all the houses in Pineville, — but what I mean is the scene what I saw in the square.

If there was one I do blieve ther was fifteen hundred to two thousand children in the square at one time, all rangin' from two to seven and eight years old, and all dressed in the most butiful style. Thar they was, little galls and boys, all playin' and movin'

about in every direction: some jumpin' the rope, some rollin' hoops; here a party of little galls dancin' the polker, and thar another playin at battledoor or the graces; some runnin' races, and some walkin'; some of 'em butiful as little Coopids, and all as merry and sprightly as crickets. It was a kind of juvenile swoiree, as they call 'em here, and I never did see any little creaters that seemed to enjoy themselves so much. I never seed so many children together before in all my life, and it seemed to me ther was n't a sickly one among 'em. Perhaps the sickly ones could n't come out when the wether was so cool. But if they was a fair specemen of the children of Filladelfy, then I can say there ain't a city in the world that can beat her for handsum, clean, well-dressed, healthy-lookin' children. Ther was lots of nurses among 'em to take care of 'em, and now and then you could see a pair of little niggers tryin' to mix in with 'em; but it was no go, and the pore little blackys had to sneak round the corners and look on like pore folks at a frollick, the little children not bein' sufficiently edicated yet to enable them to discover their equals in the sable descendants of Africa.

While I was lookin' about in the square, who should I see but the famous Count Barraty, what was out to Pineville, you know, about two years ago, lecturein' on Greece. Thar he was, with the same old shaggy locks and big moustaches, standin' near a groop of servant galls, with his arms folded, lookin' on in the attitude of Bonaparte at St. Helleny. Poor old feller, I could n't help but pity him, when I thought what terrible vicissitudes he has passed through sense he was in Georgia. You know when

he left Pineville he told us we would hear from him in the papers, and in less than a month we did hear from him, shore enuff, in the "Pickyune," what gin a account of that terrible encounter he had with a cowhide in the hands of sum gentleman in New Orleans, whose lady did n't understand Greek enuff to enable her to appreciate his foreign manners. The Count don't wear so much jewelry now as he use to in Georgia, and his clothes look a little seedy. But he 's the same old Count in every other respect. As soon as he seed me he relaxed the austerity of his moustaches, and went out of the square.

Bimeby the swoiree was over, and the nurses begun to gether up ther charges and prepare for gwine home. The merry laugh and song soon died away, and troop after troop of little people filed out of the gates in every direction, until the square was entirely deserted.

It was tea time, and I went to my hotel. Sense tea I have rit you this letter, informin' you of my arrival here. I 'm gwine to bed early to-night, and if it don't rain to-morrow I 'm gwine to take a early start and see what Filladelfy 's made out of before nite. So no more from

Your friend, till death, JOS. JONES.

## VI.

### THE MAJOR'S ADVENTURES IN GOTHAM.

NEW YORK, *June* 2, 1845.

I arriv in this city, all safe and sound, yesterday afternoon about three o'clock, but to tell you the truth, if I had cum up minus my coat-tail, or even a

leg or arm, after sich a everlastin' racket as I have been in ever sense I left Filladelfy, I would n't been much surprised. As for collectin' my senses, and gitin' my mind composed so as to know myself or anything else certain, I don't never expect to do it as long as I 'm in this great whirlpool of livin' beins.

A little circumstance happened to me last night, before I had been here only a few hours, that sot me back a little the worst. I never was so oudaciously tuck in in all my born days, and if you had heard me cus about it you'd thought I was turned a real Hottentot, sure enuff. But to begin whar I left off in my last letter.

The porter at the United States Hotel waked me up early in the mornin', and I got to the steamboat jest in time. It was a butiful bright mornin', and the store-keepers was openin' ther stores, while the servant galls was scrubbin' the dore-steps of the houses, and washin' off the pavements in front of 'em. I looked at 'em as I rode along in the hack, and I could n't help feelin' sorry to see such butiful, rosy-cheeked white galls down in the dirt and slop in the streets, doin' work that is only fit for niggers. They say here that they ain't nothing but slewers, but I seed sum that I would tuck for respectable white galls if I had seed 'em in Georgia. Slewers or whatever they is, they is my own color, and a few dollars would make 'em as good as ther mistresses, in the estimation of them that turns up ther noses at 'em now.

The Delaware is a noble river, and Filladelfy is a city worthy to stand on its banks. From the deck of the steamboat we had a splendid panaramic view

of it, as we passed block after block, the streets runnin' up from the water's edge, strait as a bee line, and affordin' us glimpses of the fine houses and elegant public bildins that makes Filladelfy one of the handsumest cities in the world. But, long as it is, we was soon past it, and in a few minits its numerous steeples and towers and masts faded away in the distance, and we turned our eyes on the butiful country on both sides of the river.

Butiful farm houses and bright-lookin' little towns was most all the time in site, til we got to the place what they call Bristol, whar we tuck the cars to New York. The railroad runs along on the bank of a canal part of the way, crosses the river on a splendid bridge, and passes through Trenton, Princeton, Newark, and a heap of other towns in New Jersey, til it gits to Jersey City, what stands on the Hudson River, opposite to the city of New York.

Well, when we got to Jersey City, we all got out, and scrambled through the crowd as well as we could to the boat what was thar to take us across the river to New York. When we got up to the gate what encloses the wharf we could see the hackmen and porters peepin' at us through the palins, like so many wild varmints in a big cage, ready and eager to devour us and our baggage too. I tuck my cane tight in my hand, and kep a sharp eye on 'em, determined to defend myself to the last. As soon as the gates was open we rushed for the boat, and they rushed at us. Sich another hellabaloo I never did see before, and I expected every minit to see sumbody git spilled overboard into the river.

I found it was n't no use to try to keep 'em off without nockin' sum of 'em in the hed, and then I

would only be like the fox in the spellin' book, ready to be worried to deth by a fresh gang. So when they cum round me with, "Have a hack, sir?" — "I 'm public poorter, sir," — "Shall I take your baggage up, sir?" — "Will you give me your checks, sir?" — "Take you up for two shillins, sir, to any part of the city," — all of 'em handin' ther cards to me at once, I jest backed up agin the side of the boat and tuck evry card they handed to me, without sayin' a word, and when they ax'd me for my checks I was deaf and dum, and could n't understand a word they sed. That sot 'em to pushin' and crowdin' one another, and hollerin' in my ear, and makin' signs to me, til they found they could n't make nothing out of me, and then they started after sum new victim.

Among the passengers ther was a old sun-burnt lookin' feller, with green spectacles on, what put me in mind of a Georgia steam doctor, and who seemed to think he know'd more than anybody else 'bout evrything. He was gabbin' and talkin' to evrybody all the way on the steamboat and in the cars, and tryin' his best to git up a argyment 'bout religion with sumbody. One would supposed he owned half the baggage aboard, to hear him talk about it, and when we got on the ferry boat he was the bissyest man in the crowd, rearin' and pitchin' among the hackmen and porters like a blind dog in a meat house, and tryin' to git into the crowd what was gathered all round the baggage like flies round a fat gourd. Bimeby a honest-lookin' Irishman cum up to me, and ses he, handin' his card, "Shall I take your baggage, sir?" Ther was sumthing like honest independence in the feller's face, and I gin him my

checks, and in he went for my trunks. In a minit he cum out safe and sound with one of 'em. "Stand by it, sir," ses he, "til I git the other." I tuck my stand, and it was jest as much as I could do to keep the devils from carryin' it off with me on top of it. Ther was sich a everlastin' rumpus I could n't hear myself think. The clerks was callin' out the numbers ; evrybody was runnin' about and lookin' after ther baggage ; children was cryin' ; wimmin was callin' for ther husbands to look out for ther bandboxes ; hackmen and porters was hollerin' and shoutin' at the people, and at one another ; whips was stickin' in your eyes evry way you turned ; and trunks and carpet bags and boxes was tumblin' and rollin' in every direction, rakin' your shins and mashin' your toes in spite of all you could do. In the middle of the fuss thar was old Pepperpod, with his old cotton umbereller in his hand, elbowin' his way into the crowd, and whoopin' and hollerin' over evrybody else til he disappeared in the middle of 'em. In about a minit here he cum agin, cusin' and cavortin' enuff to sink the boat, with a pair of old saddle-bags in one hand, sum pieces of whalebone and part of the handle of his umbreller in the other, his hat gone, and his coat-tail split clear up to the collar. He was mad as a hornit, and swore he would prosecute the company for five thousand dollars damages for salt and battery and manslaughter in the second degree. He cut a terrible figer, but evrybody was too bissy to laugh at him. I thought to myself that his perseverance was porely rewarded that time.

I sot thar and waited til nearly everybody was gone from the boat, and til my Irishman had picked up all the other customers he could git, before he

come and tuck my trunk and told me to foller him to his hack. After cumin' in a ace of gettin' run over three or four times, I got to the hack, what was standin' in the middle of 'bout five hundred more hacks and drays, all mixed up with the bowsprits and yards of ships that was stickin' out over the edge of the wharves, and pokin' ther eends almost into the winders of the stores. The hackman ax'd me what hotel I wanted to go to. I told him to take me whar the Southern travel stopped. "That's the American," ses he; and after waitin' til the way opened so we could git out, we druv to the American Hotel on Broadway, rite opposite to the Park.

It was 'bout three o'clock when I got to the hotel, and after brushin' and scrubbin' a little of the dust off, and gittin' my dinner, I tuck a turn out into the great Broadway, what I've heard so much about ever sense I was big enuff to read the newspapers, to see if it was what it's cracked up to be. Well, when I got to the door of the hotel I thought ther must be a funeral or something else gwine by, and I waited some time, thinkin' they would all git past; but they only seemed to git thicker and faster and more of 'em the longer I waited, til bimeby I begun to discover that they was gwine both ways, and that it was no procession at all, but jest one everlastin' stream of peeple passin' up and down the street, cumin' from all parts of creation, and gwine Lord only knows whar.

I mix'd in with 'em, but I tell you what, I found it monstrous rough travellin'. The fact is a chicken-coop mought as well expect to float down the Savannah River in a freshet, and not git nocked to pieces by the driftwood, as for a person what ain't used to

it to expect to git along in Broadway without gettin' jostled from one side to tother at every step, and pushed into the street about three times a minit. A body must watch the currents and eddies, and foller 'em and keep up with 'em, if they don't want to git run over by the crowd or nocked off the sidewalk, to be ground into mince-meat by the everlastin' ominy-busses. In the fust place, I undertuck to go up Broadway on the left hand side of the pavement, but I mought jest as well tried to paddle a canoe up the falls of Tallula. In spite of all the dodgin' I could do, sumbody was all the time bumpin' up agin me, so that with the bumps I got from the men and givin' back for the wimmin, I found I was loosin' ground instead of gwine ahead. Then I kep "to the right, as the law directs," but here I like to got run over by the crowd of men and wimmin and children and niggers, what was all gwine as fast as if ther houses was afire, or they was runnin' for the doctor. And if I happened to stop to look at anything the fust thing I knowed I was jammed out among the ominy-busses, what was dashin' and whirlin' along over the stones like one eternal train of railroad cars, makin' a noise like heaven and yeath was cumin' together. Then ther was the carriages and hacks and market wagons and milk carts, rippin' and tearin' along in every direction; the drivers hollerin' and poppin' ther whips the peeple talkin' to one another as if ther lungs was made out of sole leather; soldiers marchin' with bands of music, beatin' of ther drums and blowin' and slidin' ther tromboons and trumpets with all ther might,—all together makin' noise enuff to drive the very old Nick himself out of his senses. It was more than I could stand; my dander begun to

git up, and I rushed out into the fust street I cum to, to try to git out of the racket before it sot me crazy sure enuff, when what should I meet but a dratted grate big nigger with a bell in his hand, ringin' it rite in my face as hard as he could, and hollerin' sumthing loud enuff to split the hed of a lamp-post. That was too much, and I made a lick at the feller with my cane that would lowered his key if it had hit him, at the same time that I grabbed him by the collar, and ax'd him what in the name of thunder he meant by sich imperence. The feller drapped his bell and shut his catfish mouth, and rollin' up the whites of his eyes, 'thout sayin' a word, he broke away from me as hard as he could tear, and I hastened on to find some place less like bedlam than Broadway.

By this time it was most dark, and after walkin' down one street til I cum to a garte big gardin with trees in it, whar it was so still that noises begun to sound natural to me agin, I sot down on the railins and rested myself awhile, and then sot out for my hotel. I walked and walked for some time, but somehow or other I could n't find the way. I inquired for the American Hotel two or three times, and got the direction, but the streets twisted about so that it was out of the question for me to foller 'em when they told me, and I begun to think I 'd have to take up my lodgins somewhar else for that night, I was so tired. Bimeby I cum to a street that was very still and quiet, what they called Chambers Street; and while I was standin' on the corner, thinkin' which way I should go, 'long cum a pore woman with a bundle under her arm, creepin' along as if she was n't hardly able to walk. When she

seed me she cum up to me and put her hankerchef to her eyes, and ses she: —

"Mister, I 'm a pore woman, and my husban 's so sick he ain't able to do any work, and me and my pore little children is almost starvin' for bred. Won't you be good enuff to give me two shillins?"

I looked at her a bit, and thought of the way the match-boy served me in Baltimore, and ses I, —

"Hain't you got no relations nor neighbors that can help you?"

"Oh, no, sir; I 'm too pore to have relations or neighbors. I was better off once, and then I had plenty of frends."

That 's the way of the world, thinks I; we always have frends til we need 'em.

"Oh, sir, if you only know'd how hard I have to work, you 'd pity me, — I know you would."

"What do you do for a livin'?" ses I; for she looked too delicate to do much.

"I do fine washin' and ironin'," ses she; "but I 'm sick so much that I can't make enuff to support us;" and then she coffed a real graveyard coff.

"Why don't you git sum of Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup?" ses I.

"Oh, sir," ses she, "I 'm too pore to buy medicin, when my pore little children is dyin' for bred."

That touched me, to think sich a delicate young cretur as her should have to struggle so hard, and I tuck out my purse and gin her a dollar.

"Thar," ses I, "that will help you a little."

"Oh, bless you, sir; you 're so kind. Now I 'll buy sum medicin for my pore husband. Will you be good enuff to hold this bundle for me til I step

back to that drug-store on the corner? It 's so heavy. I 'll be back in a minit," ses she.

I felt so sorry for the pore woman that I could n't refuse her sich a little favor, so I tuck her bundle to hold it for her. She said she was 'fraid the fine dresses mought git rumpled, and then her customers would n't pay her; so I tuck 'em in my arms very careful, and she went to the store after the medicin.

Ther was a good many peeple passin' by, and I walked up from the corner a little ways, so they should n't see me standin' thar with the bundle in my arms. I begun to think it was time for the woman to cum back, and the bundle was beginnin' to git pretty heavy, when I thought I felt sumthing movin' in it. I stopped rite still, and held my breth to hear if it was anything, when it begun to squirm about more and more, and I heard a noise jest like a tom-cat in the bundle. I never was so supprised in my life, and I cum in a ace of lettin' it drap rite on the pavement. Thinks I, in the name of creation, what is it? I walked down to the lamp-post to see what it was, and Mr. Thompson, would you believe me, IT WAS A LIVE BABY! I was so completely tuck aback that I staggered up agin the lamp-post and held on to it, while it kicked and squalled like a young panter, and the sweat jest poured out of me in a stream. What upon yeath to do I did n't know. Thar I was in a strange city, whar nobody did n't know me, out in the street with a little young baby in my arms. I never was so mad at a female woman before in all my life, and I never felt so much like a dratted fool as I did that minit.

I started for the drug-store, with the baby squallin'

like rath, and the more I tried to hush it the louder it squalled. The man what kep the store said he had n't seed no such woman, and I mus' n't bring no babys in thar.

By this time a everlastin' crowd of peeple — men and wimmin — was gathered round, so I could n't go no whar, all gabblin' and talkin' so I could n't hardly hear the baby squall.

I told 'em how it was, and told 'em I was a stranger in New York, and ax'd 'em what I should do with the baby. But ther was no gettin' any sense out of 'em, and none of 'em would n't touch it no more 'n if it had been so much pisen.

"That won't do," ses one feller. "You can't cum that game over this crowd."

"No, indeed," ses another little runty-lookin' feller; "we 've got enuff to do to take care of our own babys in these diggins."

"Take your baby home to its ma," ses another, "and support it like a onest man."

I tried to git a chance to explain the bisness to 'em, but drat the word could I git in edgeways.

"Take 'em both to the Tooms," ses one, "and make 'em giv a account of themselves."

With that two or three of 'em cum toward me, and I grabbed my cane in one hand, while I held on to the bundle with the other.

"Gentlemen," ses I — the baby squeelin' all the time like forty cats in a bag — "gentlemen, I 'm not gwine to be used in no sich way. I 'll let you know that I 'm not gwine to be tuck to no Tooms. I 'm a stranger in your city, and I 'm not gwine to support none of your babys. My name is Joseph Jones, of Pineville, Georgia, and anybody what

wants to know who I am can find me at the American" —

"Majer Jones! Majer Jones, of Pineville!" ses a dozen of 'em at the same time.

"Majer Jones," ses a clever-lookin' young man, what pushed his way into the crowd when he heard my name. "Majer, don't be disturbed in the least," ses he. "I 'll soon have this matter fixed."

With that he spoke to a man with a lether ribbon on his hat, who tuck the baby, bundle and all, and carried it off to the place what they 've got made in New York a purpose to keep sich pore little orfans in.

By this time my frend, Mr. Jacob Littlehigh, who is a Georgian, livin' in New York, had interduced himself to me and 'bout twenty other gentlemen, and I begun to find myself 'bout as much of a object of attraction after the baby was gone as I was before. I never seed one of 'em before in my life, but they all sed they had red my book, and they did n't know nobody else. So much for bein' a author.

They was all monstrous glad to see me, and wanted to know how Mary and the baby was at home; and 'fore they let me off they made me go down to Bardotte & Shelly's Caffé Tortoni, and eat one of the biggest kind of oyster suppers, and drink sum sherry coblers what would develop the intellect of a barber's block, and expand the heart of a Florida live-oak. They was the cleverest set of fellers I ever seed out of Georgia, and after spendin' a pleasant hour with 'em, laughin' over the incidents of the evenin', they showed me home to my hotel, whar I soon went to bed to dream of bundles full of babys and oceans of sherry coblers.

You must excuse this long letter, under the circumstances. No more from

Your friend, till death, Jos. Jones.

P. S. — Don't for the world let Mary know anything about the baby, for she 'd want to know what upon yeath I was runnin' about the street at night for, holdin' bundles for pore wimmin, and I never could explain it to her satisfaction. Ther 's one thing monstrous certain — I 'll go a hundred yards round the next woman I meet in the street with a bundle in her arms.

# DAVY CROCKETT.

Among the unreal characters of Southern fiction, there is none more unique than the real personage, Davy Crockett. Indeed, the story of this rough-and-ready humorist of the backwoods reads like a romance. He was born in Greene County, Tennessee, the 17th of August, 1786. His father, a Revolutionary soldier, of Irish extraction, was a poor frontiersman, and the son, born and reared in the log cabin of the period, received no education whatever. But he distinguished himself very early in life as a marksman, and became a great local favorite on account of his amiability and courage. He commanded a battalion of rifles in the Creek campaign of 1813–14, and at the close of the war of 1812–15 divided his time as a bear-hunter and a member of the Tennessee legislature. In 1827 he was elected a representative to the Twentieth Congress, taking his seat in the House on the first Monday of December of that year. He was subsequently reëlected in 1829, and defeated in 1831; was returned for a third term in 1833. Although he entered public life as the friend of General Jackson, he became bitterly opposed to the administration when the General was elected President. This, united to his original and quaint character, his perfect integrity and courage, and his odd and expressive colloquial powers, made him a prodigious popularity in anti-Jackson circles. He was quoted and feted on all hands; his sayings formed a part of the political capital and campaign phraseology of his time; and, upon a tour he made in the North and East, the people everywhere turned out *en masse* to meet and greet him. In 1835, the whole power of the administration being put forth to beat him, he lost his election by a scant majority. In his canvass he said to the people, "If you reëlect me to Congress, I will serve you faithfully. If you don't, you may go to the devil, and I will go to Texas." In accordance with this promise, no sooner was the election over and the result announced than he set out for the seat of war in the young republic. He arrived in time to take part in the first battle and capture of San Antonio de Bexar, and to die bravely fighting in the defense of the Alamo, the 6th of March, 1836. This sudden and tragic end of a career so conspicuous and so whimsical made a

deep impression upon the country; and ever since the name and fame of Davy Crockett have held a tender place in the remembrance of his countrymen. Colonel Crockett dictated quite a number of reminiscences and anecdotes of his adventures for publication, and from such of these as seem authentic I have taken the following extracts: —

## I.

### A USEFUL COON SKIN.

WHILE on the subject of election matters, I will just relate a little anecdote about myself, which will show the people to the east how we manage these things on the frontiers. It was when I first run for Congress; I was then in favor of the Hero, for he had chalked out his course so sleek in his letter to the Tennessee legislature that, like Sam Patch, says I, "There can be no mistake in him," and so I went ahead. No one dreamt about the monster and the deposits at that time, and so, as I afterward found, many like myself were taken in by these fair promises, which were worth about as much as a flash in the pan when you have a fair shot at a fat bear.

But I am losing sight of my story. Well, I started off to the Cross Roads dressed in my hunting shirt, and my rifle on my shoulder. Many of our constituents had assembled there to get a taste of the quality of the candidates at orating. Job Snelling, a gander-shanked Yankee, who had been caught somewhere about Plymouth Bay, and been shipped to the West with a cargo of codfish and rum, erected a large shantee, and set up shop for the occasion. A large posse of the voters had assembled before I arrived, and my opponent had already made considerable headway with his speechifying and his treating,

when they spied me about a rifle shot from the camp, sauntering along as if I was not a party in business. "There comes Crockett," cried one. "Let us hear the colonel," cried another; and so I mounted the stump that had been cut down for the occasion, and began to bushwhack in the most approved style.

I had not been up long before there was such an uproar in the crowd that I could not hear my own voice, and some of my constituents let me know that they could not listen to me on such a dry subject as the welfare of the nation until they had something to drink, and that I must treat them. Accordingly I jumped down from the rostrum, and led the way to the shantee, followed by my constituents, shouting, "Huzza for Crockett," and "Crockett forever!"

When we entered the shantee Job was busy dealing out his rum in a style that showed he was making a good day's work of it, and I called for a quart of the best; but the crooked critur returned no other answer than by pointing to a board over the bar, on which he had chalked in large letters, "*Pay to-day and trust to-morrow.*" Now that idea brought me up all standing; it was a sort of cornering in which there was no back out, for ready money in the West, in those times, was the shyest thing in all natur, and it was most particularly shy with me on that occasion.

The voters, seeing my predicament, fell off to the other side, and I was left deserted and alone, as the Government will be, when he no longer has any offices to bestow. I saw as plain as day that the tide of popular opinion was against me, and that unless I got some rum speedily I should lose my

election as sure as there are snakes in Virginny; and it must be done soon, or even burnt brandy would n't save me. So I walked away from the shantee, but in another guess sort from the way I entered it, for on this occasion I had no train after me, and not a voice shouted, "Huzza for Crockett." Popularity sometimes depends on a very small matter indeed; in this particular it was worth a quart of New England rum, and no more.

Well, knowing that a crisis was at hand, I struck into the woods, with my rifle on my shoulder, my best friend in time of need; and, as good fortune would have it, I had not been out more than a quarter of an hour before I treed a fat coon, and in the pulling of a trigger he lay dead at the root of the tree. I soon whipped his hairy jacket off his back, and again bent my steps towards the shantee, and walked up to the bar, but not alone, for this time I had half a dozen of my constituents at my heels. I threw down the coon skin upon the counter, and called for a quart, and Job, though busy in dealing out rum, forgot to point at his chalked rules and regulations; for he knew that a coon was as good a legal tender for a quart in the West as a New York shilling any day in the year.

My constituents now flocked about me, and cried, "Huzza for Crockett," "Crockett forever," and finding the tide had taken a turn, I told them several yarns to get them in a good humor; and having soon dispatched the value of the coon, I went out and mounted the stump without opposition, and a clear majority of the voters followed me to hear what I had to offer for the good of the nation. Before I was half through one of my constituents moved

that they would hear the balance of my speech after they had washed down the first part with some more of Job Snelling's extract of cornstalk and molasses, and the question being put, it was carried unanimously. It was n't considered necessary to tell the yeas and nays, so we adjourned to the shantee, and on the way I began to reckon that the fate of the nation pretty much depended upon my shooting another coon.

While standing at the bar, feeling sort of bashful while Job's rules and regulations stared me in the face, I cast down my eyes, and discovered one end of the coon skin sticking between the logs that supported the bar. Job had slung it there in the hurry of business. I gave it a sort of quick jerk, and it followed my hand as natural as if I had been the rightful owner. I slapped it on the counter, and Job, little dreaming that he was barking up the wrong tree, shoved along another bottle, which my constituents quickly disposed of with great good humor, for some of them saw the trick ; and then we withdrew to the rostrum to discuss the affairs of the nation.

I don't know how it was, but the voters soon became dry again, and nothing would do but we must adjourn to the shantee ; and as luck would have it, the coon skin was still sticking between the logs, as if Job had flung it there on purpose to tempt me. I was not slow in raising it to the counter, the rum followed, of course, and I wish I may be shot if I did n't, before the day was over, get ten quarts for the same identical skin, and from a fellow, too, who in those parts was considered as sharp as a steel trap and as bright as a pewter button.

This joke secured me my election, for it soon cir-

culated like smoke among my constituents, and they allowed, with one accord, that the man who could get the whip hand of Job Snelling in fair trade, could outwit Old Nick himself, and was the real grit for them in Congress. Job was by no means popular; he boasted of always being wide awake, and that any one who could take him in was free to do so, for he came from a stock that, sleeping or waking, had always one eye open, and the other not more than half closed. The whole family were geniuses. His father was the inventor of wooden nutmegs, by which Job said he might have made a fortune, if he had only taken out a patent and kept the business in his own hands; his mother, Patience, manufactured the first white oak pumpkin seeds of the mammoth kind, and turned a pretty penny the first season; and his aunt Prudence was the first to discover that corn husks, steeped into tobacco water, would make as handsome Spanish wrappers as ever came from Havana, and that oak leaves would answer all the purpose of filling, for no one could discover the difference except the man who smoked them, and then it would be too late to make a stir about it. Job himself bragged of having made some useful discoveries, the most profitable of which was the art of converting mahogany sawdust into cayenne pepper, which he said was a profitable and safe business; for the people have been so long accustomed to having dust thrown in their eyes that there was n't much danger of being found out.

The way I got to the blind side of the Yankee merchant was pretty generally known before election day, and the result was that my opponent might as well have whistled jigs to a milestone as

attempt to beat up for votes in that district. I beat him out and out, quite back into the old year, and there was scarce enough left of him, after the canvass was over, to make a small grease spot. He disappeared without even leaving a mark behind; and such will be the fate of Adam Huntsman, if there is a fair fight and no gouging.

After the election was over, I sent Snelling the price of the rum, but took good care to keep the fact from the knowledge of my constituents. Job refused the money, and sent me word that it did him good to be taken in occasionally, as it served to brighten his ideas; but I afterwards learnt when he found out the trick that had been played upon him, he put all the rum I had ordered in his bill against my opponent, who, being elated with the speeches he had made on the affairs of the nation, could not descend to examine into the particulars of a bill of a vender of rum in the small way.

## II.

### EN ROUTE FOR TEXAS.

I mounted my horse and pushed forward on my road to Fulton. When I reached Washington, a village a few miles from the Red River, I rode up to the Black Bear tavern, when the following conversation took place between me and the landlord, which is a pretty fair sample of the curiosity of some folks: —

"Good morning, mister — I don't exactly recollect your name now," said the landlord, as I alighted.

"It 's of no consequence," said I.

"I 'm pretty sure I 've seen you somewhere."

"Very likely you may. I 've been there frequently."

"I was sure 't was so ; but strange I should forget your name," says he.

"It is indeed somewhat strange that you should forget what you never knew," says I.

"It is unaccountable strange. It 's what I 'm not often in the habit of, I assure you. I have, for the most part, a remarkably detentive memory. In the power of people that pass along this way, I 've scarce ever made, as the doctors say, a *slapsus slinkum* of this kind afore."

"Eh heh!" I shouted, while the critter continued.

"Traveling to the western country, I presume, mister?"

"Presume anything you please, sir," said I ; "but don't trouble me with your presumptions."

"O Lord, no, sir — I won't do that ; I 've no ideer of that, — not the least ideer in the world," says he. "I suppose you 've been to the westward afore now?"

"Well, suppose I have?"

"Why, on that supposition, I was going to say you must be pretty well — that is to say, you must know something about the place."

"Eh heh!" I ejaculated, looking sort of mazed full in his face. The tarnal critter still went ahead.

"I take it you 're a married man, mister?"

"Take it as you will, that is no affair of mine," says I.

"Well, after all, a married life is the most happiest way of living ; don't you think so, mister?"

"Very possible," says I.

"I conclude you have a family of children, sir?"

"I don't know what reason you have to conclude so."

"Oh, no reason in the world, mister, not the least," says he; "but I thought I might just take the liberty to make the presumption, you know; that's all, sir. I take it, mister, you're a man about my age?"

"Eh heh!"

"How old do you call yourself, if I may be so bold?"

"You're bold enough, the devil knows," says I; and as I spoke rather sharp, the varment seemed rather staggered, but he soon recovered himself, and came up to the chalk again.

"No offense, I hope — I — I — I — would n't be thought uncivil, by any means; I always calculate to treat everybody with civility."

"You have a very strange way of showing it."

"True, as you say, I ginerally take my own way in these ere matters. Do you practice law, mister, or farming, or mechanicals?"

"Perhaps so," says I.

"Ah, I judge so; I was pretty certain it must be the case. Well, it 's as good business as any there is followed nowadays."

"Eh heh!" I shouted, and my lower jaw fell in amazement at his perseverance.

"I take it you've money at interest, mister?" continued the varment, without allowing himself time to take breath.

"Would it be of any particular interest to you to find out?" says I.

"Oh, not at all, not the least in the world, sir; I 'm not at all inquisitive about other people's matters; I minds my own business, — that 's my way."

"And a very odd way you have of doing it, too."

"I 've been thinking what persuasion you 're of, — whether you 're a Unitarian or Baptist, or whether you belong to the Methodisses."

"Well, what 's the conclusion?"

"Why, I have concluded that I 'm pretty near right in my conjectures. Well, after all, I 'm inclined to think they 're the nearest right of any persuasion — though some folks think differently."

"Eh heh!" I shouted again.

"As to pollyticks, I take it, you — that is to say, I suppose, you" —

"Very likely."

"Ah! I could have sworn it was so from the moment I saw you. I have a knack at finding out a man's sentiments. I dare say, mister, you 're a justice in your own country?"

"And if I may return the compliment, I should say you 're a just ass everywhere." But this time I began to get weary of his impertinence, and led my horse to the trough to water, but the darned critter followed me up.

"Why, yes," said he, "I 'm in the commission of the peace, to be sure — and an officer in the militia, — though, between you and I, I would n't wish to boast of it."

My horse having finished drinking, I put one foot in the stirrup, and was preparing to mount. "Any more inquiries to make?" said I.

"Why, no, nothing to speak on," said he. "When do you return, mister?"

"About the time I come back," said I; and, leaping into the saddle, galloped off. The pestiferous varment bawled after me, at the top of his voice, —

"Well, I shall look for ye, then. I hope you won't fail to call."

Now, who in all natur do you reckon the critter was who afforded so fine a sample of the impertinent curiosity that some people have to pry into other people's affairs?

I knew him well enough at first sight, though he seemed to have forgotten me. It was no other than Job Snelling, the manufacturer of cayenne pepper out of mahogany sawdust, and upon whom I played the trick with the coon skin. I pursued my journey to Fulton, and laughed heartily to think what a swither I had left poor Job in, at not gratifying his curiosity; for I knew he was one of those fellows who would peep down your throat just to ascertain what you had eaten for dinner.

## III.

### THE GAME OF THIMBLERIG.

I saw a small cluster of passengers at one end of the boat, and hearing an occasional burst of laughter, thinks I, there 's some sport started in that quarter, and having nothing better to do, I 'll go in for my share of it. Accordingly, I drew nigh to the cluster, and seated on the chest was a tall, lank, sea-sarpent looking blackleg, who had crawled over from Natchez under the hill, and was amusing the passengers with his skill at thimblerig; at the same time he was picking up their shillings just about as expeditiously

as a hungry gobbler would a pint of corn. He was doing what might be called an average business in a small way, and lost no time in gathering up the fragments.

I watched the whole process for some time, and found that he had adopted the example set by the old tempter himself, to get the weathergage of us poor weak mortals. He made it a point to let his victims win always the first stake, that they might be tempted to go ahead; and then, when they least suspected it, he would come down upon them like a hurricane in a cornfield, sweeping all before it.

I stood looking on, seeing him pick up the chicken feed from the greenhorns, and thought if men are such darned fools as to be cheated out of their hard earnings by a fellow who has just brains enough to pass a pea from one thimble to another, with such sleight of hand that you could not tell under which he had deposited it, it is not astonishing that the magician of Kinderhook should play thimblerig upon the big figure, and attempt to cheat the whole nation. I thought that "the Government" was playing the same game with the deposites, and with such address, too, that before long it will be a hard matter to find them under any of the thimbles where it is supposed they have been originally placed.

The thimble conjurer saw me looking on, and, eyeing me as if he thought I would be a good subject, said carelessly, "Come, stranger, won't you take a chance?" the whole time passing the pea from one thimble to the other, by way of throwing out a bait for the gudgeons to bite at.

"I never gamble, stranger," says I; "principled against it; think it a slippery way of getting through the world, at best."

"Them are my sentiments to a notch," says he; "but this is not gambling, by no means. A little innocent pastime, nothing more. Better take a hack by way of trying your luck at guessing." All this time he continued working with his thimbles; first putting the pea under one which was plain to be seen, and then, uncovering it, would show that the pea was there; he would then put it under the second thimble, and do the same, and then under the third: all of which he did to show how easy it would be to guess where the pea was deposited, if one would only keep a sharp lookout.

"Come, stranger," says he to me again, "you had better take a chance. Stake a trifle, I don't care how small, just for the fun of the thing."

"I am principled against betting money," says I, "but I don't mind going in for drinks for the present company, for I 'm as dry as one of little Isaac Hill's regular set of speeches."

"I admire your principles," says he, "and to show that I play with these here thimbles just for the sake of pastime I will take that bet, though I am a whole hog temperance man. Just say when, stranger."

He continued all the time slipping the pea from one thimble to another; my eye was as keen as a lizard's, and when he stopped I cried out, "Now, the pea is under the middle thimble." He was going to raise it to show that it was n't there, when I interfered, and said, "Stop, if you please," and raised it myself, and sure enough the pea was there; but it mought have been otherwise if he had had the uncovering of it.

"Sure enough, you 've won the bet," says he. "You 've a sharp eye, but I don't care if I give you

another chance. Let us go fifty cents this bout; I 'm sure you 'll win."

"Then you 're a darned fool to bet, stranger," says I; "and since that is the case, it would be little better than picking your pocket to bet with you; so I 'll let it alone."

"I don't mind running the risk," said he.

"But I do," says I; "and since I always let well enough alone, and I have had just about glory enough for one day, let us all go to the bar and liquor."

This called forth a loud laugh at the thimble conjurer's expense; and he tried hard to induce me to take just one chance more, but he mought just as well have sung psalms to a dead horse, for my mind was made up; and I told him that I looked upon gambling as about the dirtiest way that a man could adopt to get through this dirty world; and that I would never bet anything beyond a quart of whisky upon a rifle shot, which I considered a legal bet, and gentlemanly and rational amusement. "But all this cackling," says I, "makes me very thirsty, so let us adjourn to the bar and liquor."

He gathered up his thimbles, and the whole company followed us to the bar, laughing heartily at the conjurer; for, as he had won some of their money, they were sort of delighted to see him beaten with his own cudgel. He tried to laugh, too, but his laugh was n't at all pleasant, and rather forced. The barkeeper placed a big-bellied bottle before us; and after mixing our liquor, I was called on for a toast by one of the company, a chap just about as rough hewn as if he had been cut out of a gum log with a broad-axe, and sent into the market without even be-

ing smoothed off with a jack plane, — one of them chaps who, in their journey through life, are always ready for a fight or a frolic, and don't care the toss of a copper which.

"Well, gentlemen," says I, "being called upon for a toast, and being in a slave-holding State, in order to avoid giving offense and running the risk of being lynched, it may be necessary to premise that I am neither an abolitionist nor a colonizationist, but simply Colonel Crockett of Tennessee, now bound for Texas." When they heard my name they gave three cheers for Colonel Crockett; and silence being restored, I continued, "Now, gentlemen, I will offer you a toast, hoping, after what I have stated, that it will give offense to no one present; but should I be mistaken, I must imitate the 'old Roman,' and take the responsibility. I offer, gentlemen, The abolition of slavery: let the work first begin in the two Houses of Congress. There are no slaves in the country more servile than the party slaves in Congress. The wink or the nod of their masters is all-sufficient for the accomplishment of the most dirty work."

They drank the toast in a style that satisfied me that the little Magician might as well go to a pigsty for wool as to beat round in that part for voters: they were all either for Judge White or Old Tippecanoe. The thimble conjurer, having asked the barkeeper how much there was to pay, was told that there were sixteen smallers, which amounted to one dollar. He was about to lay down the blunt, but not in Benton's metallic currency, which I find has already become as shy as honesty with an officeholder, but he planked down one of Biddle's notes,

when I interfered, and told him that the barkeeper had made a mistake.

"How so?" demanded the barkeeper.

"How much do you charge," said I, "when you retail your liquor?"

"A fip a glass."

"Well, then," says I, "as Thimblerig here, who belongs to the temperance society, took it in wholesale, I reckon you can afford to let him have it at half price?"

Now as they had all noticed that the conjurer went what is called the heavy wet, they laughed outright, and we heard no more about temperance from that quarter. When we returned to the deck, the blackleg set to work with his thimbles again, and bantered me to bet; but I told him that it was against my principle, and as I had already reaped glory enough for one day I would just let well enough alone for the present. If the "old Roman" had done the same in relation to the deposites and "the monster," we should have escaped more difficulties than all the cunning of the Little Flying Dutchman, and Dick Johnson to boot, will be able to repair. I should n't be astonished if the new Vice-President's head should get wool gathering before they have half unraveled the knotted and twisted thread of perplexities that the old General has spun, — in which case his charming spouse will no doubt be delighted, for then they will be all in the family way. What a handsome display they will make in the White House! No doubt the first act of Congress will be to repeal the duties on Cologne and Lavender waters, for they will be in great demand about the Palace, particularly in the dog-days.

## IV.

### THE "LITTLE MAGICIAN."

One of the passengers, hearing that I was on board of the boat, came up to me and began to talk about the affairs of the nation, and said a good deal in favor of "the Magician," and wished to hear what I had to say against him. He talked loud, which is the way with all politicians educated in the Jackson school; and by his slang-whanging drew a considerable crowd around us. Now this was the very thing I wanted, as I knew I should not soon have another opportunity of making a political speech; he no sooner asked to hear what I had to say against his candidate than I let him have it, strong and hot as he could take, I tell you.

"What have I to say against Martin Van Buren? He is an artful, cunning, intriguing, selfish, speculating lawyer, who, by holding lucrative offices for more than half his life, has contrived to amass a princely fortune, and is now seeking the presidency, principally for sordid gain, and to gratify the most selfish ambition. His fame is unknown to the history of our county, except as a most adroit political manager and successful office-hunter. He never took up arms in defense of his country, in her days of darkness and peril. He never contributed a dollar of his surplus wealth to assist her in her hours of greatest want and weakness. Office and money have been the gods of his idolatry; and at their shrines has the ardent worship of his heart been devoted, from the earliest days of his manhood to the present moment. He can lay no claim to preëmi-

nent services as a statesman; nor has he ever given any evidences of superior talent, except as a political electioneerer and intriguer. As a politician, he is 'all things to all men.' He is for internal improvement, and against it; for the tariff, and against it; for the bank monopoly, and against it; for the abolition of slavery, and against it; and for anything else, and against anything else, just as he can best promote his popularity, and subserve his own private interest. He is so totally destitute of moral courage that he never dares to give an opinion upon any important question until he first finds out whether it will be popular or not. He is celebrated as the 'Little Non-Committal Magician,' because he enlists on no side of any question until he discovers which is the strongest party; and then always moves in so cautious, sly, and secret a manner that he can change sides at any time as easily as a juggler or a magician can play off his arts of legerdemain.

"Who is Martin Van Buren? He is the candidate of the office-holders, and office-expectants, who nominated him for the presidency at a convention assembled in the city of Baltimore, in May last. The first account we have of his political life is while he was a member of the Senate of New York, at the time when Mr. Clinton was nominated as the federal candidate for the presidency, in opposition to Mr. Madison. The support he then gave Mr. Clinton afforded abundant evidence of that spirit of opposition to the institutions of his country which was prominently developed in the conduct of those with whom he was united. Shortly after the success of Mr. Madison, and during the prosecution of the war, Rufus King, of New York (for whom Mr.

Van Buren voted), was elected to the Senate of the United States, avowedly opposed to the administration. Upon his entrance into that body, instead of devoting his energies to maintain the war, he commenced a tirade of abuse against the administration for having attempted relief to the oppressed seamen of our gallant navy, who had been compelled by British violence to arm themselves against their country, their firesides, and their friends. Thus Martin Van Buren countenanced by his vote in the Senate of New York an opposition to that war, which, a second time, convinced Great Britain that Americans could not be awed into bondage and subjection.

"Subsequent to this time, Mr. Van Buren became himself a member of the United States Senate, and, while there, *opposed* every proposition to improve the West, or to add to her numerical strength.

"He voted *against* the continuance of the national road through Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and *against* appropriations for its preservation.

"He voted *against* the graduation of the price of the public lands.

"He voted *against* ceding the refuse lands to the States in which they lie.

"He voted *against* making donations of the lands to actual settlers.

"He again voted *against* ceding the refuse lands, not worth twenty-five cents per acre, to the new States for purposes of education and internal improvement.

"He voted *against* the bill providing 'settlement and preëmption rights' to those who had assisted in opening and improving the western country,

and thus deprived many an honest poor man of a home.

"He voted *against* donations of land to Ohio, to prosecute the Miami Canal; and, although a member of the Senate, he was not present when the vote was taken upon the engrossment of the bill giving land to Indiana for her Wabash and Erie Canal, and was known to have opposed it in all its stages.

"He voted *in favor* of erecting toll gates on the national road; thus demanding a tribute from the West for the right to pass upon her own highways, constructed out of her own money, — a thing never heard of before.

"After his term of service had expired in the Senate, he was elected Governor of New York, by a plurality of votes. He was afterwards sent to England as minister plenipotentiary, and upon his return was elected Vice-President of the United States, which office he now holds, and from which the office-holders are seeking to transfer him to the presidency."

My speech was received with great applause, and the politician, finding that I was better acquainted with his candidate than he was himself, for I wrote his life, shut his fly trap, and turned on his heel without saying a word. He found that he had barked up the wrong tree. I afterward learnt that he was a mail contractor in those parts, and that he also had large dealings in the land office, and therefore thought it necessary to chime in with his penny whistle, in the universal chorus. There 's a large band of the same description, but I 'm thinking Uncle Sam will some day find out that he has paid too much for the piper.

# J. PROCTOR KNOTT.

I AM conscious of many omissions in this attempt to illustrate the humorous characteristics of Southern life; but these omissions would be inexcusable if they should include Proctor Knott's famous "Duluth Speech." It made a great impression on the occasion of its production in the House, and has since stood the test of time, being still in greater demand than any other congressional document. Indeed, as a *jeu d'esprit* no less than a current hit, it possesses an enduring title to the merit claimed for it, of being the most quaint and genial effusion ever delivered before a deliberative body. Although carefully elaborated, it is replete with Southernisms. Its identity could nowhere be mistaken. It is essentially an offspring of the imagination and intellect, the humor of the South.

The Hon. J. Proctor Knott was born near Lebanon, Kentucky, August 29, 1830. He received a liberal education, and had been admitted to the bar before reaching his majority, beginning practice in Missouri, whither he had removed on quitting school. His success was rapid and brilliant, so much so that, after serving a term in the Legislature, he was, in 1859, appointed Attorney-General of the State. In 1862 he was elected by the people to this office; but a year later he returned to his old home in Kentucky, where he has since resided. He was elected a Representative in Congress from his district in 1867, and, with the exception of two terms of voluntary retirement, has served continuously ever since. During the 44th, 45th, and 46th Congresses, he was chairman of the Judiciary Committee, the first law position of the House.

Mr. Knott, who in many respects recalls the versatile and brilliant Thomas Corwin of other days, is, as Mr. Corwin used to be, a little ashamed of his facetious performances. I am sorry to say that he has done what he could to blot out the memory of "Duluth." An able and learned jurist, an industrious, practical legislator with a rare turn for the solemnities and solidarities of the public business, the statesman is disposed to resent the imputation of being a humorist. But, as nothing could suppress the exquisite satire of the utterance

so nothing can obscure the shine and sparkle it has left behind it on the dull and musty record of the debates of Congress.

Mr. Knott is as skillful with his pencil as with his tongue and pen; among his familiars a most genial companion, though somewhat austere in his intercourse with the larger public; temperate in his expression, but of opinions inflexible; and respected wherever he is known as one of the most upright and conscientious of our public men.

The House having under consideration the joint resolution (S. R. No. 11) extending the time to construct a railroad from the St. Croix river or lake to the west end of Lake Superior and to Bayfield —

Mr. Knott said: —

Mr. Speaker: If I could be actuated by any conceivable inducement to betray the sacred trust reposed in me by those to whose generous confidence I am indebted for the honor of a seat on this floor; if I could be influenced by any possible consideration to become instrumental in giving away, in violation of their known wishes, any portion of their interest in the public domain for the mere promotion of any railroad enterprise whatever, I should certainly feel a strong inclination to give this measure my most earnest and hearty support; for I am assured that its success would materially enhance the pecuniary prosperity of some of the most valued friends I have on earth, — friends for whose accommodation I would be willing to make almost any sacrifice not involving my personal honor or my fidelity as the trustee of an express trust. And that fact of itself would be sufficient to countervail almost any objection I might entertain to the passage of this bill not inspired by an imperative and inexorable sense of public duty.

But, independent of the seductive influences of pri-

vate friendship, to which I admit I am, perhaps, as susceptible as any of the gentlemen I see around me, the intrinsic merits of the measure itself are of such an extraordinary character as to commend it most strongly to the favorable consideration of every member of this House, myself not excepted, notwithstanding my constituents, in whose behalf alone I am acting here, would not be benefited by its passage one particle more than they would be by a project to cultivate an orange grove on the bleakest summit of Greenland's icy mountains. [Laughter.]

Now, sir, as to those great trunk lines of railway, spanning the continent from ocean to ocean, I confess my mind has never been fully made up. It is true they may afford some trifling advantages to local traffic, and they may even in time become the channels of a more extended commerce. Yet I have never been thoroughly satisfied either of the necessity or expediency of projects promising such meagre results to the great body of our people. But with regard to the transcendent merits of the gigantic enterprise contemplated in this bill I never entertained the shadow of a doubt. [Laughter.]

Years ago, when I first heard that there was somewhere in the vast *terra incognita*, somewhere in the bleak regions of the great Northwest, a stream of water known to the nomadic inhabitants of the neighborhood as the river St. Croix, I became satisfied that the construction of a railroad from that raging torrent to some point in the civilized world was essential to the happiness and prosperity of the American people, if not absolutely indispensable to the perpetuity of republican institutions on this continent. [Great laughter.] I felt instinctively that

the boundless resources of that prolific region of sand and pine shrubbery would never be fully developed without a railroad constructed and equipped at the expense of the Government, and perhaps not then. [Laughter.] I had an abiding presentiment that, some day or other, the people of this whole country, irrespective of party affiliations, regardless of sectional prejudices, and "without distinction of race, color, or previous condition of servitude," would rise in their majesty, and demand an outlet for the enormous agricultural productions of those vast and fertile pine barrens, drained in the rainy season by the surging waters of the turbid St. Croix. [Great laughter.]

These impressions, derived simply and solely from the "eternal fitness of things," were not only strengthened by the interesting and eloquent debate on this bill, to which I listened with so much pleasure the other day, but intensified, if possible, as I read over this morning the lively colloquy which took place on that occasion, as I find it reported in last Friday's "Globe." I will ask the indulgence of the House while I read a few short passages, which are sufficient, in my judgment, to place the merits of the great enterprise contemplated in the measure now under discussion beyond all possible controversy.

The honorable gentleman from Minnesota [Mr. Wilson], who, I believe, is managing this bill, in speaking of the character of the country through which this railroad is to pass, says this: —

"We want to have the timber brought to us as cheaply as possible. Now, if you tie up the lands in this way, so that no title can be obtained to them, — for no settler will

go on these lands, for he cannot make a living, — you deprive us of the benefit of that timber."

Now, sir, I would not have it by any means inferred from this that the gentleman from Minnesota would insinuate that the people out in his section desire this timber merely for the purpose of fencing up their farms, so that their stock may not wander off and die of starvation among the bleak hills of the St. Croix. [Laughter.] I read it for no such purpose, sir, and make no such comment on it myself. In corroboration of this statement of the gentleman from Minnesota, I find this testimony given by the honorable gentleman from Wisconsin [Mr. Washburn]. Speaking of these same lands, he says, —

"Under the bill, as amended by my friend from Minnesota, nine tenths of the land is open to actual settlers at $2.50 per acre; the remaining one tenth is pine-timbered land, that is not fit for settlement, and never will be settled upon; but the timber will be cut off. I admit that it is the most valuable portion of the grant, for most of the grant is not valuable. It is quite valueless; and if you put in this amendment of the gentleman from Indiana, you may as well just kill the bill, for no man and no company will take the grant and build the road."

I simply pause here to ask some gentleman better versed in the science of mathematics than I am to tell me, if the timbered lands are in fact the most valuable portion of that section of country, and they would be entirely valueless without the timber that is on them, what the remainder of the land is worth which has no timber on it at all. [Laughter.]

But further on I find a most entertaining and instructive interchange of views between the gentleman from Arkansas [Mr. Rogers], the gentleman

from Wisconsin [Mr. Wasburn], and the gentleman from Maine [Mr. Peters] upon the subject of pine lands generally, which I will tax the patience of the House to read : —

"Mr. ROGERS. Will the gentleman allow me to ask him a question ?

"Mr. WASHBURN, of Wisconsin. Certainly.

"Mr. ROGERS. Are these pine lands entirely worthless except for timber ?

"Mr. WASHBURN, of Wisconsin. They are generally worthless for any other purpose. I am perfectly familiar with that subject. These lands are not valuable for purposes of settlement.

"Mr. FARNSWORTH. They will be after the timber is taken off.

"Mr. WASHBURN, of Wisconsin. No, sir.

"Mr. ROGERS. I want to know the character of these pine lands.

"Mr. WASHBURN, of Wisconsin. They are generally sandy, barren lands. My friend from the Green Bay district [Mr. Sawyer] is himself perfectly familiar with this question, and he will bear me out in what I say, that these pine-timber lands are not adapted to settlement.

"Mr. ROGERS. The pine lands to which I am accustomed are generally very good. What I want to know is, what is the difference between our pine lands and your pine lands ?

"Mr. WASHBURN, of Wisconsin. The pine timber of Wisconsin generally grows upon barren, sandy land. The gentleman from Maine [Mr. Peters], who is familiar with pine lands, will, I have no doubt, say that pine timber grows generally upon the most barren lands.

"Mr. PETERS. As a general thing pine lands are not worth much for cultivation."

And further on I find this pregnant question, the

joint production of the two gentlemen from Wisconsin: —

"Mr. PAINE. Does my friend from Indiana suppose that in any event settlers will occupy and cultivate these pine lands?

"Mr. WASHBURN, of Wisconsin. Particularly without a railroad?"

Yes, sir, "particularly without a railroad." It will be asked after a while, I am afraid, if settlers will go anywhere unless the Government builds a railroad for them to go on. [Laughter.]

I desire to call attention to only one more statement, which I think sufficient to settle the question. It is one made by the gentleman from Wiconsin [Mr. Paine], who says, —

"These lands will be abandoned for the present. It may be that at some remote period there will spring up in that region a new kind of agriculture, which will cause a demand for these particular lands; and they may then come into use and be valuable for agricultural purposes. But I know, and I cannot help thinking that my friend from Indiana understands, that for the present, and for many years to come, these pine lands can have no possible value other than that arising from the pine timber which stands on them."

Now, sir, who, after listening to this emphatic and unequivocal testimony of these intelligent, competent, and able-bodied witnesses, [laughter], who that is not as incredulous as St. Thomas himself, will doubt for a moment that the Goshen of America is to be found in the sandy valleys and upon the pine-clad hills of the St. Croix? [Laughter.] Who will have the hardihood to rise in his seat on this floor and

assert that, excepting the pine bushes, the entire region would not produce vegetation enough in ten years to fatten a grasshopper? [Great laughter.] Where is the patriot who is willing that his country shall incur the peril of remaining another day without the amplest railroad connection with such an inexhaustible mine of agricultural wealth? [Laughter.] Who will answer for the consequences of abandoning a great and warlike people, in possession of a country like that, to brood over the indifference and neglect of their Government? [Laughter.] How long would it be before they would take to studying the Declaration of Independence, and hatching out the damnable heresy of secession? How long before the grim demon of civil discord would rear again his horrid head in our midst, "gnash loud his iron fangs, and shake his crest of bristling bayonets"? [Laughter.]

Then, sir, think of the long and painful process of reconstruction that must follow, with its concomitant amendments to the Constitution; the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth articles. The sixteenth, it is of course understood, is to be appropriated to those blushing damsels who are, day after day, beseeching us to let them vote, hold office, drink cock-tails, ride astraddle, and do everything else the men do. [Roars of laughter.] But above all, sir, let me implore you to reflect for a single moment on the deplorable condition of our country in case of a foreign war, with all our ports blockaded all our cities in a state of siege; the gaunt spectre of famine brooding like a hungry vulture over our starving land; our commissary stores all exhausted, and our famishing armies withering away in the field, a helpless prey

to the insatiate demon of hunger; our navy rotting in the docks for want of provisions for our gallant seamen, and we without any railroad communication whatever with the prolific pine thickets of the St. Croix. [Great laughter.]

Ah, sir, I could very well understand why my amiable friends from Pennsylvania [Mr. Myers, Mr. Kelley, and Mr. O'Neill] should be so earnest in their support of this bill the other day, and if their honorable colleague, my friend, Mr. Randall, will pardon the remark, I will say I considered his criticism of their action on that occasion as not only unjust, but ungenerous. I knew they were looking forward with the far-reaching ken of enlightened statesmanship to the pitiable condition in which Philadelphia will be left, unless speedily supplied with railroad connection in some way or other with this garden spot of the universe. [Laughter.] And besides, sir, this discussion has relieved my mind of a mystery that has weighed upon it like an incubus for years. I could never understand before why there was so much excitement during the last Congress over the acquisition of Alta Vela. I could never understand why it was that some of our ablest statesmen and most disinterested patriots should entertain such dark forebodings of the untold calamities that were to befall our beloved country unless we should take immediate possession of that desirable island. But I see now that they were laboring under the mistaken impression that the Government would need the guano to manure the public lands on the St. Croix. [Great laughter.]

Now, sir, I repeat I have been satisfied for years that if there was any portion of the inhabited globe

absolutely in a suffering condition for want of a railroad it was these teeming pine barrens of the St. Croix. [Laughter.] At what particular point on that noble stream such a road should be commenced I knew was immaterial, and so it seems to have been considered by the draughtsman of this bill. It might be up at the spring or down at the foot-log, or the watergate, or the fish-dam, or anywhere along the bank, no matter where. [Laughter.] But in what direction should it run, or where should it terminate, were always to my mind questions of the most painful perplexity. I could conceive of no place on "God's green earth" in such straitened circumstances for railroad facilities as to be likely to desire or willing to accept such a connection. [Laughter.] I knew that neither Bayfield nor Superior City would have it, for they both indignantly spurned the munificence of the Government when coupled with such ignominious conditions, and let this very same land grant die on their hands years and years ago, rather than submit to the degradation of a direct communication by railroad with the piny woods of the St. Croix; and I knew that what the enterprising inhabitants of those giant young cities would refuse to take would have few charms for others, whatever their necessities or cupidity might be. [Laughter.]

Hence, as I have said, sir, I was utterly at a loss to determine where the terminus of this great and indispensable road should be, until I accidentally overheard some gentlemen the other day mention the name of "Duluth." [Great laughter.] Duluth! The word fell upon my ear with peculiar and indescribable charm, like the gentle murmur of a low fountain stealing forth in the midst of roses, or the

soft, sweet accents of an angel's whisper in the bright, joyous dream of sleeping innocence. Duluth! 'T was the name for which my soul had panted for years, as the hart panteth for the water-brooks. [Renewed laughter.] But where was Duluth? Never, in all my limited reading, had my vision been gladdened by seeing the celestial word in print. [Laughter.] And I felt a profounder humiliation in my ignorance that its dulcet syllables had never before ravished my delighted ear. [Roars of laughter.] I was certain the draughtsman of this bill had never heard of it, or it would have been designated as one of the termini of this road. I asked my friends about it, but they knew nothing of it. I rushed to the library, and examined all the maps I could find. [Laughter.] I discovered in one of them a delicate, hair-like line, diverging from the Mississippi near a place marked Prescott, which I supposed was intended to represent the river St. Croix, but I could nowhere find Duluth.

Nevertheless, I was confident it existed somewhere, and that its discovery would constitute the crowning glory of the present century, if not of all modern times. [Laughter.] I knew it was bound to exist in the very nature of things; that the symmetry and perfection of our planetary system would be incomplete without it [renewed laughter]; that the elements of material nature would long since have resolved themselves back into original chaos, if there had been such a hiatus in creation as would have resulted from leaving out Duluth. [Roars of laughter.] In fact, sir, I was overwhelmed with the conviction that Duluth not only existed somewhere, but that, wherever it was, it was a great and glorious

place. I was convinced that the greatest calamity that ever befell the benighted nations of the ancient world was in their having passed away without a knowledge of the actual existence of Duluth ; that their fabled Atlantis, never seen save by the hallowed vision of inspired poesy, was, in fact, but another name for Duluth ; that the golden orchard of the Hesperides was but a poetical synonym for the beer gardens in the vicinity of Duluth. [Great laughter.] I was certain that Herodotus had died a miserable death because in all his travels and with all his geographical research he had never heard of Duluth. [Laughter.] I knew that if the immortal spirit of Homer could look down from another heaven than that created by his own celestial genius upon the long lines of pilgrims from every nation of the earth to the gushing fountain of poesy opened by the touch of his magic wand ; if he could be permitted to behold the vast assemblage of grand and glorious productions of the lyric art called into being by his own inspired strains, he would weep tears of bitter anguish that, instead of lavishing all the stores of his mighty genius upon the fall of Ilion, it had not been his more blessed lot to crystallize in deathless song the rising glories of Duluth. [Great and continued laughter.] Yet, sir, had it not been for this map, kindly furnished me by the Legislature of Minnesota, I might have gone down to my obscure and humble grave in an agony of despair, because I could nowhere find Duluth. [Renewed laughter.] Had such been my melancholy fate, I have no doubt that, with the last feeble pulsation of my breaking heart, with the last faint exhalation of my fleeting breath, I should have whispered, "Where is Duluth?" [Roars of laughter.]

But, thanks to the beneficence of that band of ministering angels who have their bright abodes in the far-off capital of Minnesota, just as the agony of my anxiety was about to culminate in the frenzy of despair, this blessed map was placed in my hands; and as I unfolded it a resplendent scene of ineffable glory opened before me, such as I imagine burst upon the enraptured vision of the wandering peri through the opening gates of paradise. [Renewed laughter.] There, there for the first time, my enchanted eye rested upon the ravishing word "Duluth."

This map, sir, is intended, as it appears from its title, to illustrate the position of Duluth in the United States; but if gentlemen will examine it, I think they will concur with me in the opinion that it is far too modest in its pretensions. It not only illustrates the position of Duluth in the United States, but exhibits its relations with all created things. It even goes farther than this. It lifts the shadowy veil of futurity, and affords us a view of the golden prospects of Duluth far along the dim vista of ages yet to come.

If gentlemen will examine it, they will find Duluth not only in the centre of the map, but represented in the centre of a series of concentric circles, one hundred miles apart, and some of them as much as four thousand miles in diameter, embracing alike in their tremendous sweep the fragrant savannas of the sun-lit South and the eternal solitudes of snow that mantle the ice-bound North. [Laughter.] How these circles were produced is perhaps one of those primordial mysteries that the most skillful paleologist will never be able to explain. [Renewed laugh-

ter.] But the fact is, sir, Duluth is preëminently a central place, for I am told by gentlemen who have been so reckless of their own personal safety as to venture away into those awful regions where Duluth is supposed to be that it is so exactly in the centre of the visible universe that the sky comes down at precisely the same distance all around it. [Roars of laughter.]

I find by reference to this map that Duluth is situated somewhere near the western end of Lake Superior; but as there is no dot or other mark indicating its exact location, I am unable to say whether it is actually confined to any particular spot, or whether "it is just lying around there loose." [Renewed laughter.] I really cannot tell whether it is one of those ethereal creations of intellectual frostwork, more intangible than the rose-tinted clouds of a summer sunset, — one of those airy exhalations of the speculator's brain, which I am told are ever flitting in the form of towns and cities along those lines of railroad, built with Government subsidies, luring the unwary settler as the mirage of the desert lures the famishing traveler on, and ever on, until it fades away in the darkening horizon, — or whether it is a real *bonâ fide*, substantial city, all "staked off," with the lots marked with their owners' names, like that proud commercial metropolis recently discovered on the desirable shores of San Domingo. [Laughter.] But, however that may be, I am satisfied Duluth is there, or thereabout, for I see it stated here on this map that it is exactly thirty-nine hundred and ninety miles from Liverpool [laughter], though I have no doubt, for the sake of convenience, it will be moved back ten miles, so as

to make the distance an even four thousand. [Renewed laughter.]

Then, sir, there is the climate of Duluth, unquestionably the most salubrious and delightful to be found anywhere on the Lord's earth. Now, I have always been under the impression, as I presume other gentlemen have, that in the region around Lake Superior it was cold enough for at least nine months in the year to freeze the smoke-stack off a locomotive. [Great laughter.] But I see it represented on this map that Duluth is situated exactly half-way between the latitudes of Paris and Venice, so that gentlemen who have inhaled the exhilarating airs of the one or basked in the golden sunlight of the other may see at a glance that Duluth must be a place of untold delights [laughter], a terrestrial paradise, fanned by the balmy zephyrs of an eternal spring, clothed in the gorgeous sheen of ever-blooming flowers, and vocal with the silvery melody of nature's choicest songsters. [Laughter.] In fact, sir, since I have seen this map I have no doubt that Byron was vainly endeavoring to convey some faint conception of the delicious charms of Duluth when his poetic soul gushed forth in the rippling strains of that beautiful rhapsody: —

"Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine;
Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppressed with perfume,
Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gul in her bloom;
Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute;
Where the tints of the earth and the hues of the sky,
In color though varied, in beauty may vie?"

[Laughter.]

As to the commercial resources of Duluth, sir,

they are simply illimitable and inexhaustible, as is shown by this map. I see it stated here that there is a vast scope of territory, embracing an area of over two million square miles, rich in every element of material wealth and commercial prosperity, all tributary to Duluth. Look at it, sir [pointing to the map]. Here are inexhaustible mines of gold, immeasurable veins of silver, impenetrable depths of boundless forest, vast coal-measures, wide, extended plains of richest pasturage, all, all embraced in this vast territory, which must, in the very nature of things, empty the untold treasures of its commerce into the lap of Duluth. [Laughter.]

Look at it, sir! [Pointing to the map.] Do not you see from these broad, brown lines drawn around this immense territory that the enterprising inhabitants of Duluth intend some day to inclose it all in one vast corral, so that its commerce will be bound to go there, whether it would or not? [Great laughter.] And here, sir [still pointing to the map], I find within a convenient distance the Piegan Indians, which, of all the many accessories to the glory of Duluth, I consider by far the most inestimable. For, sir, I have been told that when the small-pox breaks out among the women and children of that famous tribe, as it sometimes does, they afford the finest subjects in the world for the strategical experiments of any enterprising military hero who desires to improve himself in the noble art of war [laughter]; especially for any valiant lieutenant, general whose

> "Trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,
> For want of fighting has grown rusty,
> And eats into itself for lack
> Of somebody to hew and hack."

[Great laughter.]

Sir, the great conflict now raging in the Old World has presented a phenomenon in military science unprecedented in the annals of mankind, — a phenomenon that has reversed all the traditions of the past as it has disappointed all the expectations of the present. A great and warlike people, renowned alike for their skill and valor, have been swept away before the triumphant advance of an inferior foe, like autumn stubble before a hurricane of fire. For aught I know, the next flash of electric fire that shimmers along the ocean cable may tell us that Paris, with every fibre quivering with the agony of impotent despair, writhes beneath the conquering heel of her loathed invader. Ere another moon shall wax and wane the brightest star in the galaxy of nations may fall from the zenith of her glory never to rise again. Ere the modest violets of early spring shall ope their beauteous eyes, the genius of civilization may chant the wailing requiem of the proudest nationality the world has ever seen, as she scatters her withered and tear-moistened lilies o'er the bloody tomb of butchered France. But, sir, I wish to ask if you honestly and candidly believe that the Dutch would have ever overrun the French in that kind of style if General Sheridan had not gone over there and told King William and Von Moltke how he had managed to whip the Piegan Indians. [Great laughter.]

And here, sir, recurring to this map, I find in the immediate vicinity of the Piegans "vast herds of buffalo" and "immense fields of rich wheat lands."

[Here the hammer fell.]

[Many cries: "Go on!" "Go on!"]

The SPEAKER. Is there objection to the gentleman from Kentucky continuing his remarks? The Chair hears none. The gentleman will proceed.

Mr. KNOTT. I was remarking, sir, upon these vast "wheat fields" represented on this map as in the immediate neighborhood of the buffaloes and the Piegans, and was about to say that the idea of there being these immense wheat fields in the very heart of a wilderness, hundreds and hundreds of miles beyond the utmost verge of civilization, may appear to some gentlemen as rather incongruous, as rather too great a strain on the "blankets" of veracity. But to my mind there is no difficulty in the matter whatever. The phenomenon is very easily accounted for. It is evident, sir, that the Piegans sowed that wheat there and plowed it with buffalo bulls. [Great laughter.] Now, sir, this fortunate combination of buffaloes and Piegans, considering their relative positions to each other and to Duluth, as they are arranged on this map, satisfies me that Duluth is destined to be the beef market of the world.

Here, you will observe [pointing to the map], are the buffaloes, directly between the Piegans and Duluth; and here, right on the road to Duluth, are the Creeks. Now, sir, when the buffaloes are sufficiently fat from grazing on these immense wheat fields, you see it will be the easiest thing in the world for the Piegans to drive them on down, stay all night with their friends, the Creeks, and go into Duluth in the morning. [Great laughter.] I think I see them now, sir, a vast herd of buffaloes, with their heads down, their eyes glaring, their nostrils dilated, their tongues out, and their tails curled over their backs, tearing along towards Duluth, with about a thousand

Piegans on their grass-bellied ponies yelling at their heels! [Great laughter.] On they come! And as they sweep past the Creeks, they join in the chase, and away they all go, yelling, bellowing, ripping, and tearing along, amid clouds of dust, until the last buffalo is safely penned in the stock-yards of Duluth! [Shouts of laughter.]

Sir, I might stand here for hours and hours, and expatiate with rapture upon the gorgeous prospects of Duluth, as depicted upon this map. But human life is too short and the time of this House far too valuable to allow me to linger longer upon the delightful theme. [Laughter.] I think every gentleman on this floor is as well satisfied as I am that Duluth is destined to become the commercial metropolis of the universe, and that this road should be built at once. I am fully persuaded that no patriotic representative of the American people, who has a proper appreciation of the associated glories of Duluth and the St. Croix, will hesitate a moment to say that every able-bodied female in the land, between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, who is in favor of "women's rights" should be drafted and set to work upon this great work without delay. [Roars of laughter.] Nevertheless, sir, it grieves my very soul to be compelled to say that I cannot vote for the grant of lands provided for in this bill.

Ah, sir, you can have no conception of the poignancy of my anguish that I am deprived of that blessed privilege! [Laughter.] There are two insuperable obstacles in the way. In the first place, my constituents, for whom I am acting here, have no more interest in this road than they have in the great question of culinary taste now perhaps agitat-

ing the public mind of Dominica, as to whether the illustrious commissioners who recently left this capital for that free and enlightened republic would be better fricasseed, boiled, or roasted [great laughter]; and, in the second place, these lands which I am asked to give away, alas, are not mine to bestow! My relation to them is simply that of trustee to an express trust. And shall I ever betray that trust? Never, sir! Rather perish Duluth! [Shouts of laughter.] Perish the paragon of cities! Rather let the freezing cyclones of the bleak Northwest bury it forever beneath the eddying sands of the raging St. Croix! [Great laughter.]

# "BILL ARP."

"Bill Arp, so called," may be described as a rough-and-tumble, random, local, current, and partisan dissertator upon the topics of the time, and, in this character, has always enjoyed immense popularity in the South. The greater part of the volume, from which the accompanying excerpts are taken, is made up of material the wit of which lay largely in its relevancy and application. The writer, Mr. Charles H. Smith, is a politician as well as a humorist, and in much of his lucubration, produced just after the war, the feeling and sarcasm are in excess of the humor. A former citizen and mayor of Rome, in Georgia, Mr. Smith has, for several years, resided near Atlanta. He is a lawyer by profession and practice, and assumes the part of "Bill Arp" only on occasion and for a purpose.

## I.

### BILL ARP ON LITIGATION.

The fust case I ever had in a Justice Court I emploid old Bob Leggins, who was a sorter of a self-eddicated fool. I giv him two dollars in advanse, and he argud the case, as I thot, on two sides, and was more luminus agin me than for me. I lost the case, and found out atterwards that the defendant had employed Leggins atter I did, and gin him five dollars to lose my case. I look upon this as a warnin' to all klients to pay big fees and keep your lawyer out of temtashun.

My xperience in litigashun hav not been satisfaktory. I sued Sugar Black onst for the price of a

lode of shuks. He sed he wanted to buy sum ruffness, and I agreed to bring him a lode of shuks for two dollers. My waggin got broke and he got tired a waitin', and sent out atter the shuks himself. When I called on him for the pay, he seemed surprised, and sed it had cost him two dollars and a half to hav the shuks hauld, and that I justly owd him a half a dollar. He were more bigger than I was, so I swallerd my bile and sued him. His lawyer pled a set-off for haulin'. He pled that the shuks was unsound; that they was barred by limitashuns; that they did n't agree with his cow; and that he never got any shuks from me. He spoak about a hour, and allooded to me as a swindler about forty-five times. The bedevild jewry went out, and brot in a verdik agin me for fifty cents, and four dollars for costs. I hain't saved many shuks on my plantashun sence, and I don't intend to til it gits less xpensiv. I look upon this as a warnin' to all foaks *never to go to law about shuks*, or any other small sirkumstanse.

The next trubble I had was with a feller I hired to dig me a well. He was to dig it for twenty dollers, and I was to pay him in meat and meal, and sich like. The vagabon kep gittin' along til he got all the pay, but had n't dug nary a foot in the ground. So I made out my akkount, and sued him as follers, to wit: —

| | |
|---|---|
| Old John Hanks, to Bill Arp | Dr. |
| To 1 well you did n't dig. | $20 |

Well, Hanks, he hired a cheep lawyer, who rared round xtensively, and sed a heep of funny things at my xpense, and finally dismissd my case for what

he calld its "ridikulum abserdum." I paid those costs, and went home a sadder and a wiser man. I pulld down my little kabbin and mooved it sum three hundred yards nigher the spring, and I hav drunk mity little well water sence. I look upon this case as a warnin' to all foaks *never to pay for enything till you git it, espeshally if it has to be dug.*

The next law case I had I ganed it all by myself, by the forse of sirkumstanses. I bot a man's note that was giv for the hire of a nigger boy, Dik. Findin' he would n't pay me, I sued him before old Squire Maginnis, beleevin' that it was sich a ded thing that the devil could n't keep me out of a verdik. The feller pled failur of konsiderashun, and *non est faktum*, and *ignis fatuis*, and infansy, and that the nigger's name was n't Dik, but *Richard.* The old Squire was a powerful sesesh, and hated the Yankees amazin'. So, atter the lawyer had got thru his speech and finished up his readin' from a book called "Greenleaf," I rose forward to a attitood. Stretchin' forth my arms, ses I, "Squire Maginnis, I would ax, sur, if this is a time in the histry of our afflikted kountry when Yankee law books should be admitted in a Southern patriot's Court? Hain't we got a State of our own and a code of Georgy laws that 's printed on Georgy sile? On the very fust page of the gentleman's book I seed the name of the sitty of Bosting. Yes, sur, it was ritten in Bosting, where they don't know no more about the hire of a nigger than an ox knows the man who will tan his hide." I sed sum more things that was pinted and patriotik, and closd my argyment by handin' the book to the Squire. He put on his speks, and atter lookin' at the book about a minit, ses he, —

"Mr. Arp, you can have a judgment, and I hope that from hensefourth no lawyer will presoom to cum before this honerabul court with pisen dokyments to proove his case. If he do, this court will take it as an insult, and send him to jail."

I look upon this case as a warnin' to all foaks who gambel in law to hold a good hand and play it well. High jestice and patriotism are winning trumps.

My next case was about steelin' a hog. Larseny from the woods, I think they call it. I did n't hav but one hog, and we had to let him run out to keep him alive, for akorns was cheeper than corn at my house. Old Romulus Ramsour sorter wanted sum fresh meat, and so he shot my shote in the woods, and was catched carrying him home. He had cut off his ears and throwed em away; but we found em, with the under bit in the right and swaller fork in the left, and so Romulus was brot up square before the jewry, and his defense was that it was a wild hog. The jewry was out about two hours and brot in a verdik: "We the jewry know that shortly atter the war the kountry was scarce of provishuns, and in considerashun of the hard time our poor peepul had in maintanin' their families, and the temtashuns that surrounded em, we find the defendant not guilty, but we rekommend him not to do so any more." The motto of this case is that a man ortent to keep hogs in a poor naberhood.

After this I had a diffikulty with a man by the name of Kohen, and I thot I would n't go to law, but would arbytrate. I had bot Tom Swillins' wheat at a dollar a bushel, *if he could n't do any better*, and if he could do better he was to cum back and *giv me the prefferense*. The skamp went off and

sold the wheat to Kohen for a dollar and five cents, and Kohen knowd all about his kontrak with me. Me and him lik to hav fit, and perhaps would, if I had n't been puny: but we finally left it to Josh Billins to arbytrate. Old Josh deliberated on the thing three days and nites, and finally brot in an award that Kohen should hav the wheat and *I should hav the prefferense.* I hain't submitted no more cases to arbytration sinse, and my advise to all peepul is to arbytrate nuthin' if your case is honest, for there ain't no judge there to keep one man from trikkin' the other. An honest man don't stan no chance nowhere xceptin' in a court house with a good lawyer to back him. The motto of this case is, never to arbytrate nuthin' but a bad case, and take a good lawyer to advise, and pay him fur it before you do that.

But I got Fretman. *I* did n't, but my lawyer, Marks, did. Fretman was a nutmeg skhool teacher who had gone round my naborhood with his skool artikles, and I put down of Troup and Calhoun to go, and intended to send seven or eight more if he proved himself right. I soon found that the little nullifiers warn't lernin' enything, and on inquiry I found that nutmeg was a givin' powerful long ressessess, and employin' his time cheefly in carryin' on with a tolerbul sized female gal that was a goin' to him. Troup sed he heerd the gal squeel one day, and he knowd Fretman was a squeezin' of her. I I don't mind our boys a squeezin' of the Yankee gals, but I 'll be blamed if the Yankees shall be a squeezin' ourn. So I got mad and took the childern away. At the end of the term Fretman sued me for eighteen dollars, and hired a cheep lawyer to kollekt

it. Before this time I had lerned sum sense about a lawyer, so I hired a good one, and spred my pokit book down before him, and told him to take what would satisfi him. And he took. Old Phil Davis was the jestice. Marks made the openin' speech to the effek that every profeshunal man ort to be able to illustrate his trade, and he therefore proposed to put Mr. Fretman on the stan and *spell him.* This moshun was fout hard, but it agreed with old Phil's noshuns of "high jestice," and ses he, "Mr. Fretman, you will hav to spell, sur." Marks then swore him that he would giv true evidense in this case, and that he would spell evry word in Dan'l Webster's spellin' book correkly to the best of his knowledge and beleef, so help him, etc. I saw then that he were a tremblin' all over like a cold wet dog. Ses Marks, "Mr. Fretman, spell 'tisik.'" Well, he spelt it, puttin' in a *ph* and a *th* and a *gh* and a *zh*, and I don't know what all, and I thot he were gone up the fust pop, but Marks sed it were right. He then spelt him right strate along on all sorts of big words, and little words, and long words, and short words, and he knowd 'em all, til finally Marks ses, "Now, sur, spell 'Ompompynusuk.'" Fretman drawd a long breth and sed it warn't in the book. Marks proved it was by a old preecher who was a settin' by, and old Phil spoke up with power, ses he, "Mr. Fretman, you must spell it, sur." Fretman was a swettin' like a run down filly. He took one pass at it, and *missd.*

"You can cum down, sur," ses Marks, "you 've lost your case;" and shore enuf, old Phil giv a verdik agin him like a darn.

Marks was a whale in his way. At the same

court he was about to nonsoot a Doktor bekaus he did n't hav his diplomy, and the Doktor begged the court for time to go home after it. He rode seven miles and back as hard as he could lick it, and when he handed it over, Marks, ses he, "Now, sur, you will just take the stand and translate this lattin' into English, so that the court may onderstand it." Well, he jest caved, for he could n't do it.

He lost his case in two minits, for the old squire sed that a dokter who could n't read his diplomy had no more right to praktise than a magistrate what could n't read the license had to jine two cuple together.

## II.

### A FEW OF MR. ARP'S REFLECTIONS.

I rekon I 've lived as much as most foaks accordin' to age, and I ain't tired of livin' yit. I like it. I've seen good times, and bad times, and hard times, and times that tried men's soles, but I never seed a time that I couldent extrakt sum cumfort out of trubble. When I was a boy I was a lively little devil, and lost my edycashun bekaus I could n't see enuf fun in the spellin' book to get thru it. I 'm sorry for it now, for a blind man can see what a fool I am. The last skhoolin' I got was the day I run from John Norton, and there was so much fun in that my daddy sed he rekoned I 'd got larnin' enuf. I had a bile on my back as big as a ginney egg, and it was mighty nigh ready to bust. We boys had got in a way of ringin' the bell before old Norton got there, and he sed that the first boy he kotch at it would ketch hail kolumby. Shore enuf he slipped upon

us one mornin', and before I knowd it he had me by the collar, and was layin' it on like killin' snakes. I hollered, "My bile, my bile, don't hit me on my bile," and just then he popped a center shot, and I jumped three feet in the atmosphere, and with a hoop and a beller I took to my heels. I run and hollered like the devil was after me, and shore enuf he was. His long legs gained on me at every jump, but just as he was about to grab me I made a double on him, and got a fresh start. I was aktiv as a cat, and so we had it over fences, thru the woods, and round the meetin' house, and all the boys was standin' on skool house hill a hollerin', "Go it, my Bill — go it, my Bill." As good luck would have it there was a grape vine a swingin' away ahead of me, and I ducked my head under it just as old Norton was about two jumps behind. He had n't seen it, and it took him about the middle, and throwed him the hardest summerset I ever seed a man git. He was tired, and I knowd it, and I stopped about three rods off and laffed at him as loud as I could ball. I forgot all about my bile. He never follered me another step, for he was plum giv out, but he set there bareheaded and shook his hickory at me, lookin' as mad and as miserable as possible. That lick on my bile was about the keenest pain I ever felt in my life, and like to have killed me. It busted as wide open as a soap trof, and let every drop of the juice out, but I 've had a power of fun thinkin' about it for the last forty years.

But I did n't start to tell you about that.

JIM ALLCORN.

I was only thinkin' how much better it is to be in a lively humor than be goin' about like a disappointed offis seeker. Good humor is a blessed thing in a family and smoothes down a heap of trubble. I never was mad but a few times in my life, and then I was n't mad long. Foaks thought I was mad when I fout Jim Allcorn, but I wasent. I never had had any grudge agin Jim. He had never done me any harm, but I could hear of his sayin' around in the naborhood that Bill Arp had played cock of the walk long enuf. So one day I went over to Chulio court ground to joak with the boys, and shore enuf Jim was there, and I soon perseeved that the devil was in him. He had never been whipped by anybody in the distrikt, and he outweighed me by about fifteen pounds. A drink or two had made him sassy, and so he commenced walkin' around first to one crowd, and then another, darin' anybody to fite him. He would pint to his forrerd and say, "I 'll give anybody five dollars to hit that." I was standin' tawkin' to Frank Air and John Johnsin, and as nobody took up Jim's offer, thinks, says I to myself, if he cums round here a huntin' for a fite he shall have one, by golly. If he dares me to hit him I 'll do it if it 's the last lick I ever strike on this side of Jordin. Frank Air looked at me, and seemed to know what I was a thinkin', and says he, "Bill, jest let Allcorn alone. He 's too big for you, and besides, there ain't nothin' to fite about." By this time Jim was makin' rite towards us. I put myself in position, and by the time he got to us every muscle in my body was strung as tite as a banjo. I

was worked up powerful, and felt like I could whip a camp meetin' of wild cats. Shore enuf Jim stepped up defiantly, and lookin' me rite in the eye, says he, "I dare anybody to hit that," and he touched his knuckles to his forrerd. He had barely straitened before I took him rite in the left eye with a sock-dolyger that popped like a wagin' whip. It turned him half round, and as quick as lightnin' I let him hav another on the right temple, and followed it up with a leap that sprawled him as flat as a foot mat. I knowed my customer, and I never giv him time to rally. If ever a man was diligent in business it was me. I took him so hard and so fast in the eyes with my fists, and in his bred basket with my knees, that he did n't hav a chance to see or to breathe, and he was the worst whipped man in two minets I ever seed in my life. When he hollered I helped him up and breshed the dirt off his clothes, and he was as umble as a ded nigger and as sober as a Presbyterian Preacher. We took a dram on the strength of it, and was always good frends afterwards.

But I dident start to tell you about that.

JIM PERKINS (cousin of Eli).

I jist wanted to say that I wasent mad with Jim Allcorn, as sum peepul supposed; but it do illustrate the onsertainty of human kalkulashuns in this subloonery world. The disappintments of life are amazin', and if a man wants to fret and grumble at his luck he can find a reesunable oppertunity to do so every day that he lives. Them sort of constitutional grumblers ain't much cumpany to me. I 'd rather be Jim Perkins with a bullit hole through me

and take my chances. Jim, you know, was shot down at Gains' Mill, and the ball went in at the umbilikus, as Dr. Battey called it, and cum out at the backbone. The Doktor sounded him, and sez he, "Jeems, my friend, your wound is mortal." Jim looked at the Doktor, and then at me, and sez he, "That 's bad, ain't it?" "Mighty bad," sez I, and I was as sorry for him as I ever was for anybody in my life. Sez he, "Bill, I 'd make a will if it warn't for one thing." "What 's that, Jim?" sez I. He sorter smiled and sez, "I hain't got nuthin' to will." He then raised up on his elbow, and sez he, "Doktor, is there one chance in a hundred for me?" and the Doktor sez, "Jest about, Jim." "Well, then," sez he, "I 'll git well — I feel it in my gizzard." He looked down at the big hole in his umbilikus, and sez he, "If I do git well, won't it be a great *naval* viktry, Doktor Battey?" Well, shore enuff he did git well, and in two months he was a fitin' the Yanks away up in Maryland.

But I did n't start to tell you about that.

KE MACKOY.

I jest stuck it in by way of illustratin' the good effeks of keepin' up one's spirits. My motto has always been to never say die, as Gen. Nelson sed at the battle of Madagascar, or sum other big river. All things considered, I 've had a power of good luck in my life. I don't mean money luck, by no means, for most of my life I 've been so ded poor that Lazarus would hev been considered a note shaver compared with me. But I 've been in a heap of close places, and sumhow always cum out rite side up with keer. Speakin' of luck, I don't know that

I ever told you about that rassel I had with Ike McKoy at Bob Hide's barbyku. You see Ike was perhaps the best rasler in all Cherokee, and he jest hankered after a chance to break a bone or two in my body. Now, you know, I never hunted for a fite nor a fuss in my life, but I never dodged one. I dident want a tilt with Ike, for my opinyun was that he was the best man of the two, but I never sed anything and jest trusted to luck. We was both at the barbyku, and he put on a heap of airs, and strutted around with his shirt collar open clean down to his waist, and his hat cocked on one side as sassy as a confedrit quartermaster. He took a dram or two and stuffed himself full of fresh meat at dinner time. Purty soon it was norated around that Ike was going to banter me for a rassel, and, shore enuff, he did. The boys were all up for sum fun, and Ike hollered out, "I 'll bet ten dollars I can paster the length of any man on the ground, and I 'll giv Bill Arp five dollars to take up the bet." Of course there was no gittin' around the like of that. The banter got my blood up, and so, without waitin' for preliminaries, I shucked myself and went in. The boys was all powerfully excited, and was a bettin' evry dollar they could raise; and Bob Moore, the feller I had licked about a year before, jumped on a stump and sed hed bet twenty dollars to ten that Ike would knock the breath out of me the first fall. I jest walked over to him with the money and sed, "I 'll take that bet." The river was right close to the ring, and the bank was purty steep. I had on a pair of old breeches that had been sained in and dried so often they was about half rotten. When we hitched, Ike took good britches hold, and lifted

me up and down a few times like I was a child. He was the heaviest, but I had the most spring in me, and so I jest let him play round for sum time, limber like, until he suddenly took a notion to make short work of it by one of his backleg movements. He drawed me up to his body and lifted me in the air with a powerful twist. Just at that minit his back was close to the river bank, and as my feet touched the ground I giv a tremenjius jerk backwards, and a shuv fowards, and my britches busted plum open on the back, and tore clean off in front, and he fell from me and tumbled into the water, kerchug, and went out of sight as clean as a mud turtle in a mill pond. Such hollerin' as them boys done I rekon never was heard in them woods. I jumped in and helped Ike get out as he riz to the top. He had took in a quart or two of water on top of his barbyku, and he set on the bank and throwd up enuf vittels to feed a pack of houns for a week. When he got over it he laffd, and sed Sally told him before he left home he 'd better let Bill Arp alone — for nobody could run agin his luck. Ike always believed he would hav throwd me if britches holt hadent broke, and I rekon may be he would. One thing is sertin, it cured him of braggin', and that helps anybody. I never did like a braggin' man. As a genrul thing they ain't much akkount, and remind me of a dog I used to have, named Cesar.

### DOGS.

But I dident start to tell you a dog story — only now, since I 've mentioned him, I must tell you a circumstance about Cees. He was a middlin' size broot, with fox ears and yaller spots over his eyes,

and could out bark and out brag all creation when he was inside the yard. If another dog was goin' along he 'd run up and down the palins and bark and take on like he 'd give the world if that fence wasent there. So one day when he was showin' off in that way I caught him by the nap of the neck as he run by me, and jest histed him right over and drapped him. He struck the ground like an injun rubber ball, and was back agin on my side in a jiffy. If he had ever jumped that fence before I dident know it. The other dog run a quarter of a mile without stoppin'. Now, that 's the way with sum foaks. If you want to hear war tawk jest put a fence between em; and if you want it stopped, jest take the fence away. Dogs is mighty like peepul anyhow. They 've got karacter. Sum of em are good honest, trusty dogs that bark mity little, and bite at the right time. Sum are good pluk, and will fite like the dickens when their masters is close by to back em, but ain't worth a cent by themselves. Sum make it a bizness to make other dogs fite. You 've seen these little fices a runnin' around growlin' and snappin' when two big dogs cum together. They are jest as keen to get up a row and see a big dog fite as a store clerk or a shoemaker, and seem to enjoy it as much. And then, there 's them mean yaller eyed bull terriers that don't care who they bite, so they bite sumbody. They are no respekter of persons, and I never had much respekt for a man who kept one on his premises. But of all mean, triflin', contemptible dogs in the world, the meanest of all is a country nigger's houn — one that will kill sheep, and suck eggs, and lick the skillet, and steal evrything he can find, and try to do as nigh like his master as pos-

sibul. Sum dogs are filosofers, and study other dogs' natur, just like foaks study foaks. It 's amazin' to see a town dog trot up to a country dog and interview him. How quick he finds out whether it will do to attack him or not. If the country dog shows fite jest notis the consequential dignity with which the town dog retires. He goes off like there was a sudden emergency of bisness a callin' him away. Town dogs sumtimes combine agin a country dog, jest like town boys try to run over country boys. I wish you could see Dr. Miller's dog Cartoosh. He jest lays in the piazzer all day watchin' out for a stray dog, and as soon as he sees him he goes for him, and he can tell in half a minit whether he can whip him or run him ; and if he can, he does it instanter, and if he can't, he runs to the next yard, where there 's two more dogs that nabor with him, and in a minit they all cum a tarin' out together, and that country dog has to run or take a whippin', shore. I 've seen Cartoosh play that game many a time. These town pups remind me powerfully of small editurs prowlin' around for news. In my opinyun they is the inventors of the interview bisness.

INTERVIEWERS.

If it ain't a doggish sort of bisnes I 'm mistaken in my idees of the proprietes of life. When a man gits into trubble, these sub editurs go fur him right strait, and they force their curosity away down into his heart strings, and bore into his buzzom with an augur as hard and as cold as chilld iron. Then away they go to skatter his feelins and sekrets to the wide, wide world. You see the poor feller can't help himself, for if he won't talk they 'll go off and

slander him, and make the publik beleeve he 's dun sumthing mean, and is ashamed to own it. I 've knowd em to go into a dungeon and interview a man who dident have two hours to live. Dod rot em. I wish one of em would try to interview me. If he dident catch leather under his coat tail it would be bekaus he retired prematurely — that 's all. But I like editurs sorter — especially sum. I like them that is the guardeens of sleepin' liberty, and good morals, and publik welfare, and sich like ; but there 's sum kinds I don't like. Them what makes sensation a bizness ; feedin' the peepul on skandal, and crime, and gossip, and private quarrels, and them what levies black mail on polytiks, and won't go for a man who won't pay em, and will go for a man that will. Them last watch for elekshun times jest like a sick frog waitin' for rain.

As Bill Nations used to say, I 'd drather be a luniak and gnaw chains in an asylum, than to be an editur that evrybody feard and nobody respekted.

### BILL NATIONS.

You never knowd Bill, I rekun. Hes gone to Arkensaw, and I don't know whether hes ded or alive. He was a good feller, Bill was, as most all whisky drinkers are. Me and him both used to love it powerful — especially Bill. We soaked it when we could git it, and when we coudent we hankered after it amazingly. I must tell you a little antidote on Bill, tho I dident start to tell you about that.

We started on a little jurney one day in June, and took along a bottle of "old rye," and there was so many springs and wells on the road that it was mighty nigh gone before dinner. We took our

snack, and Bill drained the last drop, for he said we would soon git to Joe Paxton's, and that Joe always kept some.

Shore enuff Joe dident have a drop, and we concluded, as we was mighty dry, to go on to Jim Alford's, and stay all night. We knew that Jim had it, for he always had it. So we whipped up, and the old Bay had to travel, for I tell you when a man wants whiskey everything has to bend to the gittin' of it. Shore enuff Jim had some. He was mity glad to see us, and he knowd what we wanted, for he knowd how it was hisself. So he brought out an old fashend glass decanter, and a shugar bowl, and a tumbler, and a spoon, and says he, "Now, boys, jest wait a minit till you git rested sorter, for it ain't good to take whiskey on a hot stomack. I've jest been readin' a piece in Grady's newspaper about a frog — the darndest frog that perhaps ever come from a tadpole. It was found up in Kanetucky, and is as big as a peck measure. Bill, do you take this paper and read it aloud to us. I'm a poor hand to read, and I want to hear it. I'll be hanged if it ain't the darndest frog I ever hearn of." He laid the paper on my knees, and I begun to read, thinkin' it was a little short anticdote, but as I turned the paper over I found it was mighty nigh a column. I took a side glance at Bill, and I saw the little dry twitches a jumpin' about on his countenance. He was mighty nigh dead for a drink. I warent so bad off myself, and I was about half mad with him for drainin' the bottle before dinner; so I just read along slow, and stopped two or three times to clear my throat just to consume time. Pretty soon Bill got up and commenced walkin' about, and he would look at the de-

kanter like he would give his daylights to choke the corn juice out of it. I read along slowly. Old Alvord was a listnin' and chawin' his tobakker and spittin' out of the door. Bill come up to me, his face red and twitchin', and leanin' over my shoulder he seed the length of the story, and I will never forgit his pityful tone as he whispered, "Skip some, Bill, for heaven's sake skip some."

My heart relented, and I did skip some, and hurried through, and we all jined in a drink; but I'll never forgit how Bill looked when he whispered to me to "skip some, Bill, skip some." I've got over the like of that, boys, and I hope Bill has, too, but I don't know. I wish in my soul that everybody had quit it, for you may talk about slavery, and penitentiary, and chain-gangs, and the Yankees, and General Grant, and a devil of a wife, but whiskey is the worst master that ever a man had over him. I know how it is myself.

But there is one good thing about drinkin'. I almost wish every man was a reformd drunkard. No man who has n't drank liker knows what a luxury cold water is. I have got up in the night in cold wether after I had been spreein' around, and gone to the well burnin' up with thirst, feeling like the gallows, and the grave, and the infernal regions was too good for me, and when I took up the bucket in my hands, and with my elbows a tremblin' like I had the shakin' ager, put the water to my lips; it was the most delicious, satisfyin', luxurius draft that ever went down my throat. I have stood there and drank and drank until I could drink no more, and gone back to bed thankin' God for the pure, innocent, and coolin' beverig, and cursin' myself from

my inmost soul for ever touchin' the accursed whisky. In my torture of mind and body I have made vows and promises, and broken em within a day. But if you want to know the luxury of cold water, get drunk, and keep at it until you get on fire, and then try a bucket full with your shirt on at the well in the middle of the night. You won't want a gourd full — you 'll feel like the bucket ain't big enuf, and when you begin to drink an earthquake could n't stop you. My fathers, how good it was ! I know a hundred men who will swear to the truth of what I say : but you see its a thing they don't like to talk about. It 's too humiliatin'.

But I dident start to talk about drinkin'. In fact, I 've forgot what I did start to tell you. My mind is sorter addled now a days, anyhow, and I hav to jes let my tawkin tumble out permiskuous. I 'll take another whet at it afore long, and fill up the gaps.

# "UNCLE REMUS."

THE publication of "Uncle Remus, his Sayings and his Songs, the Folk-Lore of the Old Plantation, by Joel Chandler Harris," marks something like the beginning of a new era in the provincial literature of the South. It is in all respects, in graphic power and in spirit, tone, and color, the best picture of negro life and character which has yet appeared in any language. To the production of this masterpiece of homely wisdom and humor, Mr. Harris brought a genius for subtle observation and a thorough sympathy with his theme, which, though professing the photographer's art merely, have in reality created a new figure in fiction. In a carefully prepared and very suggestive introduction to "Uncle Remus," Mr. Harris says: —

"I am advised by my publishers that this book is to be included in their catalogue of humorous publications, and this friendly warning gives me an opportunity to say that, however humorous it may be in effect, its intention is perfectly serious; and, even if it were otherwise, it seems to me that a volume written wholly in dialect must have its solemn, not to say melancholy, features. With respect to the Folk-Lore series, my purpose has been to preserve the legends themselves in their original simplicity, and to wed them permanently to the quaint dialect — if, indeed, it can be called a dialect — through the medium of which they have become a part of the domestic history of every Southern family; and I have endeavored to give to the whole a genuine flavor of the old plantation. Each legend has its variants, but in every instance I have retained that particular version which seemed to me to be the most characteristic, and have given it without embellishment and without exaggeration. The dialect, it will be observed, is wholly different from that of the Hon. Pompey Smash and his literary descendants, and different also from the intolerable misrepresentations of the minstrel stage, but it is at least phonetically genuine. Nevertheless, if the language of Uncle Remus fails to give vivid hints of the really poetic imagination of the negro; if it fails to embody the quaint and homely humor which was his most prominent characteristic; if it does not suggest a certain picturesque sensitiveness, — a curious exaltation of mind and temperament not to be defined by words, — then I have reproduced the form of the dialect merely, and not the essence, and my attempt may be accounted a failure. At any rate, I trust I have been successful in presenting what must be, at least to a large portion of American readers, a new and by no means unattractive phase of negro character, — a phase which may be considered a curiously sympathetic supplement to Mrs. Stowe's wonderful defense of slavery as it existed in the South. Mrs. Stowe, let me hasten to say, attacked the possibilities of slavery with all the eloquence of genius: but the same genius painted the portrait of the Southern slave-owner, and defended him."

No one can read "Uncle Remus" and pronounce the purpose thus set forth a failure. On the contrary, Mr. Harris has caught every expression, every phase, every intonation of the curious "sensitiveness" and "exaltation" of the negro character, and reproduced them to the life. "The story of the rabbit and the fox," Mr. Harris continues, "as told by the Southern negroes, is artistically dramatic in this: it progresses in an orderly way from a beginning to a well-defined conclusion, and is full of striking episodes that suggest the culmination. It seems to me to be to a certain extent allegorical, albeit such an interpretation may be unreasonable. At least it is a fable thoroughly characteristic of the negro; and it needs no scientific investigation to show why he selects as his hero the weakest and most harmless of all animals, and brings him out victorious in contests with the bear, the wolf, and the fox. It is not virtue that triumphs, but helplessness; it is not malice, but mischievousness."

Joel Chandler Harris, the author of this rare and charming volume, is a journalist of Atlanta, and yet a young man, having been born at Eatonton, in Georgia, the 6th of December, 1846.

## I.

### UNCLE REMUS INITIATES THE LITTLE BOY.

ONE evening recently, the lady whom Uncle Remus calls "Miss Sally" missed her little seven-year-old. Making search for him through the house and through the yard, she heard the sound of voices in the old man's cabin, and, looking through the window, saw the child sitting by Uncle Remus. His head rested against the old man's arm, and he was gazing with an expression of the most intense interest into the rough, weather-beaten face that beamed so kindly upon him. This is what "Miss Sally" heard:—

"Bimeby, one day, arter Brer Fox bin doin' all dat he could fer ter ketch Brer Rabbit, en Brer Rabbit bin doin' all he could fer ter keep 'im fum it, Brer Fox say to hisse'f dat he 'd put up a game on Brer

Rabbit, en he ain't mo'n got de wuds out'n his mouf twel Brer Rabbit come a lopin' up de big road, lookin' des ez plump, en ez fat, en ez sassy ez a Moggin hoss in a barley-patch.

"'Hol' on dar, Brer Rabbit,' sez Brer Fox, sezee.

"'I ain't got time, Brer Fox,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, sorter mendin' his licks.

"'I wanter have some confab wid you, Brer Rabbit,' sez Brer Fox, sezee.

"'All right, Brer Fox, but you better holler fum whar you stan'. I 'm monstus full er fleas dis mawnin',' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee.

"'I seed Brer B'ar yistiddy,' sez Brer Fox, sezee, 'en he sorter rake me over de coals kaze you en me ain't make frens en live naberly, en I tole 'im dat I 'd see you.'

"Den Brer Rabbit scratch one year wid his off hine-foot sorter jub'usly, en den he ups en sez, sezee: —

"'All a settin', Brer Fox. Spose'n you drap roun' ter-morrer en take dinner wid me. We ain't got no great doin's at our house, but I speck de ole 'oman en de chilluns kin sorter scramble roun' en git up sump'n fer ter stay yo' stummuck.'

"'I 'm 'gree'ble, Brer Rabbit,' sez Brer Fox, sezee.

"'Den I 'll 'pen' on you,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee.

"Nex' day, Mr. Rabbit an' Miss Rabbit got up soon, 'fo' day, en raided on a gyarden like Miss Sally's out dar, en got some cabbiges, en some roas'n years, en some sparrer-grass, en dey fix up a smashin' dinner. Bimeby one er de little Rabbits, playin' out in the back-yard, come runnin' in hollerin', 'Oh, ma! oh, ma! I seed Mr. Fox a comin'!' En den Brer

Rabbit he tuck de chilluns by der years en make um set down, en den him en Miss Rabbit sorter dally roun' waitin' for Brer Fox. En dey keep on waitin', but no Brer Fox ain't come. Atter 'while Brer Rabbit goes to de do', easy like, en peep out, en dar, stickin' out fum behime de cornder, wuz de tip-een' er Brer Fox tail. Den Brer Rabbit shot de do' en sot down, en put his paws behime his years en begin' fer ter sing: —

> "'De place wharbouts you spill de grease,
> Right dar youer boun' ter slide,
> An' whar you fine a bunch er ha'r,
> You 'll sholy fine de hide.'

"Nex' day, Brer Fox sont word by Mr. Mink, en skuze hisse'f kaze he wuz too sick fer ter come, en he ax Brer Rabbit fer ter come en take dinner wid him, en Brer Rabbit say he wuz 'gree'ble.

"Bimeby, w'en de shadders wuz at der shortes', Brer Rabbit he sorter brush up en santer down ter Brer Fox's house, en w'en he got dar he yer somebody groanin', en he look in de do', en dar he see Brer Fox settin' up in a rockin' cheer all wrop up wid flannil, en he look mighty weak. Brer Rabbit look all 'roun', he did, but he ain't see no dinner. De dish-pan wuz settin' on de table, en close by wuz a kyarvin' knife.

"'Look like you gwineter have chicken fer dinner, Brer Fox,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee.

"'Yes, Brer Rabbit, deyer nice, en fresh, en tender,' sez Brer Fox, sezee.

"Den Brer Rabbit sorter pull his mustarsh, en say: 'You ain't got no calamus root, is you, Brer Fox? I done got so now dat I can't eat no chicken 'ceppin she 's seasoned up wid calamus root.' En

wid dat Brer Rabbit lipt out er de do' and dodge 'mong de bushes, en sot dar watchin' fer Brer Fox; en he ain't watch long, nudder, kaze Brer Fox flung off de flannil en crope out er de house en got whar he could cloze in on Brer Rabbit, en bimeby Brer Rabbit holler out: 'Oh, Brer Fox! I 'll des put yo' calamus root out yer on dish yer stump. Better come git it while hit 's fresh,' and wid dat Brer Rabbit gallop off home. En Brer Fox ain't never kotch 'im yet, en w'at 's mo', honey, he ain't gwineter."

## II.

### THE WONDERFUL TAR-BABY STORY.

"Didn't the fox *never* catch the rabbit, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy the next evening.

"He come mighty nigh it, honey, sho 's you bawn — Brer Fox did. One day atter Brer Rabbit fool 'im wid dat calamus root, Brer Fox went ter wuk en got 'im some tar, en mix it wid some turkentime, en fix up a contrapshun wat he call a Tar-Baby; en he tuck dish yer Tar-Baby en he sot 'er in de big road, en den he lay off in de bushes fer ter see wat de news wuz gwineter be. En he did n't hatter wait long, nudder, kaze bimeby here come Brer Rabbit pacin' down de road — lippity-clippity, clippity-lippity — dez ez sassy ez a jay-bird. Brer Fox, he lay low. Brer Rabbit 'come prancin' 'long twel he spy de Tar-Baby; en den he fotch up on his behime legs like he wuz 'stonished. De Tar-Baby, she sot dar, she did, en Brer Fox, he lay low.

"'Mawnin'!' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee — 'nice wedder dis mawnin',' sezee.

"Tar-Baby ain't sayin' nuthin', en Brer Fox, he lay low.

"'How duz yo' sym'tums seem ter segashuate?' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee.

"Brer Fox, he wink his eye slow, en lay low, en de Tar-Baby, she ain't sayin' nuthin'.

"'How you come on, den? Is you deaf?' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee. 'Kase if you is, I kin holler louder,' sezee.

"Tar-Baby stay still, en Brer Fox, he lay low.

"'Youer stuck up, dat's w'at you is,' says Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'en I 'm gwineter kyore you, dat's w'at I 'm a gwineter do,' sezee.

"Brer Fox, he sorter chuckle in his stummuck, he did, but Tar-Baby ain't sayin' nuthin'.

"'I 'm gwineter larn you howter talk ter 'spect-tubble fokes ef hit 's de las' ack,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee. 'Ef you don't take off dat hat en tell me howdy, I 'm gwineter bus' you wide open,' sezee.

"Tar-Baby stay still, en Brer Fox, he lay low.

"Brer Rabbit keep on axin' 'im, en de Tar-Baby, she keep on sayin' nuthin', twel present'y Brer Rabbit draw back wid his fis', he did, en blip he tuck 'er side er de head. Right dar 's whar he broke his merlasses jug. His fis' stuck, en he can't pull loose. De tar hilt 'im. But Tar-Baby, she stay still, en Brer Fox, he lay low.

"'Ef you don't lemme loose, I 'll knock you agin,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, en wid dat he fotch 'er a wipe wid de udder han', en dat stuck. Tar-Baby, she ain't sayin' nuthin', en Brer Fox, he lay low.

"'Tu'n me loose, fo' I kick de natal stuffin' outen you,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, but de Tar-Baby, she ain't sayin' nuthin'. She des hilt on, en den Brer

Rabbit lose de use er his feet in de same way. Brer Fox, he lay low. Den Brer Rabbit squall out dat ef de Tar-Baby don't tu'n 'im loose he butt 'er crank-sided. En den he butted, en his head got stuck. Den Brer Fox, he sa'ntered fort', lookin' des ez innercent ez wunner yo' mammy's mockin'-birds.

"'Howdy, Brer Rabbit,' sez Brer Fox, sezee. 'You look sorter stuck up dis mawnin',' sezee, en den he rolled on de groun', en laft en laft twel he could n't laff no mo'. 'I speck you 'll take dinner wid me dis time, Brer Rabbit. I done laid in some calamus root, en I ain't gwineter take no skuse,' sez Brer Fox, sezee."

Here Uncle Remus paused, and drew a two-pound yam out of the ashes.

"Did the fox eat the rabbit?" asked the little boy to whom the story had been told.

"Dat 's all de fur de tale goes," replied the old man. "He mout, en den agin he moutent. Some say Jedge B'ar come 'long en loosed 'im — some say he did n't. I hear Miss Sally callin'. You better run 'long."

## III.

### HOW MR. RABBIT WAS TOO SHARP FOR MR. FOX.

"Uncle Remus," said the little boy one evening, when he had found the old man with little or nothing to do, "did the fox kill and eat the rabbit when he caught him with the Tar-Baby?"

"Law, honey, ain't I tell you 'bout dat?" replied the old darkey, chuckling slyly. "I 'clar ter grashus I ought 'er tole you dat, but ole man Nod wuz ridin' on my eyeleds 'twel a leetle mo'n I 'd a dis'mem-

"You look sorter stuck up dis mawnin'" See page 310.

ber'd my own name, en den on to dat here come yo' mammy hollerin' atter you.

"W'at I tell you w'en I fus' begin? I tole you Brer Rabbit wuz a monstus soon beas'; leas'ways dat 's w'at I laid out fer ter tell you. Well, den, honey, don't you go en make no udder kalkalashuns, kaze in dem days Brer Rabbit en his fambly wuz at de head er de gang w'en enny racket wuz on han', en dar dey stayed. 'Fo' you begins fer ter wipe yo' eyes 'bout Brer Rabbit, you wait and see whar'bouts Brer Rabbit gwineter fetch up at. But dat's needer yer ner dar.

"W'en Brer Fox fine Brer Rabbit mixt up wid de Tar-Baby, he feel mighty good, en he roll on de groun' en laff. Bimeby he up'n say, sezee:—

"'Well, I speck I got you dis time, Brer Rabbit,' sezee: 'maybe I ain't, but I speck I is. You been runnin' roun' here sassin' atter me a mighty long time, but I speck you done come ter de een' er de row. You bin cuttin' up yo' capers en bouncin' 'roun' in dis naberhood ontwel you come ter b'leeve yo'se'f de boss er de whole gang. En den youer allers some'rs whar you got no bizness,' sez Brer Fox, sezee. 'Who ax you fer ter come en strike up a 'quaintence wid dish yer Tar-Baby? En who stuck you up dar whar you iz? Nobody in de roun' worril. You des tuck en jam yo'se'f on dat Tar-Baby widout waitin' fer enny invite,' sez Brer Fox, sezee, 'en dar you is, en dar you 'll stay twel I fixes up a bresh-pile and fires her up, kaze I 'm gwineter bobbycue you dis day, sho,' sez Brer Fox, sezee.

"Den Brer Rabbit talk mighty 'umble.

"'I don't keer w'at you do wid me, Brer Fox,' sezee, 'so you don't fling me in dat brier-patch

Roas' me, Brer Fox,' sezee, 'but don't fling me in dat brier-patch,' sezee.

"'Hit 's so much trouble fer ter kindle a fier,' sez Brer Fox, sezee, 'dat I speck I 'll hatter hang you,' sezee.

"'Hang me des ez high as you please, Brer Fox,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'but do fer de Lord's sake don't fling me in dat brier-patch,' sezee.

"'I ain't got no string,' sez Brer Fox, sezee, 'en now I speck I 'll hatter drown you,' sezee.

"'Drown me des ez deep ez you please, Brer Fox,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'but do don't fling me in dat brier-patch,' sezee.

"'Dey ain't no water nigh,' sez Brer Fox, sezee, 'en now I speck I 'll hatter skin you,' sezee.

"'Skin me, Brer Fox,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'snatch out my eyeballs, t'ar out my years by de roots, en cut off my legs,' sezee, 'but do please, Brer Fox, don't fling me in dat brier-patch,' sezee.

"Co'se Brer Fox wanter hurt Brer Rabbit bad ez he kin, so he cotch 'im by de behime legs en slung 'im right in de middle er de brier-patch. Dar wuz a considerbul flutter whar Brer Rabbit struck de bushes, en Brer Fox sorter hang 'roun' fer ter see w'at wuz gwineter happen. Bimeby he hear somebody call 'im, en way up de hill he see Brer Rabbit settin' cross-legged on a chinkapin log koamin' de pitch outen his har wid a chip. Den Brer Fox know dat he bin swop off mighty bad. Brer Rabbit wuz bleedzed fer ter fling back some er his sass, en he holler out:—

"'Bred en bawn in a brier-patch, Brer Fox — bred en bawn in a brier-patch!' en wid dat he skip out des ez lively ez a cricket in de embers."

## IV.

### MR. RABBIT GROSSLY DECEIVES MR. FOX.

One evening, when the little boy, whose nights with Uncle Remus are as entertaining as those Arabian ones of blessed memory, had finished supper and hurried out to sit with his venerable patron, he found the old man in great glee. Indeed, Uncle Remus was talking and laughing to himself at such a rate that the little boy was afraid he had company. The truth is, Uncle Remus had heard the child coming, and, when the rosy-cheeked chap put his head in at the door, was engaged in a monologue, the burden of which seemed to be —

> "Ole Molly Har',
> W'at you doin' dar,
> Settin' in de cornder
> Smokin' yo' seegyar?"

As a matter of course this vague allusion reminded the little boy of the fact that the wicked Fox was still in pursuit of the Rabbit, and he immediately put his curiosity in the shape of a question.

"Uncle Remus, did the Rabbit have to go clean away when he got loose from the Tar-Baby?"

"Bless grashus, honey, dat he did n't. Who? Him? You dunno nuthin' 'tall 'bout Brer Rabbit ef dat 's de way you puttin' 'im down. W'at he gwine 'way fer? He mouter stayed sorter close twel de pitch rub off 'n his ha'r, but twer n't menny days 'fo' he wuz lopin' up en down de naberhood same ez ever, en I dunno ef he wer n't mo' sassier dan befo'

"Seem like dat de tale 'bout how he got mixt

up wid de Tar-Baby got 'roun' 'mongst de nabers. Leas'ways, Miss Meadows en de gals got win' un' it, en de nex' time Brer Rabbit paid um a visit Miss Meadows tackled 'im 'bout it, en de gals sot up a monstus gigglement. Brer Rabbit, he sot up des ez cool ez a cowcumber, he did, en let 'em run on."

"Who was Miss Meadows, Uncle Remus?" inquired the little boy.

"Don't ax me, honey. She wuz in de tale, Miss Meadows en de gals wuz, en de tale I give you like hi't wer' gun ter me. Brer Rabbit, he sot dar, he did, sorter lam' like, en den bimeby he cross his legs, he did, and wink his eye slow, en up en say, sezee: —

"'Ladies, Brer Fox wuz my daddy's ridin'-hoss fer thirty year; maybe mo', but thirty year dat I knows un,' sezee; en den he paid um his 'specks, en tip his beaver, en march off, he did, des ez stiff en ez stuck up ez a fire-stick.

"Nex' day, Brer Fox cum a callin', and w'en he gun fer ter laff 'bout Brer Rabbit, Miss Meadows en de gals, dey ups en tells 'im 'bout w'at Brer Rabbit say. Den Brer Fox grit his toof sho' nuff, he did, en he look mighty dumpy, but w'en he riz fer ter go he up en say, sezee: —

"'Ladies, I ain't 'sputin' w'at you say, but I 'll make Brer Rabbit chaw up his words en spit um out right yer whar you kin see 'im,' sezee, en wid dat off Brer Fox marcht.

"En w'en he got in de big road, he shuck de dew off 'n his tail, en made a straight shoot fer Brer Rabbit's house. W'en he got dar, Brer Rabbit wuz spectin' un 'im, en de do' wuz shet fas'. Brer Fox knock. Nobody ain't ans'er. Brer Fox knock. No-

body ans'er. Den he knock agin — blam! blam! Den Brer Rabbit holler out mighty weak: —

"'Is dat you, Brer Fox? I want you ter run en fetch de doctor. Dat bait er pusly w'at I e't dis mawnin' is gittin' 'way wid me. Do, please, Brer Fox, run quick,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee.

"'I come atter you, Brer Rabbit,' sez Brer Fox, sezee. 'Dere 's gwineter be a party up at Miss Meadows's,' sezee. 'All de gals 'll be dere, en I promus' dat I 'd fetch you. De gals, dey 'lowed dat hit would n't be no party 'ceppin' I fotch you,' sez Brer Fox, sezee.

"Den Brer Rabbit say he wuz too sick, en Brer Fox say he wuzzent, en dar dey had it up and down, 'sputin' en contendin'. Brer Rabbit say he can't walk. Brer Fox say he tote 'im. Brer Rabbit say how? Brer Fox say in his arms. Brer Rabbit say he drap 'im. Brer Fox 'low he won't. Bimeby Brer Rabbit say he go ef Brer Fox tote 'im on his back. Brer Fox say he would. Brer Rabbit say he can't ride widout a saddle. Brer Fox say he git de saddle. Brer Rabbit say he can't set in saddle less he have bridle fer ter hol' by. Brer Fox say he git de bridle. Brer Rabbit say he can't ride widout bline bridle, kaze Brer Fox be shyin' at stumps 'long de road, en fling 'im off. Brer Fox say he git bline bridle. Den Brer Rabbit say he go. Den Brer Fox say he ride Brer Rabbit mos' up ter Miss Meadows's, en den he could git down en walk de balance er de way. Brer Rabbit 'greed, en den Brer Fox lipt out atter de saddle en de bridle.

"Co'se Brer Rabbit know de game dat Brer Fox wuz fixin' fer ter play, en he 'termin' fer ter outdo 'im, en by de time he koam his ha'r en twis' his

mustarsh, en sorter rig up, yer come Brer Fox, saddle en bridle on, en lookin' ez peart ez a circus pony. He trot up ter de do' en stan' dar pawin' de ground en chompin' de bit same like sho 'nuff hoss, en Brer Rabbit he mount, he did, en dey amble off. Brer Fox can't see behime wid de bline bridle on, but bimeby he feel Brer Rabbit raise one er his foots.

"'W'at you doin' now, Brer Rabbit?' sezee.

"'Short'nin' de lef stir'p, Brer Fox,' sezee.

"Bimeby Brer Rabbit raise up the udder foot.

"'W'at you doin' now, Brer Rabbit?' sezee.

"'Pullin' down my pants, Brer Fox,' sezee.

"All de time, bless grashus, honey, Brer Rabbit wer puttin' on his spurrers, en w'en dey got close to Miss Meadows's whar Brer Rabbit wuz to git off, en Brer Fox made a motion fer ter stan' still, Brer Rabbit slap de spurrers into Brer Fox flanks, en you better b'leeve he got over groun'. W'en dey got ter de house, Miss Meadows en all de gals wuz settin' on de peazzer, en stidder stoppin' at de gate, Brer Rabbit rid on by, he did, en den come gallopin' down de road en up ter de hoss-rack, w'ich he hitch Brer Fox at, en den he santer inter de house, he did, en shake han's wid de gals, en set dar, smokin' his seegyar same ez a town man. Bimeby he draw in long puff, en den let hit out in a cloud, en squar hisse'f back en holler out, he did:—

"'Ladies, ain't I done tell you Brer Fox wuz de ridin'-hoss fer our fambly? He sorter losin' his gait' now, but I speck I kin fetch 'im all right in a mont' er so,' sezee.

"En den Brer Rabbit sorter grin, he did, en de gals giggle, en Miss Meadows, she praise up de pony, en dar wuz Brer Fox hitch fas' ter de rack, en could n't he'p hisse'f."

"Is that all, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy as the old man paused.

"Dat ain't all, honey, but 't won't do fer ter give out too much cloff fer ter cut one pa'r pants," replied the old man sententiously.

## V.

### MR. FOX IS AGAIN VICTIMIZED.

When "Miss Sally's" little boy went to Uncle Remus the next night to hear the conclusion of the adventure in which the Rabbit made a riding-horse of the Fox, to the great enjoyment and gratification of Miss Meadows and the girls, he found the old man in a bad humor.

"I ain't tellin' no tales ter bad chilluns," said Uncle Remus, curtly.

"But, Uncle Remus, I ain't bad," said the little boy, plaintively.

"Who dat chunkin' dem chickens dis mawnin'? Who dat knockin' out fokes's eyes wid dat Yallerbammer sling des 'fo' dinner? Who dat sickin' dat pinter puppy atter my pig? Who dat scatterin' my ingun sets? Who dat flingin' rocks on top er my house, w'ich a little mo' en one un en would er drap spang on my head?"

"Well, now, Uncle Remus, I did n't go to do it. I won't do so any more. Please, Uncle Remus, if you will tell me, I 'll run to the house and bring you some tea-cakes."

"Seein' um's better 'n hearin' tell un um," replied the old man, the severity of his countenance relaxing somewhat; but the little boy darted out, and in

a few minutes came running back with his pockets full and his hands full.

"I lay yo' mammy 'll 'spishun dat de rats' stummucks is widenin' in dis naberhood w'en she come fer ter count up 'er cakes," said Uncle Remus, with a chuckle. "Deze," he continued, dividing the cakes into two equal parts, "deze I 'll tackle now, en deze I 'll lay by fer Sunday.

"Lemme see. I mos' dis'member wharbouts Brer Fox en Brer Rabbit wuz."

"The rabbit rode the fox to Miss Meadows's, and hitched him to the horse-rack," said the little boy.

"W'y, co'se he did," said Uncle Remus. "Co'se he did. Well, Brer Rabbit rid Brer Fox up, he did, en tied 'im to de rack, en den sot out in de peazzer wid de gals a smokin' er his seegyar wid mo' proudness dan wa't you mos' ever see. Dey talk, en dey sing, en dey play on de peanner, de gals did, twel bimeby hit come time fer Brer Rabbit fer to be gwine, en he tell um all good-by, en strut out to de hoss-rack same 's ef he wuz de king er de patter-rollers,[1] en den he mount Brer Fox en ride off.

"Brer Fox ain't sayin' nuthin' 'tall. He des rack off, he did, en keep his mouf shet, en Brer Rabbit know'd der wuz bizness cookin' up fer him, en he feel monstus skittish. Brer Fox amble on twel he git in de long lane, outer sight er Miss Meadows's house, en den he tu'n loose, he did. He rip en he r'ar, en he cuss en he swar; he snort en he cavort."

[1] Patrols. In the country districts, order was kept on the plantations at night by the knowledge that they were liable to be visited at any moment by the patrols. Hence a song current among the negroes, the chorus of which was, —

"Run, nigger, run; patter-roller ketch you, —
Run, nigger, run; hit's almos' day."

"What was he doing that for, Uncle Remus?" the little boy inquired.

"He wuz tryin' fer ter fling Brer Rabbit off'n his back, bless yo' soul! But he des might ez well er rastle wid his own shadder. Every time he hump hisse'f Brer Rabbit slap de spurrers in 'im, en dar dey had it, up en down. Brer Fox fa'rly to' up de groun', he did, en he jump so high en he jump so quick dat he mighty nigh snatch his own tail off. Dey kep' on gwine on dis way twel bimeby Brer Fox lay down en roll over, he did, en dis sorter onsettle Brer Rabbit, but by de time Brer Fox got back on his footses agin, Brer Rabbit wuz gwine thoo de underbresh mo' samer dan a race-hoss. Brer Fox he lit out atter 'im, he did, en he push Brer Rabbit so close dat it wuz 'bout all he could do fer ter git in a holler tree. Hole too little fer Brer Fox fer ter git in, en he hatter lay down en res' en gedder his mine tergedder.

"While he wuz layin' dar, Mr. Buzzard come floppin' long, en seein' Brer Fox stretch out on de groun', he lit en view de premuses. Den Mr. Buzzard sorter shake his wing, en put his head on one side, en say to hisse'f like, sezee:—

"'Brer Fox dead, en I so sorry,' sezee.

"'No, I ain't dead, nudder,' sez Brer Fox, sezee. 'I got ole man Rabbit pent up in yer,' sezee, 'en I'm a gwineter git 'im dis time, ef it take twel Chris'mus,' sezee.

"Den, atter some mo' palaver, Brer Fox make a bargain dat Mr. Buzzard wuz ter watch de hole, en keep Brer Rabbit dar wiles Brer Fox went atter his axe. Den Brer Fox, he lope off, he did, en Mr. Buzzard, he tuck up his stan' at de hole. Bimeby, w'en all git still, Brer Rabbit sorter scramble down close ter de hole, he did, en holler out:—

"'Brer Fox! Oh! Brer Fox!'

"Brer Fox done gone, en nobody say nuthin'. Den Brer Rabbit squall out like he wuz mad; sezee: —

"'You need n't talk less you wanter,' sezee; 'I knows youer dar, en I ain't keerin',' sezee. 'I des wanter tell you dat I wish mighty bad Brer Tukkey Buzzard wuz here,' sezee.

"Den Mr. Buzzard try ter talk like Brer Fox: —

"'W'at you want wid Mr. Buzzard?' sezee.

"'Oh, nuthin' in 'tickler, 'cep' dere's de fattes' gray squir'l in yer dat ever I see,' sezee, 'en ef Brer Tukkey Buzzard wuz 'roun' he 'd be mighty glad fer ter git 'im,' sezee.

"'How Mr. Buzzard gwine ter git 'im?' sez de Buzzard, sezee.

"'Well, dars a little hole roun' on de udder side er de tree,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'en ef Brer Tukkey Buzzard wuz here so he could take up his stan' dar,' sezee, 'I 'd drive dat squir'l out,' sezee.

"'Drive 'im out, den,' sez Mr. Buzzard, sezee, 'en I 'll see dat Brer Tukkey Buzzard gits 'im,' sezee.

"Den Brer Rabbit kick up a racket, like he wer' drivin' sumpin' out, en Mr. Buzzard he rush 'roun' fer ter ketch de squir'l, en Brer Rabbit, he dash out, he did, en he des fly fer home."

At this point Uncle Remus took one of the tea-cakes, held his head back, opened his mouth, dropped the cake in with a sudden motion, looked at the little boy with an expression of astonishment, and then closed his eyes, and begun to chew, mumbling as an accompaniment the plaintive tune of "Don't you Grieve atter Me."

The *séance* was over; but, before the little boy

went into the "big house," Uncle Remus laid his rough hand tenderly on the child's shoulder, and remarked in a confidential tone: —

"Honey, you mus' git up soon Chris'mus mawnin' en open de do'; kase I'm gwineter bounce in on Marse John en Miss Sally, en holler Chris'mus gif' des like I useter endurin' de fahmin' days fo' de war, w'en ole Miss wuz 'live. I boun' dey don't fergit de ole nigger, nudder. W'en you hear me callin' de pigs, honey, you des hop up en onfassen de do'. I lay I 'll give Marse John wunner deze yer 'sprize parties."

## VI.

## SONGS OF "UNCLE REMUS."

### REVIVAL HYMN.

Oh, whar shill we go w'en de great day comes,
Wid de blowin' er de trumpits en de bangin' er de drums?
How many po' sinners 'll be kotched out late
En fine no latch ter de golden gate?
No use fer ter wait twel ter-morrer!
De sun mus n't set on yo' sorrer,
Sin 's ez sharp ez a bamboo-brier —
Oh, Lord! fetch de mo'ners up higher!

W'en de nashuns er de earf is a stan'in all aroun',
Who 's a gwineter be choosen fer ter w'ar de glory-crown?
Who 's a gwine fer ter stan' stiff-kneed en bol',
En answer to der name at de callin' er de roll?
You better come now ef you comin' —
Ole Satun is loose en a bummin' —
De wheels er distruckshun is a hummin' —
Oh, come 'long, sinner, ef you comin'!

De song er salvashun is a mighty sweet song,
En de Pairidise win' blow fur en blow strong,
En Aberham's bosom, hit 's saft en hit 's wide,
En right dar 's de place whar de sinners oughter hide!
Oh, you nee'nter be a stoppin' en a lookin';
Ef you fool wid ole Satun you 'll git took in;
You 'll hang on de aidge en get shook in,
Ef you keep on a stoppin' en a lookin'.

De time is right now, en dish yer 's de place —
Let de sun er salvashun shine squar' in yo' face;
Fight de battles er de Lord, fight soon en fight late,
En you 'll allers fine a latch ter de golden gate.
No use fer ter wait twel ter-morrer,
De sun mus n't set on yo' sorrer —
Sin 's ez sharp ez a bamboo-brier,
Ax de Lord fer ter fetch you up higher!

### CAMP-MEETING SONG.[1]

Oh, de worril is roun' en de worril is wide —
Lord! 'member deze chillun in de mornin' —
Hit 's a mighty long ways up de mountain side,
En dey ain't no place for dem sinners fer ter hide,
En dey ain't no place whar sin kin abide,
W'en de Lord shill come in de mornin'!
Look up en look aroun',
Fling yo' burden on de groun',
Hit 's a gittin' mighty close on ter mornin'!
Smoove away sin's frown —
Retch up en git de crown,
W'at de Lord will fetch in de mornin'!

[1] In the days of slavery, the religious services held by the negroes who accompanied their owners to the camp-meetings were marvels of earnestness and devotion.

De han' er ridem'shun, hit 's hilt out ter you —
Lord! 'member dem sinners in de mornin'!
Hit 's a mighty pashent han', but de days is but few,
W'en Satun, he 'll come a demandin' un his due,
En de stiff-neck sinners 'll be smotin' all fru —
Oh, you better git ready fer de mornin'!
Look up en set yo' face
Todes de green hills er grace
'Fo' de sun rises up in de mornin' —
Oh, you better change yo' base,
Hit 's yo' soul's las' race
Fer de glory dat 's comin' in de mornin'!

De farmer gits ready w'en de lan 's all plowed
Fer ter sow dem seeds in de mornin' —
De sperrit may be puny en de flesh may be proud,
But you better cut loose fum de scoffin' crowd,
En jine dese Christuns w'at 's a cryin' out loud
Fer de Lord fer ter come in de mornin'!
Shout loud en shout long,
Let de ekkoes ans'er strong,
W'en de sun rises up in de mornin'!
Oh, you allers will be wrong
Twel you choose ter belong
Ter de Marster w'at 's a comin' in de mornin'!

### CORN-SHUCKING SONG.

Oh, de fus news you know de day 'll be a breakin' —
(Hey O! Hi O! Up'n down de Bango!)[1]
An' de fier be a burnin' en' de ash-cake a bakin',
(Hey O! Hi O! Up'n down de Bango!)
An' de hen 'll be a hollerin' en de boss 'll be a wakin' —
(Hey O! Hi O! Up'n down de Bango!)

[1] So far as I know, "Bango" is a meaningless term, introduced on account of its sonorous ruggedness.

Better git up, nigger, en give yo'se'f a shakin' —
(Hi O, Miss Sindy Ann !)

Oh, honey ! w'en you see dem ripe stars a fallin' —
(Hey O ! Hi O ! Up'n down de Bango !)
Oh, honey ! w'en you year de rain-crow a callin' —
(Hey O ! Hi O ! Up'n down de Bango !)
Oh, honey ! w'en you year dat red calf a bawlin' —
(Hey O ! Hi O ! Up'n down de Bango !)
Den de day time 's comin', a creepin' en a crawlin' —
(Hi O, Miss Sindy Ann !)

Fer de los' ell en yard [1] is a huntin' fer de mornin',
(Hi O ! git 'long ! go way !)
En she 'll ketch up widdus 'fo' we ever git dis corn in —
(Oh, go 'way, Sindy Ann !)

Oh, honey ! w'en you year dat tin-horn a tootin' —
(Hey O ! Hi O ! Up'n down de Bango !)
Oh, honey, w'en you year de squinch-owl a hootin' —
(Hey O ! Hi O ! Up'n down de Bango !)
Oh, honey ! w'en you year dem little pigs a rootin' —
(Hey O ! Hi O ! Up'n down de Bango !)
Right den she 's a comin' a skippin' en a scootin' —
(Hi O, Miss Sindy Ann !)

Oh, honey, w'en you year dat roan mule whicker —
(Hey O ! Hi O ! Up'n down de Bango !)
W'en you see Mister Moon turnin' pale en gittin' sicker —
(Hey O ! Hi O ! Up'n down de Bango !)
Den hit 's time fer ter handle dat corn a little quicker —
(Hey O ! Hi O ! Up'n down de Bango !)
Ef you wanter git a smell er old Marster's jug er licker –
(Hi O, Miss Sindy Ann !)

[1] The sword and belt in the constellation of Orion.

Fer de los' ell en yard is a huntin' fer de mornin',
(Hi O! git 'long! go 'way!)
En she 'll ketch up widdus 'fo' we ever git dis corn in —
(Oh, go 'way, Sindy Ann!)

You niggers 'cross dar! you better stop your dancin' —
(Hey O! Hi O! Up'n down de Bango!)
No use fer ter come a flingin' un yo' "sha'n'ts" in —
(Hey O! Hi O! Up'n down de Bango!)
No use fer ter come a flingin' un yo' "can'ts" in —
(Hey O! Hi O! Up'n down de Bango!)
Kaze dey ain't no time fer yo' pattin' ner yo' prancin'!
(Hi O, Miss Sindy Ann!)

Mr. Rabbit see de Fox, en he sass um en jaws um —
(Hey O! Hi O! Up'n down de Bango!)
Mr. Fox ketch de Rabbit, en he scratch um en he claws um —
(Hey O! Hi O! Up'n down de Bango!)
En he tar off de hide, en he chaws um en he gnyaws um —
(Hey O! Hi O! Up'n down de Bango!)
Same like gal chawin' sweet gum en rozzum —
(Hi O, Miss Sindy Ann!)

Fer de los' ell en yard is a huntin' fer de mornin',
(Hi O! git 'long! go 'way!)
En she 'll ketch up widdus 'fo' we ever git dis corn in —
(Oh, go 'way, Sindy Ann!)

Oh, work on, boys! give deze shucks a mighty wringin' —
(Hey O! Hi O! Up'n down de Bango!)
'Fo' de boss come aroun' a dangin' en a dingin' —
(Hey O! Hi O! Up'n down de Bango!)
Git up en move aroun'! set dem big han's ter swingin' —
(Hey O! Hi O! Up'n down de Bango!)
Git up'n shout loud! let de w'ite folks year you singin'!
(Hi O, Miss Sindy Ann!)

Fer de los' ell en yard is a huntin' fer de mornin'
(Hi O! git 'long! go 'way!)
En she 'll ketch up widdus 'fo' we ever git dis corn in,
(Oh, go 'way, Sindy Ann!)

### THE PLOUGH-HANDS' SONG.

Nigger mighty happy w'en he layin' by co'n —
Dat sun 's a slantin';
Nigger mighty happy w'en he year he dinner-h'on —
Dat sun 's a slantin';
En he mo' happy still w'en de night draws on —
Dat sun 's a slantin';
Dat sun 's a slantin' des ez sho 's you bo'n!
En it 's rise up, Primus! fetch anudder yell:
Dat ole dun cow 's des a shakin' up 'er bell,
En de frogs chunin' up 'fo' de jew done fell:
*Good-night, Mr. Killdee! I wish you mighty well!*
*— Mr. Killdee! I wish you mighty well!*
*— I wish you mighty well!*

De co'n 'll be ready 'g'inst dumplin' day —
Dat sun 's a slantin';
But nigger gotter watch, en stick, en stay —
Dat sun 's a slantin';
Same ez de bee-martin watchin' un de jay —
Dat sun 's a slantin';
Dat sun 's a slantin' en a slippin' away!
Den it 's rise up, Primus! en gin it t'um strong:
De cow 's gwine home wid der ding-dang-dong —
Sling in anudder tetch er de ole-time song:
*Good-night, Mr. Whipperwill! don't stay long!*
*— Mr. Whipperwill! don't stay long!*
*— Don't stay long!*

### CHRISTMAS PLAY-SONG.

Hi my rinktum! Black gal sweet,
Same like goodies w'at de w'ite folks eat;
Ho my Riley! don't you take 'n tell 'er name,
En den ef sumpin' happen you won't ketch de blame!
Hi my rinktum! better take 'n hide yo' plum;
Joree don't holler eve'y time he fine a wum.
Den it 's hi my rinktum!
Don't git no udder man;
En it 's ho my Riley!
Fetch out Miss Dilsey Ann!

Ho my Riley! Yaller gal fine;
She may be yone but she oughter be mine!
Hi my rinktum! Lemme git by,
En see w'at she mean by de cut er dat eye!
Ho my Riley! better shet dat do'—
De w'ite folks 'll b'leeve we er t'arin up de flo'.
Den it 's ho my Riley!
Come a siftin' up ter me!
En it 's hi my rinktum!
Dis de way ter twis' yo' knee!

Hi my rinktum! Ain't de eas' gittin' red?
De squinch owl shiver like he wanter go ter bed;
Ho my Riley! but de gals en de boys,
Des now gittin' so dey kin sorter make a noise.
Hi my rinktum! let de yaller gal 'lone;
Niggers don't hanker arter sody in de pone.
Den it 's hi my rinktum!
Better try anudder plan;
An' it 's ho my Riley!
Trot out Miss Dilsey Ann!

Ho my Riley! In de happy Chrismus' time
De niggers shake der cloze a huntin' fer a dime.
Hi my rinktum! En den dey shake der feet,
En greaze derse'f wid de good ham meat.
Ho my Riley! dey eat en dey cram,
En bimeby ole Miss 'll be a sendin' out de dram.

Den it 's ho my Riley!
You hear dat, Sam!
En it 's hi my rinktum!
Be a sendin' out de dram!

# DUKESBOROUGH TALES.

WHY it is I know not, but certain it is that Georgia, which is made the scene of so much of the humor of the South, has furnished a very large proportion of the humorists themselves. The author of "Dukesborough Tales" is a native Georgian, and, although he is but just coming into the general notice of the public, that original volume made its appearance nearly ten years ago. It deserved prompter and more cordial recognition. The sketches of which it is composed are redolent of the rusticity of the South. They breathe the very life of the village, and present us a series of characters both new and *naïve*, but whimsically true to the quaint, simple, serio-comic existence, that, like a country stream, ran through Dixieland during the years preceding the great war, which, a mere episode in the one section of the Union, was a "deluge" to the other section.

Richard M. Johnston, the author of these "tales," was in the old time Professor of Belles Lettres in the University of Georgia. It does not appear, however, that in those days he applied his brilliantly descriptive talents to more than a passing anecdote. He is described by a recent writer in a Georgia newspaper as a great social favorite. "Dick Johnston, as he was called," says this writer, "a familiarly welcomed comer in every household in middle Georgia, not only drilled them in classic lore, but taught them manners, — that is, how to behave at home and abroad, how to be mindful of the feelings and charitable of the frailties of others, — and polished them off with the polite arts of the drawing-room, and the important lesson of knowing how to preside at the head of a table and carve a turkey without scattering the joints on the floor and splashing the dressing upon the clothes of the guests." And, pursuing the same strain, he gives the following somewhat meagre particulars : —

"In the better days before the great trouble came upon Southern society, Dick Johnston was the favored guest at all dinner parties, and the central figure about which gathered lawyers, jurors, litigants, and visitors at the country taverns, when the labors of the former were over for the day, and the night was given to social converse and

story-telling. In the ridings of two of the judicial circuits of Georgia there was not such a raconteur to be found; and this is saying much, when it is remembered that in the days of which we write the bench and bar of the State were noted for men of great culture and intellectuality, who flavored the dry readings of the law with plentiful pinches of Attic salt. The young barrister, with his sheepskin and saddle-bags, looking for courts and clients during a tour of the circuit, was made to feel by the presence and example of the men with whom he was thrown that though the way to fortune and eminence was rugged and far, in the nightly symposiums of wit and humor, the toils, the struggles and disappointments of the day might be drowned. The necessity which swept away the old homesteads, the landmarks of a noble race, the struggles for existence which scattered many happy households, carried 'Dick Johnston' to Maryland. Georgia had no reason to be ashamed of her contribution, and Maryland gained not only an honored citizen, but an ornament to her already cultivated society. Near Baltimore he fixed his home, and has devoted himself with quiet success to the cultivation and education of youth, varied by an occasional tour abroad for recreation and health. Always easy, open, and affable, there is nothing about the man to denote the student and worker beyond a slight stoop of the shoulders. Yet his life has been a busy one. In addition to the daily duties of his classes, he has found time to prepare and deliver a series of lectures upon the ancient and modern classics, and upon several themes of art and poetry."

## I.

### HOW MR. BILL WILLIAMS TOOK THE RESPONSIBILITY.

"Our honor teacheth us
That we be bold in every enterprise."

### CHAPTER I.

When Josiah Lorriby came into our neighborhood to keep a school I was too young to go to it alone. Having no older brother or sister to go along with me, my parents, although they were desirous for me to begin, were about to give it up, when fortunately it was ascertained that William Williams, a big fellow, whose widowed mother resided near to us, in-

tended to go for one term and complete his education preparatory to being better fitted for an object of vast ambition which he had in view. His way lay by our door, and as he was one of the most accommodating persons in the world he proffered to take charge of me. Without hesitation and with much gratitude this was accepted, and I was delivered over into his keeping.

William Williams was so near being a man that the little boys used to call him Mr. Bill. I never can forget the stout homespun dress-coat which he used to wear, with the big pockets opening horizontally across the outer side of the skirts. Many a time, when I was fatigued by walking or the road was wet with rains, have I ridden upon his back, my hands resting upon his shoulders and my feet standing in those capacious pockets. Persons who have never tried that way of traveling have no just idea, I will venture to say, how sweet it is. Mr. Bill had promised to take care of me, and he kept his word.

On the first morning when the school was opened, we went together to it. About one mile and a half distant stood the school-house. Eighteen by twenty feet were its dimensions. It was built of logs and covered with clapboards. It had one door, and opposite to that a hole in the wall two feet square, which was called the window. It stood in the corner of one of our fields (having formerly been used as a fodder-house), and on the brow of a hill, at the foot of which, overshadowed by oak-trees, was a noble spring of fresh water. Our way led us by this spring. Just as we reached it, Mr. Bill pointed to the summit and said:—

"Yonder it is, Squire."

Mr. Bill frequently called me Squire, partly from mere facetiousness, and partly from his respect for my father, who was a Justice of the Peace.

I did not answer. We ascended the hill, and Mr. Bill led me into the presence of the genius of the place.

Mr. Josiah Lorriby was a remarkable man, at least in appearance. He was below the middle height, but squarely built. His body was good enough, but his other parts were defective. He had a low flat head, with very short hair and very long ears. His arms were reasonably long, but his hands and legs were disproportionately short. Many tales were told of his feet, on which he wore shoes with iron soles. He was sitting on a split-bottom chair, on one side of the fire-place. Under him, with his head peering out between the rounds, sitting on his hind legs and standing on his fore legs, was a small yellow dog, without tail or ears. This dog's name was Rum. On the side of the hearth, in another split-bottom, sat a tall raw-boned woman, with the reddest eyes that I have ever seen. This was Mrs. Mehitable, Mr. Lorriby's wife. She had ridden to the school on a small aged mare, perfectly white and totally blind. Her name was Kate.

When I had surveyed these four personages, — this satyr of a man, this tailless dog, this red-eyed woman, and this blind old mare, — a sense of fear and helplessness came over me, such as I had never felt before, and have never felt since. I looked at Mr. Bill Williams, but he was observing somebody else, and did not notice me. The other pupils, eighteen or twenty in number, seemed to be in deep medita-

tion. My eyes passed from one to another of the objects of my dread; but they became finally fastened upon the dog. His eyes also had wandered, but only with vague curiosity, around upon all the pupils, until they became fixed upon me. We gazed at each other several moments. Though he sat still, and I sat still, it seemed to me that we were drawing continually nearer to each other. Suddenly I lifted up my voice and screamed with all my might. It was so sudden and sharp that everybody except the woman jumped. She indifferently pointed to the dog. Her husband arose, came to me, and in soothing tones asked what was the matter.

"I am scared!" I answered, as loud as I could speak.

"Scared of what, my little man? Of the dog?"

"I am scared of ALL of you!"

He laughed with good humor, bade me not be afraid, called up Rum, talked to us both, enjoined upon us to be friends, and prophesied that we would be such, — the best that had ever been in the world. The little creature became cordial at once, reared his fore feet upon his master, took them down, reared them upon me, and in the absence of a tail to wag twisted his whole hinder-parts in most violent assurance that if I should say the word we were friends already. Such kindness, and so unexpected, dissolved my apprehensions. I was in a condition to accept terms far less liberal. So I acceded, and went to laughing outright. Everybody laughed, and Rum, who could do nothing better in that line, ran about and barked as joyously as any dog with a tail could have done. In the afternoon, when school was dismissed, I invited Rum to go home with me; but

he, waiting as I supposed for a more intimate acquaintance, declined.

## CHAPTER II.

It was delightful to consider how auspicious a beginning I had made. Other little boys profited by it. Mr. Lorriby had no desire to lose any of his scholars, and we all were disposed to take as much advantage as possible of his apprehension, however unfounded, that on account of our excessive timidity our parents might remove us from the school. Besides, we knew that we were to lose nothing by being on friendly terms with Rum. The dread of the teacher's wife soon passed away. She had but little to say, and less to do. Nobody had any notion of any reason which she had for coming to the school. At first she occasionally heard a spelling-class recite. After a little time she began to come much less often, and in a few weeks her visits had decreased to one in several days. Mrs. Lorriby seemed a very proud woman ; for she not only had little to say to anybody, but, although she resided only a mile and a half from the school-house, she never walked, but invariably rode old Kate. These were small things, yet we noticed them.

Mr. Lorriby was not of the sort of school-masters whom men used to denominate by the title of *knock-down and drag out.* He was not such a man as Israel Meadows. But although he was good-hearted enough, he was somewhat politic also. Being a newcomer, and being poor, he determined to manage his business with due regard to the tastes, the wishes, and the prejudices of the community in which he

labored. He decidedly preferred a mild reign ; but it was said he could easily accommodate himself to those who required a more vigorous policy. He soon learned that the latter was the favorite here. People complained that there was little or no whipping. Some who had read the fable of the frogs who desired a sovereign were heard to declare that Josiah Lorriby was no better than "Old King Log." One patron spoke of taking his children home, placing the boy at the plow, and the girl at the spinning-wheel.

Persons in those days loved their children, doubtless, as well as now ; but they had some strange ways of showing their love. The strangest of all was the evident gratification which the former felt when the latter were whipped at school. While they all had a notion that education was something which it was desirable to get, it was believed that the impartation of it needed to be conducted in most mysterious ways. The school-house of that day was, in a manner, a cave of Trophonius, into which urchins of both sexes entered amid certain incomprehensible ceremonies, and were everlastingly subject, and used to be whirled about, body and soul, in a vortex of confusion. I might pursue the analogy, and say that, like the votaries of Trophonius, they were not wont to smile until long after this violent and rotatory indoctrination ; but rather to weep and lament, unless they were brave like Apollonius, or big like Allen Thigpen, and so could bully the priest far enough to have the bodily rotation dispensed with. According to these notions, the principles of the education of books were not to be addressed to the mind and to the heart ; but, if they were ex-

pected to stick, they must be beaten with rods into the back. Through this ordeal of painful ceremonies had the risen generation gone, and through the same ordeal they honestly believed that the present generation ought to go, and must go. No exception was made in favor of genius. Its back was to be kept as sore as stupidity's; for, being yoked with the latter, it must take the blows, the oaths, and the imprecations. I can account for these things in no other way than by supposing that the old set of persons had come out of the old system with minds so bewildered as to be ever afterwards incapable of thinking upon it in a reasonable manner. In one respect there is a considerable likeness between mankind and some individuals of the brute creation. The dog seems to love best that master who beats him before giving him a bone. I have heard persons say (those who had carefully studied the nature and habits of that animal) that the mule is wont to evince a gratitude somewhat touching when a bundle of fodder is thrown to him at the close of a day on which he has been driven within an inch of his life. So with the good people of former times. They had been beaten so constantly and so mysteriously at school that they seemed to entertain a grateful affection for it ever afterwards. It was, therefore, with feelings of benign satisfaction, sometimes not unmixed with an innocent gayety of mind, that they were wont to listen to their children when they complained of the thrashings they daily received, some of which would be wholly unaccountable. Indeed, the latter sort seemed to be considered, of all others, the most salutary. When the punishment was graduated by the offense, it was

supporting too great a likeness to the affairs of every-day life, and therefore wanting in solemn impressiveness. But when a school-master, for no accountable reason, whipped a boy, and so set his mind in a state of utter bewilderment as to what could be the matter, and the most vague speculations upon what was to become of him in this world, to say nothing of the next, — ah! then it was that the experienced felt a happiness that was gently ecstatic. They recurred in their minds to their own school time, and they concluded that, as these things had not killed them, they must have done them good. So some of our good mothers in Israel, on occasions of great religious excitement, as they bend over a shrieking sinner, smile in serene happiness as they fan his throbbing temples, and fondly encourage him to shriek on; thinking of the pit from which they were digged, and of the rock upon which they now are standing, they shout, and sing, and fan, and, fanning ever, continue to sing and shout.

## CHAPTER III.

When Mr. Lorriby had sounded the depths of public sentiment, he became a new man. One Monday morning he announced that he was going to turn over a new leaf, and he went straightway to turning it over. Before night several boys, from small to medium, had been flogged. He had not begun on the girls, except in one instance. In that I well remember the surprise I felt at the manner in which her case was disposed of. Her name was Susan Potter. She was about twelve years old, and well grown. When she was called up, inquiry was

made by the master if any boy present was willing to take upon himself the punishment which must otherwise fall upon her. After a moment's silence, Seaborn Byne, a boy of fourteen, rose and presented himself. He was good-tempered and fat, and his pants and round jacket fitted him closely. He advanced with the air of a man who was going to do what was right, with no thought of consequences. Miss Potter unconcernedly went to her seat.

But Seaborn soon evinced that he was dissatisfied with a bargain that was so wholly without consideration. I believed then, and I believe to this day, that but for his being so good a mark he would have received fewer stripes. But his round fat body and legs stood so temptingly before the rod, and the latter fell upon good flesh so entirely through its whole length, that it was really hard to stop. He roared with pain so unexpectedly severe, and violently rubbed each spot of recent infliction. When it was over, he came to his seat, and looked at Susan Potter. She seemed to feel like laughing. Seaborn got no sympathy, except from a source which he despised; that was his younger brother, Joel. Joel was weeping in secret.

"Shut up your mouth," whispered Seaborn, threateningly, and Joel shut up.

Then I distinctly heard Seaborn mutter the following words:—

"Ef I ever takes another for her, or any of 'em, may I be dinged, and then dug up and dinged over again."

I have no doubt that he kept his oath, for I continued to know Seaborn Byne until he was an old man, and I never knew a person who persistently

held that vicarious system of school punishment in deeper disgust. What his ideas were about being "dinged," and about that operation being repeated, I did not know; but I supposed it was something that, if possible, would better be avoided.

Such doings as these made a great change in the feelings of us little ones. Yet I continued to run the crying schedule. It failed at last, and I went under.

Mr. Lorriby laid it upon me remorselessly. I had never dreamed that he would give me such a flogging, — I, who considered myself, as everybody else considered me, a favorite. Now the charm was gone, — the charm of security. It made me very sad. I lost my love for the teacher. I even grew cold towards Rum, and Rum in his turn grew cold towards me. Not that we got into open hostilities. For, saving an occasional fretfulness, Rum was a good fellow, and personally I had liked him. But then he was from principle a thorough Lorriby, and therefore our intimacy must stop, and did stop.

In a short time Mr. Lorriby had gone as nearly all round the school as it was prudent to go. Every boy but two had received his portion, some once, some several times. These two were Mr. Bill Williams and another big boy, named Jeremiah Hobbes. These were, of course, as secure against harm from Mr. Lorriby as they would have been had he been in Guinea. Every girl also had been flogged, or had had a boy flogged for her, except Betsy Ann Acry, the belle of the school. She was a light-haired, blue-eyed, plump, delicious-looking girl, fourteen years old. Now for Miss Betsy Ann Acry, as it was known to everybody about the school-house, Mr.

Bill Williams had a partiality which, though not avowed, was decided. He had never courted her in set words, but he had observed her from day to day, and noticed her ripening into womanhood with constantly increasing admiration. He was scarcely a match for her even if they both had been in condition to marry. He knew this very well. But considerations of this sort seldom do a young man any good. More often than otherwise they make him worse. At least such was their effect upon Mr. Bill. The greater the distance between him and Miss Betsy Ann, the more he yearned across it. He sat in school where he could always see her, and oh, how he eyed her! Often, often have I noticed Mr. Bill, leaning the side of his head upon his arms, extended on the desk in front of him, and looking at her with a countenance which, it seemed to me, ought to make some impression. Betsy Ann received it all as if it was no more than she was entitled to, but showed no sign whether she set any value upon the possession or not. Mr. Bill hoped she did; the rest of us believed she did not.

Mr. Bill had another ambition, which was, if possible, even higher than the winning of Miss Acry. Having almost extravagant notions of the greatness of Dukesborough, and the distinction of being a resident within it, he had long desired to go there as a clerk in a store. He had made repeated applications to be taken in by Messrs. Bland & Jones, and it was in obedience to a hint from these gentlemen that he had determined to take a term of finishing off at the school of Mr. Lorriby. This project was never out of his mind, even in moments of his fondest imaginings about Miss Betsy Ann. It would

have been not easy to say which he loved the best. The clerkship seemed to become nearer and nearer after each Saturday's visit to town, until at last he had a distinct offer of the place. The salary was small, but he waived that consideration in view of the exaltation of the office and the greatness of living in Dukesborough. He accepted, to enter upon his duties in four weeks, when the quarter session of the school would expire.

The dignified ways of Mr. Bill after this made considerable impression upon all the school. Even Betsy Ann condescended to turn her eyes oftener in the direction where he happened to be, and he was almost inclined to glory in the hope that the possession of one dear object would draw the other along with it. At least he felt that if he should lose the latter the former would be the highest consolation which he could ask. The news of the distinguished honor that had been conferred upon him reached the heads of the school early on the Monday following the eventful Saturday when the business was done. I say heads, for of late Mrs. Mehitable and old Kate came almost every day. Mrs. Lorriby received the announcement without emotion. Mr. Lorriby, on the other hand, in spite of the prospect of losing a scholar, was almost extravagant in his congratulations.

"It was a honor to the whole school," he said. "I feels it myself. Sich it war under all the circumstances. It was obleeged to be, and sich it war, and as it war sich, I feels it myself."

Seaborn Byne heard this speech. Immediately afterwards he turned to me and whispered the following comment: —

"He be dinged! the decateful old son-of-a-gun!"

## CHAPTER IV.

It was the unanimous opinion amongst Mr. Lorriby's pupils that he was grossly inconsistent with himself: that he ought to have begun with the rigid policy at first, or have held to the mild. Having once enjoyed the sweets of the latter, thoughts would occasionally rise and questions would be asked. Seaborn Byne was not exactly the head, but he was certainly the orator, of a revolutionary party. Not on his own account; for he had never yet, except as the voluntary substitute of Miss Susan Potter, felt upon his own body the effects of the change of discipline. Nor did he seem to have any apprehensions on that score. He even went so far as to say to Mr. Bill Williams, who had playfully suggested the bare idea of such a thing, that "ef old Jo Lorriby raised his old pole on him, he would put his lizzard" (as Seaborn facetiously called his knife) "into his paunch." He always carried a very big knife, with which he would frequently stab imaginary Lorribys in the persons of saplings and pumpkins, and even the air itself. This threat had made his brother Joel extremely unhappy. His little heart was bowed down with the never-resting fear and belief that Seaborn was destined to commit the crime of murder upon the body of Mr. Lorriby. On the other hand, Seaborn was constantly vexed by the sight of the scores of floggings which Joel received. Poor Joel had somehow in the beginning of his studies gotten up the wrong road, and as nobody ever brought him back to the starting point he was destined, it seemed, to wander about lost ever-

more. The more floggings he got the more hopeless and wild were his efforts at extrication. It was unfortunate for him that his brother took any interest in his condition. Seaborn had great contempt for him, but yet he remembered that he was his brother, and his brother's heart would not allow itself to feel no concern. That concern manifested itself in endeavoring to teach Joel himself out of school, and in flogging him himself by way of preventing Joel's having to submit to that disgrace at the hands of old Joe. So eager was Seaborn in this brotherly design, and so indocile was Joel, that for every flogging which the latter received from the master he got from two to three from Seaborn.

However, the inflictions which Seaborn made, strictly speaking, could not be called floggings. Joel, among his other infirmities, had that of being unable to take care of his spelling-books. He had torn to pieces so many that his mother had obtained a paddle and pasted on both sides of it as many words as could be crowded there. Mrs. Byne, who was a woman of decision, had been heard to say that she meant to head him at this destructive business, and now she believed that she had done it. But this instrument was made to subserve a double purpose with Joel. It was at once the object, and in his brother's hands was the stimulus, of his little ambition. Among all these evils, floggings from Mr. Lorriby and paddlings from Seaborn, and the abiding apprehension that the former was destined to be murdered by the latter, Joel Byne's was a case to be pitied.

"It ar a disgrace," said Mr. Bill to me one morning as we were going to school, "and I wish Mr.

Larrabee knowed it. Between him and Sebe, that little innocent individiel ar bent on bein' useded up bodaciously. Whippins from Mr. Larrabee and paddlins from Sebe! The case ar wusser than ef thar was two Larrabees. That ar the ontimeliest paddle that ever *I* seen. He have to try to larn his paddle, and when he can't larn it, Sebe, he take his paddle, fling down Joel, and paddle him *with* his paddle. In all my experence, I has not seed jest sich a case. It ar beyant hope."

Mr. Bill's sympathy made him serious, and indeed gloomy. The road on which the Bynes came to school met ours a few rods from the spring. We were now there, and Mr. Bill had scarcely finished this speech when we heard behind us the screams of a child.

"Thar it is agin," said Mr. Bill. "At it good and soon. It do beat everything in this blessed and ontimely world. Ef it don't, ding me!"

We looked behind us. Here came Joel at full speed, screaming with all his might, hatless, with his paddle in one hand and his dinner-bucket, without cover, hanging from the other. Twenty yards behind him ran Seaborn, who had been delayed by having to stop in order to pick up Joel's hat and the bucket-cover. Just before reaching the spring, the fugitive was overtaken and knocked down. Seaborn, then getting upon him and fastening his arms with his own knees, seized the paddle, and exclaimed, —

"Now, you rascal! spell that word agin, sir. Ef you don't, I 'll paddle you into a pancake. Spell '*Crucifix*,' sir."

Joel attempted to obey.

"*S* agin, you little devil! *S-i, si!* Ding my skin

ef you shan't larn it, or I 'll paddle you as long as thar 's poplars to make paddles outen."

And he turned Joel over and made him ready.

"Look a here, Sebe!" interposed Mr. Bill; "fun 's fun, but too much is too much."

Now what these words were intended to be preliminary to, there was no opportunity of ascertaining; for just then Mr. Josiah Lorriby, who had diverged from his own way in order to drink at the spring, presented himself.

"What air you about thar, Sebion Byne?"

Seaborn arose, and though he considered his conduct not only justifiable, but praiseworthy, he looked a little crest-fallen.

"Ah, indeed! You 're the assistant teacher, air you? Interfering with *my* business, and *my* rights, and *my* duties, and *my* — hem! Let us all go to the school-house now. Mr. Byne will manage business hereafter. I — as for me, I ain't nowhar now. Come, Mr. Byne, le's go to school."

Mr. Lorriby and Seaborn went on, side by side. Mr. Bill looked as if he were highly gratified. "Ef he don't get it now, he never will."

Alas for Joel! Delivered from Seaborn, he was yet more miserable than before, and he forgot his own griefs in his pity for the inpending fate of Mr. Lorriby, and his apprehension for the ultimate consequence of this day's work to his brother. He pulled me a little behind Mr. Bill, and tremblingly whispered, —

"Poor Mr. Larrabee! Do you reckon they will hang Seaby, Phil?"

"What for?" I asked.

"For killing Mr. Larrabee."

I answered that I hoped not.

"Oh, Phil! Seaby have sich a big knife! An' he have stob more saplins! and more punkins! and more watermillions! and more mushmillions! And he have even stob our old big yaller cat! And he have call every one of 'em Larrabee. And it 's my pinion that ef it war n't for my paddle, he would a stob me befo' now. You see, Phil, paddlin' me sorter cools and swages him down a leetle bit. Oh, Seaby ar a tremenduous boy, and he ar *goin'* to stob Mr. Larrabee this blessed day."

As we neared the school-house we saw old Kate at the usual stand, and we knew that Mrs. Lorriby was at hand. She met her husband at the door, and they had some whispering together, of which the case of Seaborn was evidently the subject. Joel begged me to stay with him outside until the horrible thing was over. So we stopped and peeped in between the logs. We had not to wait long. Mr. Lorriby, his mate standing by his side, at once began to lay on, and Seaborn roared. The laying on and the roaring continued until the master was satisfied. When all was over, I looked into Joel's face. It was radiant with smiles. I never have seen greater happiness upon the countenance of childhood. Happy little fellow! Seaborn would not be hung. That illusion was gone forever. He actually hugged his paddle to his breast, and with a gait even approaching the triumphant, walked into the house.

## CHAPTER V.

Having broken the ice upon Seaborn, Mr. Lorriby went into the sport of flogging him whenever he felt like it. Seaborn's revolutionary sentiments grew deeper and stronger constantly. But he was now, of course, hopeless of accomplishing any results himself, and he knew that the only chance was to enlist Jeremiah Hobbes or Mr. Bill Williams, and make him the leader in the enterprise. Very soon, however, one of these chances was lost. Hobbes received and accepted an offer to become an overseer on a plantation, and Seaborn's hopes were now fixed upon Mr. Bill alone. That also was destined soon to be lost by the latter's prospective clerkship. Besides, Mr. Bill being even-tempered, and never having received and being never likely to receive any provocation from Mr. Lorriby, the prospect of making anything out of him was gloomy enough. In vain Seaborn raised innuendoes concerning his pluck. In vain he tried every other expedient, even to secretly drawing on Mr. Bill's slate a picture of a very little man flogging a very big boy, and writing as well as he could the name of Mr. Lorriby near the former and that of Mr. Bill near the latter. Seaborn could not disguise himself; and Mr. Bill, when he saw the pictures, informed the artist that if he did not mind what he was about he would get a worse beating than ever Joe Larrabee gave him. Seaborn had but one hope left, but that involved some little delicacy, and could be managed only by its own circumstances. It might do, and it might not do. If Seaborn had been accustomed to

asking special Divine interpositions, he would have prayed that if anything was to be made out of this it might be made before Mr. Bill should leave. Sure enough, it did come. Just one week before the quarter was out it came. But I must premise the narration of this great event with a few words.

Between Mrs. Lorriby and Miss Betsy Ann Acry the relations were not very agreeable. Among other things which were the cause of this were the unwarrantable liberties which Miss Acry sometimes took with Kate, Mrs. Lorriby's mare. Betsy Ann, in spite of all dangers (not the least of which was that of breaking her own neck), would treat herself to an occasional ride whenever circumstances allowed. One day at play-time, when Mrs. Lorriby was out upon one of her walks, which she sometimes took at that hour, Betsy Ann hopped upon the mare, and bantered me for a race to the spring and back. I accepted. We set out. I beat old Kate on the return, because she stumbled and fell. A great laugh was raised, and we were detected by Mrs. Lorriby. Passing me, she went up to Betsy Ann, and thus spoke: —

"Betsy Ann Acree, libities is libities, and horses is horses, which is mars is mars. I have ast you not to ride this mar, which she was give to me by my parrent father, and which she have not been rid, no, not by Josiah Lorribee hisself, and which I have said I do not desires she shall be spilt in her gaits, and which I wants and desires you will not git upon the back of that mar nary nother time."

After this event these two ladies seemed to regard each other with even increased dislike.

Miss Betsy Ann Acry had heretofore escaped cor-

rection for any of her short-comings, although they were not few. She was fond of mischief, and no more afraid of Mr. Lorriby than Mr. Bill Williams was. Indeed, Miss Betsy Ann considered herself to be a woman, and she had been heard to say that a whipping was something which she would take from nobody. Mr. Lorriby smiled at her mischievous tricks, but Mrs. Lorriby frowned. These ladies came to dislike each other more and more. The younger, when in her frolics, frequently noticed the elder give her husband a look which was expressive of much meaning. Seaborn had also noticed this, and the worse Miss Acry grew the oftener Mrs. Lorriby came to the school. The truth is that Seaborn had pondered so much that he at last made a profound discovery. He had come to believe fully, and in this he was right, that the object which the female Lorriby had in coming at all was to protect the male. A bright thought! He communicated it to Miss Acry, and slyly hinted several times that he believed she was afraid of Old Red Eye, as he denominated the master's wife. Miss Acry indignantly repelled every such insinuation, and became only the bolder in what she said and what she did. Seaborn knew that the Lorribys were well aware of Mr. Bill's preference for the girl, and he intensely enjoyed her temerity. But it was hard to satisfy him that she was not afraid of Old Red Eye. If Old Red Eye had not been there, Betsy Ann would have done so and so. The reason why she did not do so and so was because Old Red Eye was about. Alas for human nature! — male and female. Betsy Ann went on and on, until she was brought to a halt. The occasion was thus.

There was in the school a boy of about my own size, and a year or two older, whose name was Martin Granger. He was somewhat of a pitiful-looking creature, — whined when he spoke, and was frequently in quarrels, not only with the boys, but with the girls. He was suspected of sometimes playing the part of spy and informer to the Lorribys, both of whom treated him with more consideration than any other pupil, except Mr. Bill Williams. Miss Betsy Ann cordially disliked him, and she honored myself by calling me her favorite in the whole school.

Now Martin and I got ourselves very unexpectedly into a fight. I had divided my molasses with him at dinner-time for weeks and weeks. A few of the pupils, whose parents could afford to have that luxury, were accustomed to carry it to school in phials. I usually ate my part after boring a hole in my biscuit, and then filling it up. I have often wished since I have been grown that I could relish that preparation as I relished it when a boy. But as we grow older our tastes change. Martin Granger relished the juice even more than I. In all my observations I have never known a person of any description who was as fond of molasses as he was. It did me good to see him eat it. He never brought any himself, but he used to hint, in his whining way, that the time was not distant when his father would have a whole kegful, and when he should bring it to school in his mother's big snuff-bottle, which was well known to us all. Although I was not so sanguine of the realization of this prospect as he seemed to be, yet I had not on that account become tired of furnishing him. I only grew tired of his presence

while at my dinner, and I availed myself of a trifling dispute one day to shut down upon him. I not only did not invite him to partake of my molasses, but I rejected his spontaneous proposition to that effect. He had been dividing it with me so long that I believe he thought my right to cut him off now was estopped. He watched me as I bored my holes, and poured in and ate, and even wasted, the precious fluid. I could not consume it all. When I had finished eating, I poured water into the phial and made what we called "beverage." I would drink a little, then shake it and hold it up before me. The golden bubbles shone gloriously in the sunlight. I had not said a word to Martin during these interesting operations, nor even looked towards him. But I knew that his eyes were upon me and the phial. Just as I swallowed the last drop, his full heart could bear no more, and he uttered a cry of pain. I turned to him and asked him what was the matter. The question seemed to be considered as adding insult to injustice.

"Corn deternally trive your devilish hide," he answered, and gave me the full benefit of his clinched fist upon my stomach. He was afterwards heard to say that "thar was the place whar he wanted to hit fust." We closed, scratched, pulled hair, and otherwise struggled until we were separated. Martin went immediately to Mr. Lorriby, gave his version of the brawl, and just as the school was to be dismissed for the day I was called up and flogged without inquiry and without explanation.

Miss Betsy Ann Acry had seen the fight. When I came to my seat, crying bitterly, her indignation could not contain itself.

"Mr. Larribee," she said, her cheeks growing redder, "you have whipped that boy for nothing."

Betsy Ann, with all her pluck, had never gone so far as this. Mr. Lorriby turned pale, and looked at his wife. Her red eyes fairly glistened with fire. He understood it, and said to Betsy Ann in a hesitating tone, —

"You had better keep your advice to yourself."

"I did not give you any advice. I just said you whipped that boy for nothing, and I said the truth."

"Ain't that advice, madam?"

"I am no madam, I thank you, sir; and if that 's advice" —

"Shet up your mouth, Betsy Ann Acry."

"Yes, sir," said Betsy Ann, very loud, and she fastened her pretty pouting lips together, elevated her head, inclined a little to one side, and seemed amusedly awaiting further orders.

The female Lorriby here rose, went to her husband, and whispered earnestly to him. He hesitated, and then resolved.

"Come here to me, Betsy Ann Acry."

She went up as gayly as if she expected a present.

"I am going to whip Betsy Ann Acry. Ef any boy here wants to take it for her, he can now step forrards."

Betsy Ann patted her foot, and looked neither to the right nor to the left, nor yet behind her.

When a substitute was invited to appear, the house was still as a graveyard. I rubbed my legs apologetically, and looked up at Seaborn, who sat by me.

"No, sir; if I do may I be dinged, and then dug up and" — I did not listen to the remainder; and

as no one else seemed disposed to volunteer, and as the difficulty was brought about upon my own account, and as Betsy Ann liked me and I liked Betsy Ann, I made a desperate resolution, and rose and presented myself. Betsy Ann appeared to be disgusted.

"I don't think I would whip that child any more to-day, if I was in your place, especially for other folk's doings."

"That 's jest as you say."

"Well, I say go back to your seat, Phil."

I obeyed, and felt relieved and proud of myself. Mr. Lorriby began to straighten his switch. Then I and all the other pupils looked at Mr. Bill Williams.

## CHAPTER VI.

Oh, what an argument was going on in Mr. Bill's breast! Vain had been all efforts heretofore made to bring him in any way into collision with the Lorribys. He had even kept himself out of all combinations to get a little holiday by an innocent ducking, and useless had been all appeals heretofore to his sympathies; for he was like the rest who had been through the ordeal of the schools, and had grown to believe that it did more good than harm. If it had been anybody but Betsy Ann Acry, he would have been unmoved, But it *was* Betsy Ann Acry, and he had been often heard to say that if Betsy Ann Acry should have to be whipped he should take upon himself the responsibility of seeing that that must not be done. And now that contingency had come. What ought to be done? How was this responsibility to be discharged? Mr. Bill

wished that the female Lorriby had stayed away that day. He did not know exactly why he wished it, but he wished it. To add to his other difficulties, Miss Betsy Ann had never given any token of her reciprocation of his regard; for now that the novelty of the future clerkship had worn away, she had returned to her old habit of never seeming to notice that there was such a person as himself. But the idea of a switch falling upon her whose body, from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet, was so precious to him outweighed every other consideration, and he made up his mind to be as good as his word, and *take the responsibility*. Just as the male Lorriby (the female by his side) was about to raise the switch, —

"Stop a minute, Mr. Larrabee!" he exclaimed, advancing in a highly excited manner.

The teacher lowered his arm and retreated one step, looking a little irresolute. His wife advanced one step, and, looking straight at Mr. Bill, her robust frame rose at least an inch higher.

"Mr. Larrabee! I — ah — don't exactly consider myself — ah — as a scholar here now; because — ah — I expect to move to Dukesborough in a few days, and keep store thar for Mr. Bland & Jones."

To his astonishment, this announcement, so impressive heretofore, failed of the slightest effect now, when, of all times, an effect was desired. Mr. Lorriby, in answer to a sign from his wife, had recovered his lost ground, and looked placidly upon him, but answered nothing.

"I say," repeated Mr. Bill distinctly, as if he supposed he had not been heard, "I say that I expect in a few days to move to Dukesborough; to live thar; to keep store thar for Mr. Bland & Jones."

"Well, William, I think I have heard that before. I want to hear you talk about it some time when it ain't school time, and when we ain't so busy as we air now at the present."

"Well, but" — persisted Mr. Bill.

"Well, but?" inquired Mr. Lorriby.

"Yes, sir," answered the former, insistingly.

"Well, but what? Is this case got anything to do with it? Is *she* got anything to do with it?"

"In cose it have not," answered Mr. Bill, sadly.

"Well, what makes you tell us of it now, at the present?" Oh! what a big word was that *us*, then, to Josiah Lorriby!

"Mr. Larrabee," urged Mr. Bill, in as persuasive accents as he could employ; "no, sir, Mr. Larrabee, it have not got anything to do with it; but yit" —

"Well, yit what, William?"

"Well, Mr. Larrabee, I thought as I *was* a-goin' to quit school soon, and as I *was* a-goin' to move to Dukesborough — as I *was* a-goin' *right outen* your school intoo Dukesborough as it war, to keep store thar, may be you mout, as a favor, do me a favor before I left."

"Well! may I be dinged, and then dug up and dinged over agin!" This was said in a suppressed whisper by a person at my side. "Beggin'! beggin'! ding his white-livered hide — beg-gin!"

"Why, William," replied Mr. Lorriby, "ef it war convenant, and the favor war not too much, it mout be that I mout grant it."

"I thought you would, Mr. Larrabee. The favor ain't a big one, — leastways, it ain't a big one to you. It would be a mighty" — But Mr. Bill thought he could hardly trust himself to say how big a one it would be to himself.

"Well, what is it William?"

"Mr. Larrabee! — sir, Mr. Larrabee, I ax it as a favor of you, not to whip Betsy Ann, — which is Miss Betsy Ann Acry."

"Thar now!" groaned Seaborn, and bowed his head in despair.

The male Lorriby looked upon the female. Her face had relaxed somewhat from its stern expression. She answered his glance by one which implied a conditional affirmative.

"Ef Betsy Ann Acry will behave herself, and keep her impudence to herself, I will let her off this time."

All eyes turned to Betsy Ann. I never saw her look so fine as she raised up her head, tossed her yellow ringlets back, and said in a tone increasing in loudness from beginning to end, —

"But Betsy Ann Acry won't *do it*."

"Hello agin thar!" whispered Seaborn, and raised his head. His dying hopes of a big row were revived. This was the last opportunity, and he was as eager as if the last dollar he ever expected to make had been pledged upon the event. I have never forgotten his appearance, as, with his legs wide apart, his hands upon his knees, his lips apart, but his teeth firmly closed, he gazed upon that scene.

Lorriby, the male, was considerably disconcerted, and would have compromised; but Lorriby, the female, again in an instant resumed her hostile attitude, and this time her great eyes looked like two balls of fire. She concentrated their gaze upon Betsy Ann with a ferocity which was appalling. Betsy Ann tried to meet them, and did for one moment; but in another she found she could not hold

out longer ; so she buried her face in her hands and sobbed. Mr. Bill could endure no more. Both arms fairly flew out at full length.

"The fact ar," he cried, "that I am goin' to *take the responsibility !* Conshequenches may be conshequenches, but I shall take the responsibility." His countenance was that of a man who had made up his mind. It had come at last, and we were perfectly happy.

The female Lorriby turned her eyes from Betsy Ann, and fixed them steadily on Mr. Bill. She advanced a step forward, and raised her arms and placed them on her sides. The male Lorriby placed himself immediately behind his mate's right arm, while Rum, who seemed to understand what was going on, came up, and, standing on his mistress's left, looked curiously up at Mr. Bill.

Seaborn Byne noticed this last movement. "Well, ef that don't beat creation ! You in it too, is you ?" he muttered through his teeth. "Well, never do you mind. Ef I don't fix you, and put you whar you 'll never know no more but what you 've got a tail, may I be dinged, and then," etc.

It is true that Seaborn had been counted upon for a more important work than the neutralizing of Rum's forces ; still, I knew that Mr. Bill wanted and needed no assistance. We were all ready, however, — that is, I should say, all but Martin. He had no griefs, and therefore no desires.

Such was the height of Mr. Bill's excitement that he did not even seem to notice the hostile demonstrations of these numerous and various foes. His mind was made up, and he was going right on to his purpose.

"Mr. Larrabee," he said, firmly, "I am goin' to take the responsibility. I axed you as a favor to do me a favor before I left. I ain't much used to axin' favors; but sich it war now. It seem as ef that favor cannot be grant. Yea, sich is the circumstances. But it must be so. Sense I have been here they ain't been no difficulties betwixt you and me, nor betwixt me and Miss Larrabee; and no nothin' of the sort, not even betwixt me and Rum. That dog have sometimes snap at my legs; but I have bore it for peace, and wanted no fuss. Sich, therefore, it was why I axed the favor *as* a favor. But it can't be hoped, and so I takes the responsibility. Mr. Larrabee, sir, and you, Miss Larrabee, I am goin' from this school right intoo Dukesborough, straight intoo Mr. Bland's store, to clerk thar. Sich bein' all the circumstances, I hates to do what I tells you I 'm goin' to do. But it can't be hoped, it seem, and I ar goin' to do it."

Mr. Bill announced this conclusion in a very highly elevated tone.

"Oh, yes, ding your old hides of you!" I heard at my side.

"Mr. Larrabee, and you, Miss Larrabee," continued the speaker, "I does not desires that Betsy Ann Acry shall be whipped. I goes on to say that as sich it ar, and as sich the circumstances, Betsy Ann Acry can't be whipped whar I ar, ef I can keep it from bein' done."

"You heerd that, did n't you?" asked Seaborn, low, but cruelly triumphant; and Seaborn looked at Rum as if considering how he should begin the battle with him.

Mrs. Lorriby seldom spoke. Whenever she did, it was to the point.

"Yes, but Weelliam Weelliams, you can't keep it from bein' done." And she straightened herself yet taller, and, raising her hands yet higher upon her sides, changed the angle of elbows from obtuse to acute.

"Yes, but I kin," persisted Mr. Bill. "Mr. Larrabee! Mr. Larrabee!"

This gentleman had lowered his head, and was peering at Mr. Bill through the triangular opening formed by his mate's side and arm. The reason why Mr. Bill addressed him twice was because he had missed him when he threw the first address over her shoulder. The last was sent through the triangle.

"Mr. Larrabee! I say it kin be done, and I 'm goin' to do it. Sir, little as I counted on sich a case, yit still it ar so. Let the conshequenches be what they be, both now and some futur day. Mr. Larrabee, sir, that whippin' that you was a-goin' to give to Betsy Ann Acry cannot fall upon her shoulders, and — that is, upon her shoulders, and before my face. Instid of sich, sir, you may jest — instid of whippin' her, sir, you may — instid of her, give it, sir — notwithstandin' and nevertheless — you may give it to ME."

## CHAPTER VII.

"Oh! what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then you and I and all of us fell down!"

If the pupils of Josiah Lorriby's school had had the knowledge of all tongues; if they had been familiar with the histories of all the base men of all the ages, they could have found no words in which to characterize, and no person with whom to compare, Mr. Bill Williams. If they had known what it was

to be a traitor, they might have admitted that he was more like this, the most despicable of all characters, than any other. But they would have argued that he was baser than all other traitors, because he had betrayed, not only others, but himself. Mr. Bill Williams, the big boy, the future resident of Dukesborough, the expectant clerk, the vindicator of persecuted girlhood in the person of the girl he loved, the pledge-taker of responsibilities, — that he should have taken the pains, just before he was going away, to degrade himself by proposing to take upon his own shoulders the rod that had never before descended but upon the backs and legs of children! Poor Seaborn Byne! If I ever saw expressed in a human being's countenance disgust, anger, and abject hopelessness, I saw them as I turned to look at him. He spoke not one word, not even in whispers, but he looked as if he could never more place confidence in mortal flesh.

When Mr. Bill had concluded his ultimatum, the female Lorriby's arms came down, and the male Lorriby's head went up They sent each the other a smile. Both were smart enough to be satisfied. The latter was more than satisfied.

"I am proud this day of William Williams. It air so, and I can but say I air proud of him. William Williams were now in a position to stand up and shine in his new spere of action. If he went to Dukesborough to keep store thar, he mout now go sayin' that as he had been a good scholar, so he mout expect to be a good clerk, and fit to be trusted, yea, with thousands upon thousands, ef sich mout be the case. But as it was so, and as he have been to us all as it war, and no difficulties, and no nothin'

of the sort, and he war goin', and it mout be soon, yea, it mout be to-morrow, from this school straight intoo a store, I cannot, nor I cannot. No, far be it. This were a skene too solemn and too lovely for sich. I cannot, nor I cannot. William Williams may now take his seat."

Mr. Bill obeyed. I was glad that he did not look at Betsy Ann as she turned to go to hers. But she looked at him. I saw her, and, little as I was, I saw also that if he ever had had any chance of winning her it was gone from him forever. It was now late in the afternoon, and we were dismissed. Without saying a word to any one, Mr. Bill took his arithmetic and slate (for ciphering, as it was called then, was his only study). We knew what it meant, for we felt, as well as he, that this was his last day at his school. As my getting to school depended upon continuance, I did not doubt that it was my last, also.

On the way home, but not until separating from all the other boys, Mr. Bill showed some disposition to boast.

"You all little fellows was monstous badly skeerd this evening, Squire."

"Was n't you scared too?" I asked.

"Skeerd? I 'd like to see the school-master that could skeer me. I skeerd of Joe Larrabee?"

"I did not think you were scared of him."

"Skeerd of who, then? Miss Larrabee? Old Red Eye? She mout be redder-eyed than what she ar, and then not skeer me. Why, look here, Squire, how would I look goin' into Dukesborough, into Mr. Bland and Jones' store, right from bein' skeerd of old Miss Larrabee; to be runnin' right intoo Mr. Bland and Jones' store, and old Mehetibilly Larra-

bee right arter me, or old Joe nuther? It wur well for him that he never struck Betsy Ann Acry. Ef he had a struck her, Joe Larrabee's strikin' days would be over."

"But was n't you goin' to take her whippin' for her?"

"Lookee here, Squire, I did n't take it, did I?"

"No, but you said you was ready to take it."

"Poor little fellow!" he said, compassionately. "Squire, you are yit young in the ways of this sorrowful and ontimely world. Joe Larrabee knows me, and I knows Joe Larrabee, and, as the feller said, that ar sufficient."

We were now at our gate. Mr. Bill bade me good evening, and passed on; and thus ended his pupilage and mine at the school of Josiah Lorriby.

## II.

### THE PURSUIT OF MR. ADIEL SLACK.

### CHAPTER I.

"Companions
That do converse, and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love."
MERCHANT OF VENICE.

MR. BENJAMIN (but as everybody called him, Uncle Ben) Pea resided two miles out of Dukesborough. He was a small farmer, — not small in person, but a farmer on a small scale. He raised a fair crop of corn, a trifle of cotton, great quantities of potatoes, and some pinders. It was said that in his younger days he used to be brisk in his business, and to make something by hauling wood to town. He spent as little as he could, and saved as much as

ne could ; but for a certain purpose he kept as good an establishment as he could. His little wagon used to be good enough to carry him and the old woman to town ; yet he bought a second-hand gig, and did other things in proportion. It was extravagant, and he knew it, but he had a purpose. That purpose was to marry off his daughter Georgiana. Now, Georgiana had told him for years and years, even before the old woman died, that if he wanted to marry her off (a thing she cared nothing about herself) the only way to do that was for the family to go in a decent way. And now that the old woman had died, and her father had grown old, she had her own way, and that was as decent as could be afforded, and no more.

Miss Georgiana Pea was heavy, — heavy of being married off, and heavy of body. Her weight for fifteen years at the least had not been probably less than one hundred and seventy pounds. In her seasons of highest health, which were probably oftener in the latter part of the fall than at any other period of the year, people used to guess that it might be even more ; but there was no getting at it at any time, because she always stoutly refused to be weighed. True, she laced ; but that did not seem to diminish her materially ; for what was pressed down in one region reappeared in another. She had a magnificent bust. This bust was her pride ; that was evident. Indeed, she as good as confessed as much to me one day. I knew the family well ; she did n't mind me. I was a very small boy, and she was aware that I considered that bust a wonderful work of nature. I have often been amused, since I have grown old and less impressible by such things,

to remember how tremendously magnificent I used to regard the bust of Georgiana Pea.

Yet she did n't marry. The old gentleman had been so anxious about it that he had long ago rather given it out in a public way that upon her marriage, with his consent (she was the only child; Peterson died when a boy, of measles), he should give up everything, houses, lands, furniture, and money, and live upon the bounty of his son-in-law. These several items of property had been often appraised by neighbors as accurately as could be done (considering that the exact amount of money could not be verified), in view of ascertaining for their own satisfaction what her dowry might be. The appraisement had gone through many gradations of figures while the bridegroom delayed his coming. At the period of which I am now telling, there were those who maintained that Uncle Ben was worth four thousand dollars; others shook their heads, and said thirty-five hundred; while others yet, who professed to know more about it than anybody else, they did n't care who it was, insisted that three thousand was the outside. Many a man, it seemed to me, and some that would have been worth having, might have been caught by that bust and that prospective fortune. But they were not: and now, at thirty, or thereabout, she was evidently of the opinion that even if she had many desires to enter into the estate of marriage their chances of gratification were few. Indeed, Miss Pea was at that stage when she was beginning to speak at times of the other sex with disgust.

Mr. Jacob Spouter resided in the very heart of Dukesborough, and kept a hotel. The town being

small, his business was small. He was a small man, but looked bright, capable, and business-like. He dressed pretty well. But this was for effect, and was both a delusion and a snare. It was for a sign for his hotel. To look at him you would have supposed that he kept a good hotel ; but he did not. It is surprising, indeed, to consider how few men there are who do. But this is a great theme, and entirely independent of what I wish to tell, except so far as it may relate to the fact that Mr. Spouter had yet living with him an only child, a daughter, whose name was Angeline. Miss Angeline, instead of taking after the Spouters, who were short, took after the Fanigans, who were long. She was a very thin young lady, almost too thin to look well, and her hair and complexion were rather sallow. But then that hair curled, — every hair curled.

Who has not a weakness ? Miss Pea had hers, as we have seen ; and now we shall see, as everybody for years had seen, that Miss Spouter had hers also. It was an innocent one : it was her curls. In the memory of man that hair had never been done up ; but through all changes of circumstances and weather it had hung in curls, just as it hung on the day when this story begins. They had been complimented thousands of times, and by hundreds of persons ; the guests of years had noticed them, and had uttered and smiled their approbation ; and there had been times when Miss Spouter hoped, in spite of the want of other as striking charms, and in spite of the universally known fact that her father had all ways been insolvent and always would be, that those curls would eventually entangle the person without whom she felt that she could never be fully blest

While this person was a man, it was not any particular individual of the species. Many a time had she seen one who, she thought, would answer. She was not very fastidious, but she positively believed (and this belief made her appear to be anxious) that, in view of all the circumstances of her life, the best thing that she could do for herself would be to marry. Yet Miss Spouter did not regard herself as wholly selfish in this wish; for there was something in her, she thought, which she constantly understood to be telling her that if she had the opportunity she could make some man extremely happy.

But though those curls had been so often praised, — yea, though they had been sometimes handled, — to such a degree did people's admiration of them extend, that Miss Spouter, like her contemporary in the country, was unmarried, and beginning to try to feel as if she despised the vain and foolish world of man.

These young ladies were friends, and always had been. They were so much attached that each seemed, to a superficial observer, to believe that she had been born for but one special purpose, and that was to help the other to get married; for Miss Spouter believed and Miss Pea knew that marriage was a subject which, without intermission, occupied the mind of her friend. It was pleasant to hear Miss Pea extol Miss Spouter's curls; then it was pleasant to hear Miss Spouter, who was more sentimental and the better talker of the two, praise Miss Pea's "figger," by which term she meant only her bust. No one ever dreamed that it was possible for any jealousy to rise between them; for Miss Spouter had no figure worth mentioning, and not a hair of

Miss Pea's head could be curled. Not only so, but the fact was that in her heart of hearts (so curious a thing is even the most constant friendship) neither thought much of the other's special accomplishment; rather, each thought that there was entirely too much of it, especially Miss Spouter touching the "figger." If Miss Pea considered the property qualification in her favor, Miss Spouter did not forget that she resided right in the very heart of Dukesborough, and that her father kept a hotel. Now, as long as the world stands, persons of their condition who live in town will feel a little ahead of those who live in the country; while the latter, though never exactly knowing why, will admit that it is so. Miss Pea was generally very much liked by the neighbors; Miss Spouter had not made a great number of friends. Probably town airs had something to do in the matter. Miss Pea was considered the superior character of the two, but neither of them thought so; Miss Spouter, especially, who knew the meaning of many more words in the dictionary than her friend, and who had read "Alonzo and Melissa" and the "Three Spaniards," until she had the run of them fully, never dreamed of such a thing.

Miss Spouter was fond of visiting Miss Pea, especially in watermelon time. Miss Pea valued the friendship of Miss Spouter because it afforded her frequent opportunities of staying at a hotel, a privilege which she well knew not many country girls enjoyed. To stay there, not as a boarder, but as a friend of the family, to eat there and sleep there, and not to pay for either of these distinctions as other people did, but to do these things on invitation. Now, while Miss Pea got much better eating and

sleeping at home, yet she could but consider the former as privileges. She never would forget that once when there was a show in Dukesborough, given by a ventriloquist who was also a juggler, she had been at Mr. J. Spouter's, and had been introduced to the wonderful man, and his wife too, and had heard them talk about general matters just as other people did.

But time was waxing old. The bust had about ceased to be ambitious, and the curls, though wishful yet, were falling into the habit of giving only despondent shakes.

## CHAPTER II.

Miss Spouter sat in the hotel parlor; it was on the first floor, and opened upon the street. In it were two wooden rocking-chairs, six split-bottoms, and a half-round. I shall not undertake to describe the window-curtains. She was pensive and silent; the still summer evening disposed her to meditation. She sat silent and pensive, but not gloomy. Looking out from the window, she espied on the further side of the square Miss Pea, who was in the act of turning towards her. Here she came, in yellow calico and a green calash. As she walked, her arms were crossed peacefully upon her chest.

"Howdye, stranger!" saluted Miss Spouter. They had not met in a fortnight.

"Stranger yourself," answered Miss Pea, with a smile and a sigh. They embraced; the curls fell upon the bust, and the bust fostered the curls, as only long-tried friends can fall upon and foster. Miss Pea came to stay all night; never had they slept in the same house without sleeping together.

"Well, Georgy," Miss Spouter remarked, sweetly, but almost invidiously, as they were getting into bed, "figger is figger."

"It 's no sich a thing," answered Miss Pea, with firm self-denial; "it 's curls, you know it 's curls."

"No, George, its figger."

"Angeline Spouter, you know it ain't; it 's curls, and you know it 's curls."

They blew out the candle, and for a short time continued this friendly discussion; but soon Miss Pea got the best of it, as usual, and Miss Spouter, by silence and other signs, admitted that it was curls.

"We 've been sleeping a long time together George."

"We have that."

"Ten years."

"Yes, fifteen of 'em."

"Gracious me! fifteen?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Well, but I was but a child then."

Miss Pea coughed. She was the elder by exactly six months.

"Did we think ten years ago that you would now be a Pea and I a Spouter?"

"I did n't think much about myself, but I had no idea you would."

"Yet so it is; you with your figger, and yet a Pea."

"And what is worse, you with your, curls and yet a Spouter."

"No, not worse. You ought to have been married years ago, Georgiana Pea."

"If I had had your curls, and had wanted to marry, *I should* a been married and forgot it."

"No, George, I never had the requisite figger."

"Angeline Spouter, do hush."

"Suppose we had married, George?"

"Well."

"I think I could have made my husband love me as few men have ever loved, be they whomsoever they might."

"Ah! everybody knows that."

"No, alas! none but thee, George."

"Yes, but I know better."

Miss Spouter again gave it up.

Miss Pea would fain have gone to sleep. Her hour for that purpose had come. But there was yet no slumber upon the eyelids of Miss Spouter. She talked away. She made hypothetical cases; supposing, for instance, they were married. Miss Spouter ventured to look far into such a possible future, and made some speculations upon the best and properest ways of bringing up families. It appeared during the conversation that Miss Spouter, as a general thing, liked girls in families better than boys, while Miss Pea's preference for boys was bold and decided. She admitted Miss Pea's argument to be true, that girls are prettier, especially if they have curls; but, La me! they *are* such a trouble! Besides, boys were bad. She must admit that too. But then they could be whipped and made to mind.

"Oh, you cruel creature!" right there exclaimed the merciful Miss Spouter.

"No, Angeline," remonstrated her companion,

"no, I am not cruel; but I believe in makin' children mind and behave theirselves." Miss Pea was as firm as a rock.

"So do I," replied Miss Spouter; "but I can't understand how a woman, a good woman, and a kind woman, and an affectionate woman, and a woman that had — La, bless me! how *could* such a woman beat her own family to death, when in the wide, wide world there was none others to stand by them in the solemn hour, and" —

"No! no! no!" interposed Miss Pea, "I don't *mean* that. What I *do* mean — La! Angeline Spouter, what *are* you and me a talkin' about? It's redickerlous. I'm done."

Miss Pea laughed outright. But Miss Spouter sighed, and remarked that it was n't in people to say neither what was to be, nor what was n't to be.

"George, I do believe you are going to sleep."

Miss Pea declared that she was n't, and, like all persons of her size, she thought she was telling the truth. Miss Spouter had one or two other remarks which she always made on such occasions, and which she wanted to make now.

"Georgiana Pea, do you or do you not ever expect to marry? I ask you candidly."

"No, Angeline, I don't. I may have had thoughts, I may have had expectations; pap looks as if he would go distracted if I don't marry; but to tell you the truth, I have about come to the conclusion that there's more marries now than ever does well. Pap declares that he means to marry me off to somebody before he dies. He thinks that I could n't take care of myself if he was to die, and that he takes

care of me now himself. I think I 'm the one that takes care of *him*, and I think I could take as good care of myself then as I do now. He says I shall marry, though, and I 'm waitin' to see how it 'll be. But I tell you, Angeline Spouter, that there 's more marries now than *ever* does well."

"And — well," answered Miss Spouter, "and so have I concluded about it. It is the honest expression of the genuine sentiments of my innermost heart. What is man? A deceitful, vain, and foolish creature, who will to-day talk his honey words and praise a girl's curls, and to-morrow he is further off than when we first laid our eyes on him. What is your opinion of man, George? What now is your opinion of Tom Dyson, who used to melt before the sight of you like summer clouds ere the sun had set?"

"I think of Tom Dyson like I think of Barney Bolton, who used to praise your curls just like they were so much gold, and like, I think, of all of 'em, and that 's about as much as I think of an old dead pine-tree or post-oak."

Miss Pea had not read many books, like Miss Spouter, and must necessarily, therefore, borrow her comparisons from objects familiar to her country life. Miss Spouter noticed the difference, but refrained from remarking on it.

"And yet, Georgiana, there is something in me; I feel it. It tells me that I could have made Barney Bolton much happier than Malinda Jones has. Barney Bolton is not happy, Georgiana Pea."

Miss Pea only coughed.

"Yes, indeed! Alas! I see it in his eye; I see it in his walk; I see it in his every action. The

image of Angeline Spouter is in his breast, and it will stay there forever."

Miss Pea was always perfectly silent, and endeavored to feel solemn when this last speech was said.

"If you were to marry, George, I should be the *lonesomest* creature in the wide, wide world."

"Ah, well! when I marry, which is never going to be the case (that is, exceptin' pap do go distracted and hunt me up a good chance), you 'll be married and forgot it, and that little curly-headed girl will be readin', ritin', and cypherin'." Miss Pea yawned, and laughed slightly.

"Never, never! But won't you let your little boy come sometimes in a passing hour to see a lonesome girl, who once was your friend, but now, alas! abandoned?"

"Angeline Spouter, do hush."

"George, it is very warm to-night. Is it late?"

"I should — think — it was," answered Miss Pea, and snored.

Miss Spouter lay for some time awake, but silent. She then lifted the curtain from the window, through which the moon, high in heaven, shone upon the bed, withdrew from her cap five or six curls, extended them upon her snowy breast, smiled dismally, put them up again, looked a moment at her companion, then abruptly turned her back to her and went to sleep.

## CHAPTER III.

"Is all the counsel that we too have shared,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us — O, and is all forgot?"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

But friendship, like other good things, has enemies. One of the most dangerous of these is a third person. These beings are among the most inconvenient and troublesome upon earth. Not often do confidential conversations take place in a company of three, especially conversations appertaining to friendship or love. When sentiment, hot from the heart, has to move in triangles, it must often meet with hindrances, and cool itself before it has reached its destination. As in mathematics, between two points, so in social life between two hearts, the shortest way is a straight line. A third person makes a divergence and a delay. Third persons have done more to separate very friends and lovers than all the world besides. They had gotten between other persons before, and now one of them had come to get between Miss Spouter and Miss Pea.

Adiel Slack had left his native Massachusetts, and from going to and fro upon the earth came in an evil day and put up at the inn of Jacob Spouter. He was tall, deep-voiced, big-footed, and the most deliberate-looking man that had ever been in Dukesborough. He was one of those imperturbable Yankees that could fool you when you were watching him just as well as when you were not. When he said that he was twenty-eight his last birthday, his

fresh-looking hair, his unwrinkled and unblushing cheek, and his entire freedom from all signs of wear and care made one believe that it must be so. If he had said that he was forty-five, the gravity of his countenance, the deliberation of his gait, and the deep worldly wisdom of his eye would have made one believe that he spoke truly.

The mere arrival of such a person in that small community must necessarily create some stir. He was decidedly the most remarkable of all the passengers who came by that morning's stage. While they ate their breakfast with that haste which is peculiar to the traveling public, he took his time. The stage went away and left him at the table eating his fifth biscuit, while Mrs. Spouter's eyes were fixed upon him with that steadfast look with which she was wont to regard all persons who ate at her table more than she thought was fair. He took another biscuit, looked about for more butter, and attempted to open a conversation with that lady; but she was not in the mood to be communicative, so he set to the work of studying her. He made her out to be a woman of a serious turn of mind, less attentive to dress than her husband, but at the same time aspiring, and possibly with propriety and with success, to be the head of the family. After breakfast he stood about, sat about, picked his teeth ("with a ivory lancet, blamed if it were n't," Mr. Spouter said), then took his hat and strolled about the village all the forenoon. He went into both the stores, got acquainted with the doctor and the blacksmith and the shoemaker, found and bargained for the rent of a room, and at dinner announced himself a citizen of Georgia and a merchant of Dukesborough. In less

than a week a small stock of goods had arrived, and were neatly arranged in the room, over the door of which hung a sign-board, painted by himself, which made Mr. Boggs and Messrs. Bland & Jones wish either that they had never had sign-boards, or that Adiel Slack, dry-goods merchant, had never come there.

Being a single man, Mr. Slack boarded at the hotel of J. Spouter. Now, no sooner was it settled that he was to become a citizen than Miss Spouter, according to ancient usage in such cases, felt herself to be yielding to the insidious influences of yet another love. Who knew, she thought, that the fond dream of her life was not destined now to become a blissful realization? The fact that Mr. Slack had come from afar made her sentimental soul only the more hopeful. How this was so she could not tell; but it was so, and the good girl began at once to bestow the most assiduous cultivation upon every charm which she thought she possessed. Mr. Slack soon began to be treated with more consideration than any of the boarders. He had within a week moved from Mr. Spouter's end of the table up to Mrs. Spouter's, and become, as it were, that lady's left bower; Miss Angeline being, of course, her right. The hot biscuit were always handed first to him, and if anybody got a hot waffle it was he. People used to look up towards Mrs. Spouter and get occasional glimpses of little plates of fresh butter and preserves that tried to hide behind the castors or the candle-stick. When there was pie, Mr. Slack was helped first; because, among other things, he was the more sure of getting another piece, if the pie, as it sometimes would happen, in spite of precaution, should not go around the second time.

The servants did not like him, because he never gave them a kind word nor a cent of money. But let any one of them omit to hand the best things to him first. Oh, the partiality that was shown as plain as day to that man! Everybody saw it, and spoke of it among confidential friends. Some said it was a sin; some said it was a shame; and some went so far as to say it was both.

Among the boarders was one whom we have seen before. For Mr. Bill Williams had now been installed in his office, and had already begun to take new responsibilities. When this conduct towards the new-comer had become notorious, he was heard by many persons even to swear that he 'd "be dinged ef he had had a hot waffle, even when thar was waffles, sense that dadblasted Yankee had moved up to old Miss Spouter's eend. As for the second piece of pie, he had done gin out ever hearin' of the like any more, thro'out the ages of a sorrowful and ontimely world." He spoke with feeling, it is true; but he was a clerk in Mr. Bland's store, and he thought that if he could not take some responsibility, the question was who could. "Consequenches mout be consequenches," said Mr. Bill, "be they now or at some futer day. I takes the responsibility to say that the case ar a onfair, and a imposition on the boarders and on the transhent people, and it war also a shame on Dukesborough, and also" — Mr. Bill shook his head for the conclusion.

But in spite of everybody and everything, Mr. Slack kept his place. He soon discovered Miss Spouter's weakness and her passion. Flattering as it might be to find himself the favored object of her

pursuit, yet the reflection that her only capital was a head of curls, which in time would fade, caused him to determine, after making his calculations, that no profit was to be netted in being caught. It was not to be overlooked, however, that there would be, if not an entire saving of expense, at least a postponement of its payment in keeping his thoughts to himself, and in seeming to be drawing nearer and nearer the vortex which was ready to swallow him up. The terms of board at Mr. Spouter's included monthly payments. These did not suit calculations which were made upon the principle of collecting his own dues at once, and postponing his payments as long as possible, and if possible to the end of time. Now, he guessed that, great as were Mr. Spouter's needs, that affectionate father would not be the man to run the risk of driving off his daughter's suitor by worrying him with dues for a little item of board, which might all come back again into the family. In addition to this, he was not insensible to the advantage of maintaining his seat at the dinner-table, where biscuits, waffles, and pies, when they came at all, were wont to make their first appearance. These several matters, being actual money to him, were not to be overlooked by a man who did nothing without deliberation. After deliberating, therefore, he determined to so conduct himself before the Spouters as to create the hope that the time would come when he would solicit the hand of her who long had been willing to bestow it upon somebody. But he was careful to keep his own advances and his meetings of advances without the pale of such contingencies as he had learned were accustomed in the South to follow breaches of

marriage contracts. If there was anything that Mr. Slack was afraid of, it was a cane, or perhaps a cowhide. He maintained his place at the table, therefore, and took what it afforded in the manner of a man who was very near to being one of the family. He chatted in a very familiar manner with Mrs. Spouter, and sympathized with her and Mr. Spouter's complaints of the high price of everything except board. He lounged in the parlor, where he told to Miss Angeline touching stories of his boyhood's home. He bestowed due admiration upon those curls, which, every time he saw them, reminded him of a portrait of his mother (now a saint in heaven), taken when she was a girl eighteen years old. Then he spoke feelingly of how he had been a wanderer, and how he began to think it was time he had settled himself for good; how he had never felt exactly ready for that until since he had come to Dukesborough; and how — and how — and how — embarrassment would prevent him from saying more. But whenever he got to this point, and Miss Angeline's heart would be about to burst, and she would be getting ready to cast herself upon his faithful bosom, he would change abruptly, become frightened, and go away, and stay away for a week.

At their first meeting at the breakfast-table after such scenes, Miss Spouter would appear quite conscious, hold herself yet straighter, and endeavor to show that she had spirit. But before she had carried it far she would conclude to stop where she was, go back and begin again.

## CHAPTER IV.

But while these things were going on among the Spouters, what had become of the Peas? Whoever supposes that Miss Georgiana was buried in the country, dead or alive, is simply mistaken. When she heard that there was a new store in town she wanted to see it; and when Uncle Ben heard that it was kept by a bachelor he was determined that he should see his daughter; for as he grew older, his anxiety became more intense for Georgiana to find somebody, as he expressed it, "to take keer of her when my head gits cold." He begged her several times to go before she was ready.

"Georgy, put on your yaller calliker, and go long."

"Pap, do wait till I get ready. I do believe you will go distracted."

Georgiana waited until she got ready, and when she did get ready she went. Her plan was to go and spend the night with Miss Spouter, and in company with her visit the new store the next morning.

Some persons believe in presentiments, and some do not. I hardly know what to think of such things, and have never yet made up my mind whether they are reliable or not. Sometimes they seem to foreshadow coming events, and sometimes they are clearly at fault. I have occasionally had dreams, and subsequent events were in such exact sequence with them that I have been inclined to accord to them much of the importance that by some persons it is maintained they have. Then again, the dreams I have had (for I have always been a dreamer) have

been so entirely unreasonable, nay, absurd, and even ridiculous, as to be impossible of fulfillment. For instance, I have more than once dreamed that I was a woman ; and I have since been much amused by the recollection of some of the strange things that I did and said while in that estate. I do not consider this an opportune place to mention them, even if they were worthy of mention on any occasion, and I allude to them for the purpose of saying that after such dreams I have been disposed to reject the whole of the theory of dreams.

But all this is neither here nor there. The divergence from my story, though natural, cannot with propriety be farther extended ; and I will return at once to my two heroines, in whose deportment will be found the reason why such divergence was made.

No sooner had Miss Spouter determined fully in her mind that she would catch Mr. Slack if she could than she was conscious of a wavering in her friendship for Miss Pea ; for she felt that that person was destined to be the greatest, if not the only barrier between her and the object of her pursuit. She, Miss Spouter, had seen him first, she thought. She had, as it were, found him, and when George was not even looking for any such property. George did not have even a shadow of the remotest claim to him. It was wrong and unkind in George to interfere. She, Miss Spouter, would n't have treated her so. Now all this was before Miss Pea had ever laid eyes on Mr. Slack, and Miss Spouter knew it. That made no difference, she said to herself. If anything, it made it worse. She was hurt, and she could not help it.

Miss Pea might have had a presentiment of this

state of things, and she might not. But at all events, when she went upon her visit she carried a bucket of butter as a present to Mrs. Spouter. It was just before supper-time, and consequently too late for her to return that evening. If it had not been, as she afterwards declared upon her word and honor, she would have done so. The Spouters were as cold as ice. Not even the bucket of butter could warm Mrs. Spouter a single degree. Strange conduct for her! Miss Angeline at first thought that she would not go in to the supper table. But then that would be too plain, and upon reflection she thought she preferred to be there.

Miss Pea and Mr. Slack, of course, had to be introduced. He found her disposed to be chatty. Miss Spouter looked very grave, and raised her pocket handkerchief to her mouth as an occasional provincialism fell from the lips of her country visitress, while her dear mother, taking the cue, would glance slyly at Mr. Slack and snicker.

"This is oncommon good butter, Mrs. Spouter," he remarked to the lady of the house; and oh, the quantities of butter that man did consume!

Now, it was from Miss Pea's bucket; they did not like to confess it, but they had it to do.

"Want' know! Wal, Miss Pea's mother must be a noble housekeeper."

Mrs. Pea had been dead several years.

"Dew tell! You, then?"

Miss Georgiana would have told a lie if she had not acknowledged that it was.

Mr. Slack bestowed a look of intense admiration upon her, which made Miss Spouter become quite grave, and her mother somewhat angry.

After supper the gentleman followed the ladies into the parlor. Miss Spouter was pensive, and complained of headache. Miss Pea did not believe she had it, and therefore she spoke freely of her father's plantation, of what he was to her and she to him, and of how he was always urging her to get married, a thing which she had made up her mind never do to. When they retired for the night, Miss Spouter being no better, but rather worse, they did what they had never done in their lives before, whenever there had been an opportunity of doing differently, — they slept apart. This was capping the climax, and Miss Pea went home the next morning, asking herself many times on the way if friendship was anything but a name.

It seemed to be a sad thing that these young ladies should part. Hand in hand they had traveled the broad road of life, and never jostled each other when men were plentiful. But these animals had broken from them like so many wild cattle, some dodging and darting between them, some taking to by-paths, and some wildly leaping over precipices, until now they were drawing nigh to the road of young womanhood, and there was but one left for them both. If they could have divided him it might have been well; but he was indivisible. The fact is, Mr. Slack ought never to have come there, or he ought to have brought his twin-brother with him.

"Wal, where 's your friend?" he inquired at breakfast.

"She 's gone to look after what she calls her father's plantation, I reckon," answered Mrs. Spouter, sharply.

"Be n't her father got no plantation, then?"

"He 's got a little bit of two hundred acres of tolerble poor land. That 's all the plantation he 's got."

"Oh, Ma!" interceded Miss Angeline. "Georgiana is a very good girl."

"She may be good, but if you call her a girl, I don't know what you would call them that 's fifteen or twenty years younger; and if she is young, that would n't make her daddy rich."

"Oh, no! But, oh, Ma!" Miss Spouter persisted in a general way, for she seemed to think that this was all that could be said in her favor. Upon reflection she asked Mr. Slack if he did not think Miss Pea had a good figger. Then she took a very small sip of water, wiped her mouth carefully, and coughed slightly.

"Wal, I — ah," began Mr. Slack, but Ma laughed so immoderately that he laughed too, and did not finish giving his opinion in words. Alas for Miss Pea! Big as she was, she was cut all to pieces and salted away by Mrs. Spouter, while Miss Angeline could only look a little reproachfully now and then, and say, "Oh, Ma!"

"Two hundred acres," mused Mr. Slack on his bed that night. "In Maas'chewsetts that is a considerable farm; other property in proportion. What would it bring in ready money, if the old man (I cal'late he 's old) should take a notion tew give it up *neow?* Already some money. He brought me a watermelon this morning, and asked me to go out and see them all. I 'm a going. Quick work, Adiel, — quick work."

Mr. Slack was a hard man to catch; it had been tried before, and had failed. Nevertheless, Mrs.

Spouter and Miss Spouter, about six weeks later, actually caught him in the act of coming away from Mr. Pea's. What made it worse, he had a bunch of pinks in his hand. The next time Miss Spouter met Miss Pea she did not speak to her. She only shook her curls, and said to herself in words which were audible, "Such is life!" Georgiana folded her hands over her bosom, and asked if friendship was anything but a name, what was it?

But the man maintained his place at the table, to which he marched with unusual confidence and good humor at the first meal after his detection; what is more, the little plates maintained their places. In spite of all his goings to the Peas and his returning with bunches of pinks in his hands, his deportment in any other respect had not, at least for the worst, changed. Indeed, he looked oftener and more fondly at the curls. Yes, thought Miss Spouter, he may marry her, but the image of Angeline Spouter is in his breast, and it will stay there forever. But for her entreaties her Ma would have removed the little plates, and sent him back to the other end of the table, where he came from.

"I 'm jest the woman to do it," she said. "That long-legged Yankee has eat more than his worth in butter alone. The house 'll break or be eat up, it makes no difference which, and nary cent of money has he paid yit. Settle hisself, indeed! He 'll never settle his nasty self except whar thar 's money, or everlastin' butter, and he not to pay for it neither. And I 'll move them plates to-morrow mornin'. If I don't, you may" —

"Oh, Ma! he DON'T love her, I know he don't. Let them stay a while longer."

And the next morning the little plates would come in, take their places, and look as cheerful as if nothing had happened.

Mr. Slack did a cash business. Time rolled on; the faster it rolled the cheaper he sold. His stock dwindled, and everybody asked why it was not being replenished. It began to be rumored that he was going to buy a plantation and settle himself. The rumor was traced to Uncle Ben Pea. Miss Georgiana was asked about it, and became confused.

"She jest as well a give it up," said Mr. Bill Williams, at Mr. Spouter's table. Mr. Bill was gradually edging up towards "quality eend," as he termed the head. "In fac, she did give it up farly. I axed her a plain question; she could n't say nothin', and she did n't. She merrily hung her head upon her bres, and she seemed monsous comfortubble. She ar evidently scogitatin' on the blessed joys of a futur state."

The next morning the little plates were absent, and Mr. Slack, without seeming to notice that Mr. Bill Williams had usurped his place, took his seat by Mr. Spouter, and talked with him in the manner of a man who had been on a journey of some weeks, and had now returned. That gentleman did not seem to be at all congratulatory on the occasion, but immediately after breakfast brought within view of his guest an account for three months' board. The latter looked over it carefully, remarked that he thought it was correct, begged that it might be considered as cash, and walked away. This was an eventful day to Mr. Slack; for, besides the aforementioned incident, he sold out the remainder of his stock to Messrs. Bland & Jones, went without his

dinner, borrowed a gig from the Justice of the Peace, took him along with him to Mr. Pea's, where, at three o'clock, P. M., he was married to Miss Georgiana.

"Wretched creature!" exclaimed Angeline, the forsaken, when her mother informed her of the news at night. At first she thought she would faint; but she did not. She retired to her room, undressed, looked at her curls in the glass even longer than was her wont, put them away tenderly, got into bed, apostrophized property and the other sordid things of this world, and went to sleep with this thought upon her mind: "Georgiana Pea may be by his side; but the image of Angeline Spouter is in his breast, and it will stay there forever."

## CHAPTER V.

"Are we not one? are we not joined by Heaven?"
FAIR PENITENT.

Georgiana was married, and her father was glad of it. It was what he had wanted long to see. The danger of going distracted was over. He was happy; indeed, jubilant. For the truth is, he had made the match. He and Mr. Slack had persuaded and begged, and made such fair promises, that she had been won rather against her judgment. Uncle Ben at one time would have preferred a Southern man; but all of that class had shown such a want of sense to appreciate his Georgy that he persuaded himself that she had made a narrow escape in not marrying one of them. Then Mr. Slack had come from such an immense distance, and knew so much, and talked so much, that Uncle Ben, as he admitted,

was actually proud of him. He maintained upon the day of the marriage that *Mas-sa-chu-setts* was the biggest word in the English language. But Georgiana, who was as honest and as truthful a woman as was in the world, insisted that her "Pap" went too far, or rather that he did not go far enough, and that *Con-stan-ti-no-ple* was a bigger. Uncle Ben didn't like to have to give it up; but when he found out from Mr. Slack that the place bearing that name was not in this country, and not even in America, he and Mr. Slack together got Georgy so badly, and wound her up so completely, that—oh, how they all did laugh and go on! The truth is that Uncle Ben was rapidly lapsing into a state where he could scarcely be considered faithful to his native section.

Yet in spite of all this, his son-in-law had some ways of doing and talking that he did not quite understand; but he trusted that they would wear off. Georgy now had a husband to take care of her when his head got cold; by which he meant to signify the time when he should be a dead man. She did not seem to be perfectly happy, but, on the contrary, somewhat ill at ease. But then she was n't any young thing to let getting married run her raving distracted. He liked Mr. Slack, upon the whole; he suited *him* well enough, and that is what parents generally care most for. He was a *business* man, that 's what he was. He talked upon business even on the afternoon of his marriage, and renewed the subject after supper and the next morning. One would have thought, to hear him talk about business, that the honeymoon had shone out and gone down long ago. It did not look exactly right; but now that Mr. Slack was a married man, he was for mak-

ing something. If *he* owned the farm, he should do this thing and that thing; sell this piece of property and convert it into cash; in short, he should sell out the whole concern, and go where land was cheaper and better. If it were left to him, he should turn it over so that in twelve months it should be worth at least twice as much as it was now. It was very clear to Uncle Ben that his son-in-law was a business man. Still he did not make out the title-deeds. Notwithstanding his hints to that effect heretofore, he had never entertained the slightest notion of such a thing. When Mr. Slack persisted in saying what he should do if he were the owner, the old gentleman took occasion to say, but in a somewhat jocose way, that he and Georgy would have to wait for that until his head got cold; which, he said, by way of consoling for the disappointment, would n't be much longer. Mr. Slack seemed to be somewhat hurt, but he merely remarked that he had a plenty to live on, and that all *he* wanted with property was for Georgiana to enjoy it. He had money enough to buy a tract of land adjoining Mr. Pea's, and two or three "fellows." If Georgiana had a good housewoman, it would save her from a good deal of work which now, since she was his wife, he would rather she did n't have to do; but — ah — he supposed he should have to wait for that.

Yes, but he need n't do any such thing, Mr. Pea stoutly maintained. Those being Mr. Slack's intentions, the 'oman should be bought. The money was there in that side-board drawer whenever they found one to suit them. He should buy the 'oman himself. The son-in-law's countenance brightened a little. He might have to go to Augusta in a few

days ; the likeliest gangs were there, generally ; and it might suit just as well to take the money along with him and buy the woman there. Georgiana did n't say anything ; but, La me ! what did she know about business ?

Mr. Slack sent into the village every day for the mail, for Dukesborough, being immediately on the great line of travel, had its daily mail. He had been married just two days, when one morning a letter was brought to him which made him turn a little pale. Upon his father-in-law's inquiry from whence it came, he answered, after a moment's hesitation, that it was from a man who owed him some money, and who had written to say that if he would meet him the next day in Augusta he would pay him a hundred dollars and renew the note. A hundred dollars, indeed ! The rascal had promised to pay half the note, and now as he was about settling himself he was to be put off with a hundred dollars ! He had a good mind not to go, and would not but for the importance of having the note renewed. But *could* he get there in time ? How was that, Mr. Pea ? Why, it was easy enough ; the stage would pass in a couple of hours, and as it traveled all night he could reach Augusta by nine o'clock the next morning. Mr. Slack hesitated. He was loath to go so soon after being married ; but as he had expected to go in a few days, anyhow, he guessed he had as well go on at once, especially as negroes seemed to be rising in price, and it was important to get the woman as soon as possible. Certainly ; business was business, if people *were* married. Mr. Slack ought to go at once ; *he* should, if it was him.

Uncle Ben took out the money, and Georgiana

ordered lunch. Mr. Slack had so often complained of the old gentleman's time-piece that the latter, upon his entreaties to be allowed to take it with him for repairs (at no expense to the owner, of course), consented. The man of business then went to packing his trunk and satchel. Although he was to stay but three days at furthest, yet, not knowing but that he might need them, he packed in all his clothes, looking about all over the house to be sure that he had not mislaid anything.

It was a nice lunch. It ought to have been, for it took a long time in getting ready. Mr. Slack was not sure that he was going to get his supper, and he therefore determined to put away enough to last him to the end of his journey. He had barely finished when the servant, who had been stationed to watch for the stage, announced that it was coming. He bade both an affectionate adieu, looked into the stage to see if there was any person in it whom he knew, did n't seem to be disappointed that there was not, hopped in, and off he went.

Far from pining on account of the absence of her mate, Georgiana, sensible woman that she was, went about her work as cheerfully as if nothing had happened. She had been so taken up with Mr. Slack that several small domestic matters needed to be put to rights again, and she seemed to be even glad of the opportunity to look after them. She actually sang at her work ; she was a good singer, too. The Peas always had been : I knew the family well. Georgiana was n't going to fret herself to death ; so she resumed her old tasks and habits, moved things back to their old places, and in every respect did as if she had forgotten that she had ever been married.

Uncle Ben was glad to see her in such gay spirits. He knew what it was all for, and he laughed inwardly and became gay himself. It was that nigger 'oman. The old man counted the days and nights. As much as he wanted to see Mr. Slack, he wanted yet more to see his watch; without it he felt like a man without a newly-amputated leg; but he would not allow it to trouble him very much. He talked a great deal, especially at meal times, about his Georgy's prospects, joked her about many things, talked of the prospects again, and what he and Mr. Slack were going to do to make her the happiest woman in the world. Georgiana never suggested any change of their plans, and looked as if she intended to be but clay in their hands.

Three days passed. Mr. Slack's very longest time was out. The stage hove in view; Mr. Pea was at his gate; his hat was in his hand.

"Good mornin', Uncle Ben," said the driver, and was passing on.

"Hello! hello, Thompson!" shouted the old man. Thompson drew up.

"Hain't you got Mr. Slack aboard?"

"No, SIR!"

"Hain't you got a nigger 'oman?"

"No, sir."

"Whar's Mr. Slack?"

"I don't know."

"Hain't you seed him?"

"No, sir."

"Hain't you heern of him?"

"No, sir."

"Why, what upon yearth does it mean?"

"Mr. Slack did n't go to nary tavern, but got off

at a privit 'ouse way up town. I hain't seed him nor heern from him sence. Was he to get back to-night?"

"Why, yes, certain and shore, without fail."

"Well, he ain't here, certin. Good evenin'."

"He hain't come, Georgy," said Uncle Ben, as he went into the house.

"Has n't he?"

"Why, no, he hain't."

"Well, we must try and wait till he does come."

Uncle Ben was too much occupied with his own disappointment to observe the equanimity with which Georgy bore hers. It was now bed-time: the daughter went to her room; the father sat up at least half an hour longer than usual. He was disappointed, certain and sure. When people told people they were coming at a certain time, people wanted 'em to come; especially when they had people's watches. Oh, how he had missed it! If he had missed it by day, he had missed it as much by night. It used to hang by a nail over his bed, and he longed for the gentle lullaby of its tickings. He had to go to bed, of course, but he lay awake another half hour. A dreadful thought came: What if Mr. Slack, after all, was an IMPOSTERER! Oh, he could n't bear it! So he turned over and went to sleep: but it would n't stay behind; it crawled over and came close to him in his sleep, and he dreamed that he was the owner of a jeweler's shop, and that, while he had no power to move, thieves were breaking through and stealing.

The next morning, immediately after breakfast, Uncle Ben stood at his gate. He had a notion that Mr. Slack was coming in a private conveyance

Sure enough, yonder came a gig with a man in it, and a horse behind, with something on the horse. Uncle Ben's eyes were dim, and he could n't make it out ; but he hoped and believed that it was a nigger 'oman. Vain hope and vain belief ! The gig carried Mr. Triplet, the sheriff, and the horse bore Mr. Pucket, a young lawyer from town. Uncle Ben had no business with them ; so he bade them a good-morning as they came up, and again turned his eyes up the road. But the gentlemen stopped, and inquired if Mr. Slack was at home. No, but Mr. Pea looked for him every instant. He had been gone to Augusty three days, and was to a been back last night, but he did n't.

Mr. Triplet looked upon Mr. Pucket and smiled. We must observe that a new election had come on, and Mr. Triplet had beaten Mr. Sanks. Mr. Pucket looked upon Mr. Triplet, but did not smile.

" You must follow him."

" Them must some foller him that kin run faster than I kin," answered Mr. Triplet.

" Foller who ? " asked Mr. Pea.

" Mr. Slack."

" Why, he 'll be here to-night. Or I 'll be bound he 's in a private conveyance, and 'll be here this mornin'. In cose he 's comin' back, becase he 's got four hundred dollars of my money to buy a nigger 'oman with, and my watch besides. *In cose* he 's coming back."

Mr. Triplet looked upon Mr. Pea and smiled compassionately. Mr. Pea looked upon Mr. Triplet and frowned threateningly.

" What 's the matter, Jim Triplet ? "

" The matter ar that you won't see your four hun-

dred dollars agin, nor your watch, nor the gentleman what carried 'em off."

"Why, what upon yearth is you talkin' about?"

"I ar talkin' about the business of my office, which ar to arress Mr. Adiel Slack, or Mr. Elishay Lovejoy, or Mr. Ephraim Hamlin, or what mout be the name of the gentleman that carried off your four hundred dollars and your watch."

"Don't kick before you're spurred, Triplet; becase nobody ain't accused him of takin' the money and watch, — leastways of stealin' it. Mr. Slack is a honest man and my son-in-law; and I tell you he'll be back to-night, and I look for him every minnit of the day."

"So much the better for us if he do come. I has not come to arress him for taking of the money and the watch, which is misdemeanors that I did n't know tell now. But he is charge of obtainin' credit by false pretensions, of stealin' divers money, of tradin' with niggers, and finually, with marryin' three wimming, and not waitin' for nary one of 'em to die fust."

"Oh, Lordy!" exclaimed Mr. Pea. He then approached the sheriff, and in a tone which invited candor and confidence, and even hinted at gratitude, said, "Jeems Triplet, I voted for you: you know I did; I always has. Ar what you say a fac?"

"I know you did, Uncle Ben, and I tell you the plain truth, — it ar a fac. Thay ain't no doubt about it. Mr. Pucket here can tell you all about it."

Mr. Pea, without waiting to hear further, turned and got into the house as fast as he could. He went into a shed-room with uncommon desperation for a man of his years, and raised his hands in order to

take down a shot-gun from two forks on which it used to hang. The forks were there, but the gun was gone. He looked at the forks with the most resentful astonishment, and with a voice towering with passion asked them what in the name of thunder had become of his gun. Not receiving any answer, he put the same interrogatory to the corner behind the door, to the space under the bed, and even to two small glass drawers, after opening and shutting them with great violence. He then ran back to the front door and questioned the whole universe on the subject.

"ROBBED! ROBBED!!" roared the old man. "Gentul-men, ef I ain't robbed" — Mr. Pea had not "cussed" before (as he afterwards declared upon his word and honor) "in twenty year."

"Georgy! Where 's Georgy?" It just now occurred to him that it was possible Georgy might not like the state of things herself.

Georgiana had been at the dairy, superintending her butter. She had seen the men as they came, had gone into the house as quietly as she could, and was peeping and listening through the window of her own room.

"Pap," she said, not loudly, but earnestly, "do come here, if you please."

He went into her room.

"I reckon now you 're satisfied. He 's got what he came here for; he 's stole from you, and he 's stole from me; I hain't got a pocket-handkerchief to my name. But do, for goodness' sake, go and send them men away."

"Oh, Lordy!" reiterated Mr. Pea, retiring. "Gentul-men, it 's no use: we are cotcht; Georgy and me

has both been cotcht — I acknowledge the corn; and what is worser, it seem that I am the cause of it all. He have took my money; he have took my watch; he have took my gun; he have took my rumberiller; and da-ing his low-life skin, he have even took Georgy's pocket-handkerchers. It seem like he jest picked me and Georgy out for all his rascalities. And to think that I should be 'cused of it all. I *did* want her to marry. It look like a pity for her not to git married. And now she is married, and what have she married? A nasty, dad-blasted, thievious Yankee; and ain't even married at that! She is married, and she ain't married; and she 's a orphlin; and she 's a widder; and nobody can't tell what she ar and what she ain't; and I don't understand it; and Georgy's name will go *down* to posterity, and the Peas won't be nobody any more; and — oh, Lordy!"

"Pap, do for goodness gracious' sake hush, and come in the house!" said Georgiana, advancing to the front door. "The Lord knows, I 'm glad I ain't married; and if them other women don't grieve after him any more than *I* grieve after him, they 've done forgot him, that 's all. Pap, do come in the house."

Mr. Pea subsided, and the men rode away. Mr. Pucket begged Mr. Triplet to hasten; but the latter, who was too old to be running for nothing, declared in round terms that he 'd be dinged ef he did.

"I would n't a made myself ridicerlous, Pap, before company, if I 'd a been in your place. That was pretty talk to have before men, and I in the house hearin' every word."

Mr. Pea, hearing himself accused of a new crime, could n't stand it.

"I do believe that if old Saton was to come it would be me that fotch him, or leastways sent for him; and I'd leave he had a come as that d-ad-blasted Yankee. Yes, it's me: in cose it's me. Anything wrong, I done it; oh, yes, in cose: certing. Whar's my hat?" And the good man sallied forth to his field, where he remained until dinner-time. There were so many contending emotions in his breast that he ate in silence. Georgiana had a good appetite; she ate away with a gusto, and eyed her father amusedly.

"Pap, if I'll tell you something, will you swear you'll keep it?"

Uncle Ben laid down his knife and fork, and gazed at her in amazement.

"Wipe your mouth, Pap, and tell me if you'll swear."

"What is it?" he demanded authoritatively.

"Will you swear, I ask you?"

"That's a mighty pooty question for a child to ask its parrent."

"Oh, very well." And she helped herself again from her favorite dish. "Won't you have some more, Pap?"

"Georgy, what *does* you mean?"

"Will you swear?"

"No, I WON'T."

"Oh, very well, then." And she peppered and salted.

"Well, I never 'spected to come to this while my head was hot. My own child: that I've raised: and raised respectable: to be settin' thar, at my own table, a axin' her own parrent to swar: jest the same as ef I was gwine into a Free Mason's lodge: which she knows I don't hold with no sich."

"Pap, I've heard you often talking against the Free Masons. I never thought they were so mighty bad. What do they do that is so awful bad?"

"You don't, do you? No, I suppose you don't; in cose you don't: takin' arter them as you do: in cose you don't. I sposen you 'll be a jinin' 'em yourself befo long. For they tells me they takes in wimming too; and swars *them;* and they rips and rears round jest like the men, and car's on ginnilly. Oh, no: in cose you don't: takin' arter 'em as you do."

"I don't know what I might do, after what I've done already. But how do I take after 'em?"

"In havin' o' secrets that's a sin to keep; and in trying to make people swar that they won't tell 'em; and not even to their own parrents. That's how you are takin' arter 'em."

"Oh, yes, I see now," she said, appearing to muse. "Still, this is something that I could n't tell without your swearing not to mention to a blessed soul. It's worth swearin' for, Pap."

The old man was silent for a moment.

"Ar it anything concernin' that mean runaway Yankee?"

"If it is, will you swear?"

"Yes, I WILL, and cuss, too, if you want me. I've been a cussin' to myself all day, anyhow."

"You've cursed to other people besides yourself: but I only want you to swear."

She brought the family Bible.

"La, Georgy! is you in yearnest, sure enough? Why, what do you mean? You ain't no Jestice."

It made no difference; she made him place his hand on the book and swear that he would never

reveal what she was going to tell him without her consent. Uncle Ben was very solemn while the oath was being administered. It required several minutes to impart the secret. When it was over the old man's joy was boundless. He jumped up and ran into his own room, where he cut up more capers than any one could have believed that he could cut up; he ran back again, made Georgiana rise from the table, hugged her, and made her sit down again; he rushed to the front door and huzzaed to the outer world; he rushed back again and hugged Georgy as she sat. Then he took his seat again, and looked upon her with ineffable admiration. Suddenly he grew serious.

"Oh, Georgy, now if I only had"—

Before he could speak further she had taken something from her bosom, and handed it to him. He seized it with both hands, gazed at it, held it at arm's length and gazed at it, opened and looked into it, shut it up again, held it for a moment to his ear, patted it gently, laid it on the table, then lifted up his voice and wept.

## CHAPTER VI.

"I grant I am a woman."

JULIUS CÆSAR.

When the news of Mr. Slack's escapade reached Dukesborough, there was running to and fro. Business was suspended. Some asked if the like had ever been heard of; others asked everybody if they had n't told him so. J. Spouter was among the former, and Mr. Bill Williams among the latter. He got leave of absence from the store, in order to roam

up and down all the forenoon for the purpose of proving that he had prophesied what had taken place, or its equivalent. He was delighted: my observation is that almost everybody is, by the verification of a prophecy which he has made, or which he thinks he has made. Miss Spouter tried to laugh, but she did n't make much out of it. Mrs. Spouter did n't laugh at all. How could she, when she remembered the plates of butter that had been consumed, not only without thanks, but without pay? She did all the talking in the domestic circle. Mr. Spouter seemed inclined to be taciturn. He merely remarked that he had never been so outed in his born days, and then shut up. But then Mr. Spouter never had much to say when Mrs. Spouter had the floor; if, however, he had had the floor now, there was nothing for him to say. He had not sued his debtor, but for reasons other than the being a merciful creditor. He was not used to such things. Indeed, the very word SUIT was, and had long been, disagreeable to his ear; so much so that he had never gone into court of his own accord. It was one of his boasts, in comparing himself with some others, that he had never been plaintiff in an action, and never expected to be. He always discouraged people from going to law, maintaining that people never got much by going there: a remark that was true when confined in its application to those who had gone there carrying him with them. Yet Mr. Spouter seldom lost a bill. It was always a wonder to me how rapidly persons in his condition could collect their bills. But this time Mr. Spouter, as he said, was "outed." As he did n't relish Mr. Bill Williams' jokes, and as Mrs. Spouter did n't, and at

last as Miss Spouter did n't, Mr. B. W. had to suspend.

Poor Mr. Pucket! His mind had been set upon a fee; but as no one could be found who could run faster than Mr. Triplet, and as the fugitive had three days' start, there was no pursuit. None but a briefless lawyer can imagine how badly Mr. Pucket felt.

"And so she is n't married, after all!" said Miss Spouter to herself, when she was alone in her chamber that night. "Not married after all; no more than I am. Yes, I suppose more than I am; because she *thought* she was married, and I KNEW I was n't. That makes some difference; and then — and then" — But it was too wonderful for Miss Spouter: she could n't make it out. So she only said, "Oh, I wonder how she feels!"

Now there was but one way to get the desired information, and that was to see her and hear it from her own mouth. To most persons that way would seem to be barred, because the last time the two ladies met Miss Spouter had refused to speak. But it did not seem so to her; she would herself remove all obstacles. SHE WOULD FORGIVE GEORGE! Yes, that she would. Was n't it noble to forgive? Did n't the Bible teach us to forgive? Yes, she would forgive. What a glory overspread the heart of the injured when, in that tender moment, she found she could forgive. She wished now that she had gone to Georgiana to-day; she would go to-morrow. Malice should never have an abiding-place in that heart. It might have it in other people's hearts, but it should never have it in that one. Never, no never, while memory remains. She laid herself calmly and sweetly upon her bed, and was forcibly reminded, as she

thought of herself and her conduct, of the beauty and the serenity of a summer's evening.

## CHAPTER VII.

"In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee."
MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Mr. Pea writhed and chafed under his oath. He begged his Georgy to let him tell somebody. He swore another oath, — that he should die if he did n't. He did tell it there in the house several times to imaginary auditors, after looking out of the doors and windows to see if no real ones were near. Even when he was out-of-doors, he went all about whispering excitedly to himself, occasionally laughing most tumultuously. Georgiana became uneasy.

"Pap, are you going to run distracted again?"

"Georgy, ef I don't believe I am, I 'll — you may kill me!"

Georgiana had to yield. She wished to see Mr. Spouter upon a little matter of business connected with Mr. Slack, and she concluded to consent for him to be sent for, and her father to inform him of what she saw he must inevitably tell somebody. The old man was extremely thankful, but he wanted to make a request.

"Georgy, you must let me send for Triplet. I 've got a good joke on Triplet, a powerful joke on him. And he 's a officer, Georgy, too," he added, seriously. "Things like them, when they ar told, ought to be told befo a officer, Georgy. Triplet is a officer. This case, an a leetle more, an it would a got into cote; an as Triplet ar a officer, he ought to be here, in cose."

Georgiana consented, on hearing this last argument. But she expressly enjoined upon her father that at any period of his disclosures, when she called upon him to stop, he would have to do it. He promised to obey; and the servant was sent into Dukesborough with the request that Messrs. Spouter and Triplet should come out the next morning on particular business. Georgiana knew fully what she, who was her friend, but now, alas, abandoned, was thinking about, and therefore she was included in the summons.

Early the next morning the party arrived. Miss Spouter alighted in great agitation, rushed through the front room into Georgiana's, who was there waiting for what she knew was to happen, looked all around as if she was expecting to find somebody besides Georgiana, fell upon her in the old way, pronounced her pardon, and then demanded to be told all about it. Oh, my! Dreadful! Did ever! Vain and foolish man! How did Georgiana feel?

Georgiana led her into her father's room, which also served for the parlor. She was surprised and annoyed to find Mr. Pucket there with the other gentlemen. Mr. Pucket had, somehow, gotten the wind of it, and said to himself that he did n't know what might happen. He had been told by an old lawyer that the only way for a young man to succeed at the bar was to push himself forward. So he determined to go, and he went. Uncle Ben was glad of it. He was going, for the first time in his life, to make a speech; and he wished as large an audience as possible. No, no; in cose there wern't no intrusion, and no nothin' of the sort, nor nothin' else.

Georgiana sat very near her father.

Then Uncle Ben opened his mouth, and began :—

"You see, gentul-men, it was all my fault, from the fust. After Georgy seed him she did n't think much of him. She said she did n't keer about marryin', nohow, and ef she did she wanted it to be to a Southering man. But I and him too, we overpersuaded her. He seemed to think so much of me and her too ; and he had a store, and 'peared like a man well to do. And I did want to see my only daughter settle herself. The feelin' is nat'ral, as you know yourself, Mr. Spouter ; all parrents that has daughters has 'em : ain't it so, Mr. Spouter ? "

Mr. Spouter answered rather by his manner than in words. Miss Spouter became confused, and did n't look at Mr. Pucket when he coughed. Mr. Triplet had seen something of life in his time : still he took a chew of tobacco.

"Go on, Pap," said Georgiana.

"Yes. Well, you see, gentulmen, sich it war — anyhow they got married. Georgy said when she gin her consent she gin it to keep me from runnin' distracted, as it did 'pear like I war. Howbeever, I ar clean out o' that now. Circumances is altered powerful. Well, as I said, anyhow thay got married — that is, they did n't git married ; because he were already married, and thay warn't no law for it, as you know yourself, Mr. Pucket, thay warn't. But — ah — leastways they went throo the — ah — the motions, and the — ah — gittin' out lisens, and the — ah — stannin' up in the floor and jinin' o' hands ; and he come here to live. Well, now, don't you b'leeve that Georgy, she spishuned him from the very fust day : for no sooner were he married, hardly,

than he begun to sarch behind every nuke and corner about here, and before night, bless your soul, he knowed more about whar things was in this house than I did. Leastways, Georgy says so, and it 's obleeged to be so ; for there 's things, many of 'em in this house, that I don't know whar they are." And Mr. Pea looked around and above, taking as big a view as if he were surveying the whole universe.

"Well, Georgy, she and he tuk a walk that fust evenin'. Instid of talkin' along like tother folks that 's jest got married, he went right straight to talkin' about settlin' hisself, and put at her to begin right away to git all she could out'n me ; which Georgy, she did n't like no sich, and nobody would n't a liked it that thought anything of herself. You would n't, Angeline Spouter, you know you would n't, the very fust day you was married."

"Go on, Pap, please."

"Yes. Well, Georgy spishuned him again at supper, from the way he looked at the spoons on the table ; which ef they had a been the ginuine silver, they would n't a been in this house now, to my opinion ; probly ; leastways, ef" — Uncle Ben smiled, and concluded to postpone the balance of this sentence.

"Well, you see, Georgy Ann, arter supper, she got sick, she did, and she hilt on to her head powerful. In cose, bed-time, hit had to come arter a while. When hit did come, she were wusser, and she give that feller a candle to go long to bed. When Georgy goes to bed, she goes on throo into the little jinin' back room, and she locked the door arter her. I never knowed one word o' this untel arter he went

off. Well, arter he went to sleep, Georgy she heerd a mighty groanin'. So she ups, she does, an onlocks the door, and creeps in mighty sly. It seem like he were dreamin' and talkin' in his sleep powerful. He called names, sich as Jemimy, Susan Jane, Betsy Ann, and — what was all them names, Georgy ?"

"It makes no difference, Pap ; go on."

"And a heap more of 'em. Georgy can tell you, cose she heard 'em over and ofting. Well, he seemed to be powerful shamed of all of 'em, and he swore he wern't married, and them that said so was a liar, and all sich. Well, sich carrin' on made Georgy b'leeve that he was a married man befo, and had two or three wives already, or probable four or five. And so Georgy seed rightaway that she was n't no wife o' his'n, and didn't have no intrust in no sich a d-evil. And she war right, Triplet. Triplet, war n't she right ?"

"In cose," answered Mr. Triplet.

"Do go on, Pap."

"Well, yes. Yit still she did n't let on. The kept up tolerble well in the day-time, but when night come agin, Georgy she gits sick agin, and goes into the jinin' little room agin. I never seed sich carrin' on befo."

Uncle Ben had to stop and laugh a while. Georgy begged him to go on.

"Well, she kep on hearin' him a goin' on, and you think she would tell me the fust thing o' all this? Ef she had a told me — Howbeever, that ain't neither here nor thar. Well, it seem he talked in his sleep about other people besides wimming, about men and about money, and declared on his soul that he never stole it, which goes to show Georgy that

he war a rogue, as well as a rascal about wimming. Yit in this time he begin to hint even around *me* about property, and even insinivated that he would like to have the whole plantation and all that 's on it!" Mr. Pea showed plainly by his manner, after making this last remark, that no man had ever had an ambition more boundless than the late Mr. Slack. "But I mighty soon give him to understand that he war barkin' up the wrong tree ef he thought I was gwine to give up *this* plantation and *my* property before my head got cold. Them 's always fools that does it. Howbeever, he talked so much about settlin' hisself, and so easy and good about Georgy, and how that all he keered about property was for her, and I knowed that was all *I* keered about it for, that I told him I 'd pay for a nigger 'oman for 'em. Well, you see, I no sooner says that than he ups with a lie about havin' to go to Augusty. But shore enuff, arter he had been here two days, he *had* to go too Augusty, or somewhar else. Becase he got a letter which skeered him powerful, and he said he war goin' right off. I did n't spishun nothin' agin the man, and I lets him have the money to buy the nigger 'oman. I had no more spishun of him, Jeems Triplet, than I have of you, only knowin' that he was monstrous fond of money, which is all right enough ef a man comes by it honest. Well, Georgy she was tuk back tremenduous by his gittin' the money so all on a sudding. Yit she did n't let on, but makes out like she 's mighty sorry he war goin' so soon, but mighty glad he 's goin' to fetch her a nigger 'oman when he come back. She has him got a mighty good snack of vittles; and what ain't common for dinner, she puts on the table a plate of nice

fresh butter and a plenty of biscuit, Triplet." Mr. Pea now looked as sly and as good-humored as it was possible for him to be. "Triplet, I 've got a good joke on you."

Mr. Triplet seemed to guess what it was, and smiled subduedly.

"You know what you said about my never seein' certing people and certing things — certing property no more?"

Mr. Triplet acknowledged that he did.

"Well, Triplet, part of it was so, and part of it were not so; all which both is jest as I wants it to be. Triplet, that butter and them biscuit is what saved me. He never expected to eat no more tell he got to Augusty, and I tell you he hung to that butter and them biscuit. While he was at 'em, and Georgy she made 'em late a comin' in a purpose, she takes some old keys which she had picked up, and finds one that could onlock his peleese, whar she seed him put the money, and whar she knowed he kep all he had."

Uncle Ben intended to laugh mercilessly at Triplet, but he was stopped by the sight of Mr. Pucket, who did look as if he was trying to swallow something that was too big for his throat.

"Ar anything the matter with you, Mr. Pucket? Is you got a cold? Ar your thoat so'?" asked the old gentleman, with undisguised interest.

Triplet snickered as Mr. Pucket denied being sick.

Uncle Ben proceeded: —

"So she jest opened it sly as a mice and tuk out my money" —

"And what else?" eagerly asked Mr. Pucket.

"My watch, that the villion beg me to let him take

with him to have it worked on, which I did n't like no"—

"What else?" asked Mr. Pucket again.

"That 's the last pint I 'm a comin' too, and that 's why Georgy sent arter Mr. Spouter. She knowed that he owed Mr. Spouter thirty dollars, and she made up her mind to pay the debt, as now she seed his money, and she tuk out thirty dollars o' his money, which here it ar for you, Mr. Spouter."

"I garnishee the thirty dollars!" interposed Mr. Pucket, holding out his hands.

"You are too late," answered Mr. Spouter, taking the money, putting it into his pocket, and looking as if he had gotten in again after being outed by Mr. Slack.

"Can't I garnishee, Triplet?"

"Garnishee for what?"

"For my fee?"

"Fee for what?"

"Why, for my services in — ah — coming out here on two occasions."

"Well, you can't garnishee."

Mr. Triplet looked as if he was ashamed of Mr. Pucket. Uncle Ben hoped there was goin' to be no bad feelins and no difficulties.

"Certainly not," answered Mr. Triplet. "Mr. Pucket ar a young lawyer, and forgot at the minnit that it war other people that owed him for his services instid of Mr. Slack. Besides, furthermo, Mr. Pucket ought to know that you can't garnishee jest dry so, without fust gittin' out some sort o' paper from the cote. That would take so much time that Spouter here mout spend his thirty dollars befo he got it; that is, ef Spouter wanted too." Mr. Triplet looked interrogatively at the other gentleman.

"Yes, ef I wanted too," answered Mr. S., oracularly.

"But," persisted Mr. Pucket, "there was other moneys."

"Whar?" asked Mr. Triplet.

"In Mr. Slack's trunk."

"No, thay wan't," answered Mr. Pea, who thought he ought to keep Mr. Pucket to the true word. "They was in his peleese."

"Well, in his peleese. That makes no difference," and Mr. Pucket looked as if he thought he had them on that point.

"Pucket," said Triplet, "it won't make no difference. You are right. It don't make nary bit o' difference with nobody, ner with your fee neither. That fee ar a lost ball. Thay ain't no money here to pay it with, an ef there was it would be Mr. Slack's lawyer, and not you, that would git it. Well, gin it up, and another time try to have better luck."

Mr. Pucket *was* a young lawyer, and was, in part, owned by Mr. Triplet. So he subsided. Uncle Ben looked troubled, until the sheriff assured him that there could be no difficulties. "Go on, Uncle Ben. You got your gun, of course?"

"Triplet, you rascal! You may laugh; but I don't want the gun. He may keep it, and do what he pleases with it, even to blowin' out his own thievious brains with it, for what I keer. He 's welcome to the gun. You, Triplet!"

"Don't mind me, Uncle Ben. Go on."

"Well, thar 's lots more to tell, ef Georgy would only let me; and some things as would make you laugh powerful, Triplet, ef you was to hear 'em. But she 's made me swar, actilly swar, that I won't

tell without her leave. Maybe she 'll tell your ole 'oman some o' these days. Well, I felt mighty glad when I got my money back, and, ef anything, a leetle gladder when I got back my watch agin. Triplet, when I seed her" (and the old man drew out a watch as big and as round as a turnip), "when I seed her agin, ef I did n't cry you may kill me. I 've had her thirty year, and none o' your new-fangled ones can beat her runnin' when you clean her out and keep her sot right with the sun. Ah, well," he continued, putting it back and shaking his foot in mild satisfaction, "the thing is over, and the best of it all ar that" —

"Hush, Pap," said Georgiana, raising her finger.

The old man smiled, and hushed.

After hearing parts of the story over several times, the party rose to go. Mr. Triplet, rising, said that in cose it war not any of his bisiness, but he would like to ax Miss Georgy one question, ef he would n't be considered as meddlin' with what did n't belong to him; and that was, why she did n't tell on the villion as soon as she found him out. Georgiana answered: —

"Well, Mr. Triplet, I many times thought I would; but you see I did n't know for certain that he had done all the things that I was afraid he had. Besides, Mr. Triplet, even if he was n't my husband, I one time thought he was, and before God and man I had promised to be faithful to him. And then he had stayed in this house, and eat at our table, and — and called Pap father, and — and — and — Well, Mr. Triplet, somehow it did n't look right for me to be the first one to turn against him; and — and when I did think of telling on him, something would rise up and tell me that I ought not."

"Wimming ain't like men, nohow, Uncle Ben," said Triplet, wiping his eye as he bade him good-by.

"No, they ain't, Triplet," and he laid his hand fondly on his daughter's shoulder, while the tears ran down his cheeks.

The visitors now left, all except Miss Spouter. She wished to get behind the scenes and know more. How much more she learned I cannot say. They went to bed early when the day ended, and to sleep late. There was something which made them easily reunite. It was pity. Miss Spouter imagined that she pitied her friend because she had been deceived by a man, even more than herself had ever been, and because of the hurtful influence which that deception would probably exert upon any future expectations of marriage. Miss Pea, who, instead of having any regrets, felt relief in the thought that henceforth her father would be satisfied to allow her to manage such matters for herself, and that she should be satisfied to have none to manage, really pitied her friend because she yet yearned for an impossible estate. When the time came for them to go to sleep (and Georgiana thought it long coming), she did not wait a moment. Miss Spouter lay awake some time further. She pondered long on what she had heard. It was strange. It was almost like a novel. How could George be still the same Georgiana Pea? She had been Mrs. Slack. Was n't she Mrs. Slack now? And how, oh, how exciting everything must have been! Her thoughts followed Mr. Slack a while; but he was so far away that they came back, and went looking after Mr. Bill Williams. He was not much, but he was something. He had never exhibited any regard for her yet, but it was

possible that he would some day. He was at least ten years younger than herself. But her curls were the same as ever; and besides, were not marriages made in heaven? Or were they not a lottery, or something of the sort? Mr. Bill Williams, after all, might be the very one to whom the something in her alluded when it had so repeatedly told her that she was destined to make some man so happy; who knows? Then her mind turned again, and, notwithstanding Mr. Slack's great distance ahead, it started forth in the direction he had taken. She dwelt upon his strange conduct and his running away, and although it was plain that he had done the like before, and when he had never seen her nor heard of her, yet she half persuaded herself that she was the cause, though the perfectly innocent cause, of it all. "Yes, yes!" she was saying to herself, as sleep stole upon her at last, "he is gone; but the image of Angeline Spouter is in his breast, and it will stay there forever!"

# SUT LOVINGOOD.

"SUT LOVINGOOD" belongs to a class which is but little known even in the South. The gulf between him and Simon Suggs is impassable. He is no relation to Major Jones, or even to Ransy Sniffle. His ilk is small, his base of operations limited, and his lingo his own. But he is genuine. In spite of his amazing oddities and his audacious flights of fancy, he was, on his first appearance, recognized and welcomed as native and to the manner born.

George W. Harris, to whom "Sut" owes the honor of paternity, was a quiet, rather sombre gentleman, who lived and died in East Tennessee, where he was born and reared. His contributions were originally made to the "Union and American," of Nashville, and thence collected in a volume, issued by Dick & Fitzgerald. His humor is very rough, and often of the coarsest; but it is full of comic situation, plot, and phrasing.

One at least of "Sut's" adventures has crossed the Atlantic to do duty in one of the acts of a comedy by Sardou, and not a few of the conceits and oddities, with which his exploits abound, have reappeared in our domestic dramas. The hero himself, however, has never been attempted on the stage. He is a little too lively and a little too uncouth, perhaps, for presentation *in propriâ personâ*. Nevertheless, he is vastly funny, and in the hands of an American actor — such, for example, as Mr. Toole is to the comic life of London — would certainly prove effective.

There is, as will be observed, as little attempt at technical literary finish, either in description or proportion, in "Sut Lovingood" as in the rest of the sketches of which it is an example; the author seeming to aim merely at his point, and, this reached, to be satisfied to leave it to work out its own moral and effect.

## I.

### HOW DADDY PLAYED HOSS.

"HOLE that ar hoss down tu the yeath." "He 's a fixin' fur the heavings." "He 's a spreadin' his

tail feathers tu fly. Look out, Laigs, if you ain't ready tu go up'ards." "Wo, Shavetail." "Git a fiddil; he 's tryin' a jig." "Say, Long Laigs, rais'd a power ove co'n, did n't yu?" "'T ain't co'n, hits redpepper."

These and like expressions were addressed to a queer-looking, long-legged, short-bodied, small-headed, white-haired, hog-eyed, funny sort of a genius, fresh from some bench-legged Jew's clothing store, mounted on "Tearpoke," a nick-tailed, bow-necked, long, poor, pale sorrel horse, half dandy, half devil, and enveloped in a perfect net-work of bridle, reins, crupper, martingales, straps, surcingles, and red ferreting, who reined up in front of Pat Nash's grocery, among a crowd of mountaineers, full of fun, foolery, and whisky.

This was Sut Lovingood.

"I say, you durn'd ash cats, jis keep yer shuts on, will ye? You never seed a rale hoss till I rid up; you's p'raps stole ur owned shod rabbits ur sheep wif borrerd saddils on, but when you tuck the fus begrudgin' look jis now at this critter, name Tarpoke, yu wer injoyin' a sight ove nex' tu the bes' hoss what ever shell'd nubbins ur toted jugs, an' he 's es ded es a still wum, poor ole Tickytail!

"Wo! wo! Tarpoke, yu cussed infunel fidgety hide full ove fire, can't yu stan' still an' listen while I'se a polishin' yer karacter off es a mortul hoss tu these yere durned fools?"

Sut's tongue or his spurs brought Tearpoke into something like passable quietude, while he continued:—

"Say yu, sum ove yu growin' hogs made a re-mark jis now 'bout redpepper. I jis wish tu say in a

gineral way that eny wurds cupplin' redpepper an Tarpoke tugether am durn'd infurnal lies."

"What killed Tickeytail, Sut?" asked an anxious inquirer after truth.

"Why, nuffin, you cussed fool; he jis died so, standin' up et that. War n't that rale casteel hoss pluck? Yu see, he froze stiff; no, not that adzactly, but starv'd fust, an' froze arterards, so stiff that when dad an' me went tu lay him out, an' we push'd him over, he stuck out jis" so "(spreading his arms and legs), belike ontu a carpenter's bainch, an' we hed tu wait ni ontu seventeen days fur 'im tu thaw afore we cud skin 'im."

"Skin 'im?" interrupted a rat-faced youth, whittling on a corn-stalk. "I thot yu wanted tu lay the hoss out."

"The ——, yu did! Ain't skinin' the natral way ove layin' out a hoss, I'd like tu no? See a yere, soney, yu tell yer mam tu hev yu sot back jis 'bout two years, fur et the rate yu'se a climbin' yu stan's a pow'ful chance tu die wif yer shoes on, an' git laid hoss way, yu dus."

The rat-faced youth shut up his knife and subsided.

"Well, thar we wer — dad, an' me" (counting on his fingers), "an' Sall, an' Jake (fool Jake we calls 'im, fur short), an' Jim, an' Phineass, an' Callimy Jane, an' Sharlottyann, an' me, an' Zodiack, an' Cashus Clay, an' Noah Webster, an' the twin gals (Castur and Pollox), an' me, an' Catherin Second, an' Cleopatry Antony, an' Jane Barnum Lind, an' me, an' Benton Bullion, an' the baby what hain't nam'd yet, an' me, an' the Prospect, an' mam hersef — all lef in the woods alone, wifout ara hoss tu crup wif."

"Yu'se counted yersef five times, Mister Lovingood," said a tomato-nosed man in ragged overcoat.

"Yas, ole Still-tub, that's jis the perporshun I bears in the famerly fur dam fool, leavin' out Dad, in course. Yu jis let me alone, an' be a thinkin' ove gittin' more hoops ontu yu. Yus leakin' now; see thar." Ha! ha! from the crowd, and "Still-tub" went into the doggery.

"Warn't that a devil's own mess ove broth fur a 'spectabil white famerly tu be sloshin' about in? I durned ef I did n't feel sorter like stealin' a hoss sumtimes, an' I speck I 'd a dun hit, but the stealin' streak in the Lovingoods all run tu durned fool, an' the onvartus streak all run tu laigs. Jis look down the side ove this yere hoss mos' tu the groun'. Dus yu see em?

"Well, we waited, an' wished, an' rested, an' plan'd, an' wished, an' waited agin, ontil ni ontu strawberry time, hopin' sum stray hoss mout cum along; but dorg my cats, ef eny sich good luck ever cums wifin reach ove whar dad is, he 's so dod-dratted mean, an' lazy, an' ugly, an' savidge, an' durn fool tu kill.

"Well, one nite he lay awake till cock-crowin' a-snortin', an' rollin', an' blowin', an' shufflin', an' scratchin' hissef, an' a whisperin' at mam a heap, an' at breckfus' I foun' out what hit ment. Says he, 'Sut, I 'll tell yu what we 'll du: I 'll be hoss *mysef*, an' pull the plow whilst yu drives me, an' then the "Ole Quilt" (he ment that fur mam) an' the brats kin plant, an' tend, ur jis let hit alone, es they darn pleze; I ain't a carein'.'

"So out we went tu the pawpaw thicket, an' peel'd

a rite smart chance ove bark, an' mam an' me made geers fur dad, while he sot on the fence a-lookin' at us, an' a studyin' pow'rful. I arterards foun' out, he wer a-studyin' how tu play the kar-acter ove a hoss puffectly.

"Well, the geers becum him mitily, an' nuffin wud du 'im but he mus hev a bridil; so I gits a umereller brace — hit 's a litil forked piece ove squar wire bout a foot long, like a yung pitch-fork, yu no — an' twisted hit sorter intu a bridil bit snaffil shape. Dad wanted hit made kurb, es he hed n't work'd fur a good while, an' said he mout sorter feel his keepin' an' go tu ravin' an' cavortin'.

"When we got the bridil fix'd ontu dad, don't yu bleve he sot in tu chompin hit jis like a rale hoss, an' tried tu bite me on the arm (he allers wer a mos' complikated durned ole fool, an' mam sed so when he warnt about). I put on the geers, an' while mam wer a-tyin' the belly-ban', a-strainin' hit pow'rful tite, he drapt ontu his hans, sed 'Whay-a-a' like a mad hoss wud. I shoulder'd the gopher plow, an' tuck hole ove the bridil. Dad leaned back sulky, till I sed cluck cluck wif my tounge, then he started. When we cum tu the fence I let down the gap, an' hit made dad mad; he wanted tu jump hit on all fours, hoss way. Oh, geminy! what a durn'd ole fool kin cum tu ef he gins up tu the complaint.

"I hitch'd 'im tu the gopher, a-watchin' him pow'ful clost, fur I 'd see how quick he cud drap ontu his hans, an' kick, an' away we went, dad leanin' forard tu his pullin', an' we made rite peart plowin' fur tu hev a green hoss, an' bark gears; he went over the sprowts an' bushes same as a rale hoss, only he traveled on two laigs. I mitily hope up bout co'n; I

cud a'mos' see hit a cumin' up; but thar 's a heap ove whisky spilt twixt the counter an' the mouf, ef hit ain't got but two foot tu travil. 'Bout the time he wer beginin' tu break sweat, we cum tu a sassafrack bush, an' tu keep up his kar-acter es a hoss he buljed squar intu an' thru hit, tarin' down a ball ho'nets nes' ni ontu es big es a hoss's hed, an' the hole tribe kiver'd 'im es quick es yu cud kiver a sick pup wif a saddil blanket. He lit ontu his hans agin, an' kick'd strait up onst, then he rar'd, an' fotch a squeal wus nur ara stud hoss in the State, an' sot in tu strait runnin' away jis es natral es yu ever seed any uther skeer'd hoss du. I let go the line an' holler'd, Wo! dad, wo! but yu mout jis es well say Woa! tu a locomotum, ur Suke cow tu a gal.

"Gewhillitins! how he run! When he cum tu bushes, he 'd clar the top ove em wif a squeal, gopher an' all. P'raps he tho't thar mout be anuther settilment ove ball ho'nets thar, an' hit wer safer tu go over than thru, an' quicker dun eny how. Every now an' then he 'd fan the side ove his hed, fust wif wun fore laig an' then tuther; then he 'd gin hissef a roun-handed slap what soundid like a waggin' whip ontu the place whar the breechbands tetches a hoss, a-runnin' all the time, an' a-kerrin' that ar gopher jis 'bout as fas' an es hi frum the yeath es ever eny gopher wer kerried, I 'll swar. When he cum tu the fence, he jis tore thru hit, bustin' an' scatterin' ni ontu seven panils wif lots ove broken rails. Rite yere he lef the gopher, geers, close, clevis, an' swingltress, all mix'd up, an' not wuf a durn. The balance on em, ni ontu a gallun, kep' on wif dad. He seem'd tu run jis adzactly es fas' es a ho'net cud

fly; hit wer the titest race I ever seed, fur wun hoss tu git all the whipin'. Down thru a saige field they all went, the ho'nets makin' hit look like thar wer smoke roun' dad's bald hed, an' he wif nuffin on the green yeath in the way ove close bout ima, but the bridil, an' ni ontu a yard ove plow line sailin' behine, wif a tir'd out ho'net ridin' on the pint ove hit. I seed that he wer aimin' fur the swimin' hole in the krick, whar the bluff am over-twenty five foot pupendiculer tu the warter, an' hits ni ontu ten foot deep.

"Well, tu keep up his karacter es a hoss, plum thru, when he got tu the bluff he loped off, ur rather jis kep on a runnin'. Kerslunge intu the krick he went. I seed the warter fly plum abuv the bluff from whar I wer.

"Now rite thar, boys, he over-did the thing, ef actin' hoss tu the scribe wer what he wer arter; fur thars nara hoss ever foaldid durned fool enuf tu lope over eny sich place; a cussed muel mout a dun hit, but dad warn't actin' muel, tho' he orter tuck that karacter; hits adzactly sooted tu his dispersition. I crept up tu the aidge, an' peep'd over. Thar wer dad's bald hed, fur all the yeath like a peeled inyin, a bobbin' up an' down an' aroun', an' the ho'nets sailin' roun' tuckey buzzard fashun, an' every onst in a while one, an' sumtimes ten, wud take a dip at dad's bald head. He kep' up a rite peart dodgin' onder, sumtimes afore they hit im, an' sumtimes arterard, an the warter wer kivered wif drownded ball ho'nets. Tu look at hit frum the top ove the bluff, hit wer pow'ful inturestin', an' sorter funny; I wer on the bluff myse'f, mine yu.

"Dad cudent see the funny part frum whar he

war, but hit seem'd tu be inturestin' tu him frum the 'tenshun he wer payin' tu the bisness ove divin' an' cussin'.

"Sez I, 'Dad, ef yu's dun washin' yersef, he hes drunk enuff, less go back tu our plowin', hit will soon be powerful hot.' 'Hot — heil!' sez dad; 'hit am hot rite now. Don't (an onder went his hed) yer see (dip) these cussed (dip) infun — (dip) varmints arter me?' (dip.) 'What,' sez I, 'them ar hoss flies thar, that 's nat'ral, dad; you ain't raley fear'd ove them is yu?' 'Hoss flies! h — I an (dip) durnation!' sez dad, 'theyse rale ginni — (dip) ball ho'nets, (dip) yu infunel ignurant cuss!' (dip.) 'Kick em — paw em — switch em wif' yure tail, dad,' sez I. 'Oh! soney, soney, (dip) how I 'll sweeten yure — (dip) when these (dip) ho'nets leave yere.' 'Yu'd better du the levin' yursef dad,' sez I. 'Leave yere! How (dip) kin I, (dip) when they won't (dip) let me stay (dip) atop (dip) the warter even.' 'Well, dad, yu'l hev tu stay thar till nite, an' arter they goes tu roos' yu cum home. I 'll hev yer feed in the troft redy; yu won't need eny curyin' tu-nite will yu?' 'I wish (dip) I may never (dip) see tomorrer, ef I (dip) don't make (dip) hame strings (dip) outer yure hide (dip) when I dus (dip) git outen yere,' sez dad. 'Better say yu wish yu may never see anuther ball ho'net, ef yu ever play hoss agin', sez I.

"Them words toch dad tu the hart, an' I felt they mus' be my las, knowin' dad 's onmollified nater. I broke frum them parts, an' sorter cum over yere tu the copper mines. When I got tu the hous', 'Whar 's yer dad?' sez mam. 'Oh, he turn'd durn fool, an' run away, busted every thing all tu cussed

smash, an 's in the swimin' hole a divin' arter minners. Look out mam, he 'll cum home wif a angel's temper; better sen' fur sum strong man body tu keep him frum huggin' yu tu deth." 'Law sakes!' sez mam; 'I know'd he cudent act hoss fur ten minutes wifout actin' infunel fool, tu save his life.'

"I staid hid out ontil nex' arternoon, an' I seed a feller a-travelin'. Sez I, 'How de do, mister? What wer agwine on at the cabin, this side the crick, when yu pass'd thar?' 'Oh, nuthin' much, only a pow'ful fat man wer a lyin' in the yard wif no shut on, an' a 'oman wer a greasin' ove his shoulders an' arms outen a gourd. A pow'ful curious, vishus, skeery lookin' cuss he is tu b' shure. His head am as big es a wash pot, an' he hasent the fust durned sign ove an eye — jist two black slits. Is thar much small pox roun' yere?' 'Small pox!' sez I, 'no sir.' 'Been much fightin' in this neighborhood lately?' 'Nun wuf speakin' ove,' sez I. He scratched his head — 'Nur French measils?' 'Not jis clost,' sez I. 'Well, do yu know what ails that man back thar?' 'Jist gittin' over a vilent attack ove dam fool,' sez I. 'Well, who is he eny how?' I ris tu my feet, an' straiched out my arm, an' sez I, 'Strainger, that man is my dad.' He looked at my laigs an' pussonel feeters a moment, an' sez he 'Yas, dam ef he aint.'

"Now boys, I haint seed dad since, an' I dusent hev much appertite tu see im fur sum time tu cum. Less all drink! Yere 's luck tu the durned old fool, an' the ho'nets too."

## II.

### THE "BILED SHUT."

I met Sut, one morning, weaving along in his usual rambling uncertain gait. His appearance satisfied me at once that something was wrong. He had been sick — whipped in a free fight, or was just getting on his legs again, from a "big drunk."

But upon this point I was soon enlightened.

"Why, Sut, what 's wrong now? you look sick."

"Heaps wrong, durn my skin — no my haslets — ef I haint mos' ded, an' my looks don't lie when they hints that I'se sick. I is sick — I'se skin'd."

"Who skinned you — old Bullen?"

"No, hoss, a durnder fool nor Bullen did hit; I jis skin'd mysef."

"What in the name of common sense did you do it for?"

"Did n't du hit in the name ove common sense; did hit in the name, an' wif the sperit, ove plum natral born durn fool.

"Lite ofen that ar hoss, an' take a ho'n; I wants two ove 'em (shaking his constant companion, a whiskey flask, at me), an' plant yersef ontu that ar log, an' I 'll tell ef I kin, but hit 's a'mos' beyant tellin'.

"I'se a durnder fool nor enybody outside a Assalum, ur Kongriss, 'sceptin' ove my own dad, fur he actid hoss, an' I haint tried that yet. I'se allers intu sum trap what wud n't ketch a saidge-field sheep. I 'll drownd mysef sum day, jis see ef I don't. I spects that wud stop the famerly dispersition tu act durn fool, so fur es Sut 's consarn'd."

"Well, how is it, Sut; have you been beat playing cards or drinking?"

"Nara wun, by geminy! them jobs can't be did in these yere parts, es enybody no's on, but seein' hits yu I 'll tell hit. I'se sick-sham'd-sorry-sore-an'-mad tu kill, I is. Yu no I boards wif Bill Carr, at his cabin ontu the mountin', an' pays fur sich es I gits when I hes munny, an' when I hesent eny, why he takes wun third outer me in holesum hot cussin; an' she, that 's his wife Betts, takes tuther three thirds out wif the battlin' stick, an' the intrus' wif her sharp tongue, an' she takes more intrus' nur principal. She 's the cussedes' 'oman I ever seed eny how, fur jaw, breedin', an' pride. She kin' scold a blister rite plum ontu a bull's curl in two minits. She patterns arter all new fangl'd fashuns she hears tell on frum bussils tu britches. Oh! she 's wun ove 'em, an' sumtimes she 's two ur three, she is.

"Well, yu see I 'd got hole on sum homade cottin cloff, fur a shirt, an' coax'd Betts tu make hit, an 'bout the time hit wer dun, yere cum a cussed stuck up lawyer, name Jonsin, an' ax'd fur brekfus'—rite yere I wishes the bread had been asnick, an' the meat strikenine, an' that he 'd a staid an' tuck dinner too, fur he hes ni ontu fotch about my aind, durn his sashararer mitimurs ole soul tu thunder!

"I wonder hit did n't work 'im pow'ful es hit wer; fur Betts cooks up sum tarifyin' mixtrys ove vittils, when she tries hersef. I'se pizen proof mysef; fur thuty dullars, I jis let a sluice ove aquafotis run thru me fur ha'f a day, an' then live tu spen' the las' durn cent, fur churnbrain whiskey; ef I warnt (holding up his flask and peeping through it), I 'd dun been ded long ago.

"Well, while he wer eatin', she spied out that his shut wer mons'ous stiff, an' es slick es glass, so she never rested ontill she wurmed hit outen 'im that hit wer dun wif a flour preparashun. She went wif 'im a piece ove the way down the mountin', tu git the purticulers, an' when she cum back she sed she *had 'em*. I thot she had mysef.

"She imejuntly sot in, an' biled a big pot ove paste, ni ontu a peck ove hit, an' tole me I wer gwine tu hev 'the gonest purty shut in that range. Well, she wer sorter rite, fur when I las' seed hit hit wer purty — yas orful purty, tu a rat, ur a buzzard, ur eny uther varmint fon ove dirty, skary lookin' things; but frum the time I staid inside ove hit, I can't say that es a human shut I 'd gin a durn fur a dozin ove 'em. 'Gonest purty shut' — the cussed ole hen jay bird, I jis wish she hed tu war it wif a redpepper linin' on till she gits a-pas' hatchin an' that wud be ni ontu eleving year, ef she tells the truff.

"She soused my shut intu the pot, an' soaked hit thar, ontil hit tuck up mos' ove the paste; then she tuck hit an' iron'd hit out flat, an' dry, an' sot hit on hits aidge agin the cabin in the sun. Thar hit stood, like a dry hoss hide, an' hit rattiled like ontu a sheet ove iron, hit did, pasted tugether all over — 'gonest purty shut!' — durn'd huzzy!

"When I cum tu dinner, nuffin wud du Betts, but I mus' put myse'f inside hit rite thar. She partid the tails a littil piece wif a case nife, an' arter I got my hed started up intu hit, she 'd pull down, fus' at wun tail, an' then tuther, ontil I wer farly inside ove hit, an' button'd in. Durn the everlastin', infunel, new fangled sheet iron cuss ove a shut! I say. I

felt like I 'd crowded intu a ole bee-gum, an' hit all full ove pissants ; but hit wer a 'born'd twin ove Lawyer Jonsin's,' Betts sed, an' I felt like standin' es much pussonal discumfurt es he cud, jis tu git tu sampil arter sumbody human. I did n't know, tu, but what hit hed the vartu ove makin' a lawyer outen me agin hit got limber.

"I sot in tu bildin' ove a ash-hopper fur Betts, an' work'd pow'ful hard, sweat like a hoss, an' then the shut quit hits hurtin', an' tuck tu feelin' slippery. Thinks I, that 's sorter lawyer like enyhow, an' I wer hope up bout the shut, an' what mout cum outen hit.

"Arter I got dun work, I tuck me a four finger dost ove bumble-bee whiskey, went up intu the lof' an' fell asleep a-thinkin' bout bein' a rale sashararer lawyer, hoss, saddil bags, an' books ; an' Betts went over the top tu see her mam.

"Well, arter a while I waked up ; I 'd jis been dreamin' that the judge ove the supreme cort had me sowed up in a raw hide, an' sot up agin a hot pottery kill tu dry, an' the dryin' woke me.

"I now thort I wer ded, an' hed died ove rhumaticks ove the hurtines' kind. All the jints I cud muve wer my ankils, knees, an' wrists ; cud n't even move my hed, an' scarsely wink my eyes ; the cussed shut wer pasted fas' ontu me all over, frum the ainds ove the tails tu the pints ove the broad-axe collar over my years. Hit sot tu me es clost es a poor cow dus tu her hide sin March. I worm'd an' strain'd an' cuss'd an' grunted, till I got hit sorter broke at the shoulders an' elbows, an' then I dun the durndes' fool thing ever did in these yere mountins. I shuffl'd an' tore my britches off, an' skin'd

loose frum my hide bout two inches ove the tail all roun in orful pain, an quick-stigin' trebulashun. Oh! great golly grampus, how it hurt! Then I tuck up a plank outen the lof', an' hung my laigs down thru the hole, sot in, an' nail'd the aidge ove the frunt tail tu the floor afore me, an' the hine tail I nail'd tu the plank what I sot on. I flung the hammer outen my reach, tu keep my hart frum failin' me, onbutton'd the collar an' risbans, raised my hans way abuv my hed, shot up my eyes, sed a short grace, an' jump'd thru tu the groun' floor, jis thuteen foot wun inch clear ove jists."

Here Sut remarked, sadly shaking his head, "George, I'se a durnder fool nor dad, hoss, ho'nets, an' gopher. I 'll hev tu drown'd mysef sum ove these days, see ef I don't."

"Well, go on, Sut; did the shirt come off?"

"I — t-h-i-n-k — h-i-t — d-id.

"I hearn a nise like tarin a shingle ruff ofen a hous' at wun rake, an' felt like my bones wer all what lef the shut, an' reach'd the floor. I stagger'd tu my feet, an' tuck a moanful look up at my shut. The nails hed hilt thar holt, an' so hed the tail hem; thar hit wer hangin' arms down, inside out, an' jis es stiff es ever. Hit look'd like a map ove Mexico, arter one ove the wurst battils. A patch ove my skin 'bout the size ove a dullar, ur a dullar an' a 'alf bill yere, a bunch ove har bout like a bird's nes' thar, then sum more skin, then sum paste, then a littil more har, then a heap ove skin — har an' skin straight along all over that newfangl'd everlastin', infunel pasted cuss ove a durnd shut! Hit wer a picter tu look at, an' so wer I.

"The hide, har, an' paste wer about ekally devided

atwix me an' hit. George, listen tu me: hit looked adzactly like the skin ove sum wile beas' tore off alive, ur a bag what hed toted a laig ove fresh beef frum a shootin' match.

"Bill cum home wif Betts, an' wer the fust inter the cabin. He backed outen hit agin, an' sez he, 'Marcyful payrint! thar 's been murderin' dun yere; hits been ole Bullen; he 's skinn'd Sut, an' *thars his hide* hung up tu dry.' Betts walked roun' hit, a zaminin' hit, till at las' she venter'd clost, an' know'd her sowin'.

"Sez she, '*Yu* dad dratted ole pot-head, that 's his Sunday shut. Hes hed a drefful fite, tho', wif sumbody; *did n't* they go fur his har ofen?' 'An rine in 'bundance,' sed Bill. 'Yas hoss,' sed Betts agine, 'an' ef I 'd been him, *I 'd a shed hit.* I wud n't a fit es nasty a fite es that wer, in my fines' shut, wud yu, Bill?'

"Now, George, I 's boun tu put up Jonsin's meat fur im on site, wifout regardin' good killin' weather, an' ef *ever* a 'oman flattins out a shut fur me agin, durn my everlastin' picter ef I don't flattin her out es thin es a step-chile's bread an' butter. I 'll du hit ef hit takes me a week.

"Hits a retribushun, sartin, the biggest kine ove a preacher's regular retribushun, what am tu be foun' in the Holy Book.

"Dus yu mine my racin' dad, wif sum ho'nets, an' so forth, intu the krick?

"Well, this am what cums ove hit. I 'll drownd mysef, see ef I don't, that is ef I don't die frum that hellfired shut. Now, George, ef a red-heded 'oman wif a reel foot axes yu tu marry her, yu *may* du hit; ef an 'oman wants yu tu kill her husbun, yu *may* do

hit; ef a gal axes yu tu rob the bank, an' take her tu Californy, yu *may* du hit; ef wun on em wants yu tu quit whiskey, yu *mout* even du that. But ef ever an 'oman, ole ur yung, purty es a sunflower ur ugly es a skin'd hoss, offers yu a shut aninted wif paste tu put on, jis yu kill her in her tracks, an' burn the cussed pisnus shut rite thar. Take a ho'n?"

## III.

### PARSON BULLEN'S LIZARDS.

### AIT ($8) DULLARS REW-ARD.

'TENSHUN BELEVERS AND KONSTABLES! KETCH 'IM! KETCH 'IM!

This kash wil be pade in korn, ur uther projuce, tu be kolected at ur about nex camp-meetin', *ur thar-arter*, by eny wun what ketches him, fur the karkus ove a sartin wun SUT LOVINGOOD, dead ur alive, ur ailin', an' safely giv over tu the purtectin' care ove Parson John Bullin, ur lef' well tied at Squire Mackjunkins, fur the raisin' ove the devil pussonely, an' permiskusly discumfurtin' the wimen very powerful, an' skeerin' ove folks generly a heap, an' bustin' up a promisin', big warm meetin', an' a makin' the wickid larf, an' wus, an' wus, insultin' ove the passun orful.

Test, JEHU WETHERO.

Sined by me,

JOHN BULLEN, the passun.

I found written copies of the above highly intelligible and vindictive proclamation stuck up on every blacksmith shop, doggery, and store door in the Frog Mountain Range. Its bloodthirsty spirit, its

style, and, above all, its chirography interested me to the extent of taking one down from a tree for preservation.

In a few days I found Sut in a good crowd in front of Capehart's Doggery, and as he seemed to be about in good tune I read it to him.

"Yas, George, that ar dockymint am in dead yearnist, sartin. Them hard shells over thar dus want me the wus kine, powerful bad. *But*, I spect ait dullers won't fetch me, nither wud ait hundred, bekase thar's nun ove 'em fas' enuf tu ketch me, nither is thar hosses, by the livin' jingo! Say, George, much talk 'bout this fuss up whar yu're been?" For the sake of a joke I said yes, a great deal.

"Jis es I 'spected, durn 'em, all git drunk, an' skeer thar fool sefs ni ontu deth, an' then lay hit ontu me, a poor innersent youf, an' es soun' a believer es they is. Lite, lite, ole feller, an' let that roan ove yourn blow a litil, an' I'll 'splain this cussed misfortnit affar: hit hes ruinated my karacter es a pius pusson in the s'ciety roun' yere, an' is a spreadin' faster nur meazils. When ever yu hear eny on 'em a spreadin' hit, gin hit the dam lie squar, will yu? I hain't dun nuffin tu one ove 'em. Hits true, I did sorter frustrate a few lizzards a littil, but they hain't members, es I knows on.

"You see, las' year I went tu the big meetin', at Rattlesnake Springs, an' wer a sittin' in a nice shady place convarsin' wif a frien' ove mine, jis duin' nuffin tu nobody an' makin' no fuss, when, the fust thing I remembers, I woke up frum a trance what I hed been knocked inter by a four-year old hickory-stick, hilt in the paw ove ole Passun Bullin, durn his alli-

gater hide ; an' he wer standin' a striddil ove me, a foamin' at the mouf, a-chompin' his teeth, gesterin, wif the hickory club, an' a-preachin' tu me so you cud a-hearn him a mile, about a sartin sins gineraly, an' my wickedness pussonely, an' mensunin' the name ove my frien' loud enuf tu be hearn tu the meetin' 'ous. My poor innersent frien' wer dun gone, an' I were glad ove hit, fur I tho't he ment tu kill me rite whar I lay, an' I did n't want her tu see me die."

"Who was she, the friend you speak of, Sut?" Sut opened his eyes wide.

"Hu the devil an' durnashun tole *yu* that hit wer a she?"

"Why, you did, Sut" —

"I *did n't*, durn ef I did. Ole Bullin dun hit, an' I 'll hev tu kill him yet, the cussed, infernel ole talebarer!" —

"Well, well, Sut, who was she?"

"Nun ove y-u-r-e b-i-s-n-i-s-s, durn yure littil ankshus picter! He 'd a heap better a stole sum *man's* hoss ; I 'd a tho't more ove 'im. But I paid him plum up fur hit, an' I means tu keep a payin' him, ontil one ur tuther ove our toes pints up tu the roots ove the grass.

"Well, yere 's the way I lifted that note ove han'. At the nex big meetin' at Rattilsnaik — las' week hit wer — I wer on han,' es solemn es a ole hat kivver on collection day. I hed my face draw'd out intu the shape an' perporshun ove a taylwer's sleeveboard, pint down. I hed put on the convicted sinner so pufeckly that an' ole obsarvin' she pillar ove the church sed tu a ole he pillar, es I walked up tu my bainch :—

"'Law sakes alive, ef thar ain't that *orful* sinner, Sut Lovingood, pearced plum thru; hu's nex?'

"Yu see, by golly, George, I *hed* tu promis the ole tub ove soap-greas tu cum an' hev myself convarted, jis tu keep him frum killin' me. An' es I know'd hit wud n't interfare wif the relashun I bore tu the still housis roun' thar, I did n't keer a durn. I jis wanted tu git *ni* ole Bullin, onst onsuspected, an' this wer the bes' way tu du hit. I tuk a seat on the side steps ove the pulpit, an' kivvered es much ove my straitch'd face es I could wif my han's, tu prove I were in yearnis. Hit tuk powerful, fur I hearn a sorter thankful kine ove buzzin' all over the congregashun. Ole Bullin hissef looked down at me, over his ole copper specks, an' hit sed jis es plain as a look cud say hit, 'Yu am thar, ar you; durn yu, hits well fur yu that yu cum.' I tho't sorter diffrent frum that. I tho't hit wud a been well fur *yu*, ef I hadent a-cum, but I did n't say hit jis then. Thar wer a monstrus crowd in that grove, fur the weather wer fine, an' b'levers wer plenty roun' about Rattilsnaik Springs. Ole Bullin gin out, an' they sung that hyme, yu know: —

> "'Thar will be mournin', mournin' yere, an' mournin' thar,
> On that dredful day tu cum.'

"Thinks I, Ole hoss, kin hit be possibil enybody hes tole yu what's a gwine tu happin? an' then I tho't that nobody know'd hit but me, and I wer cumforted. He nex tuck hisself a tex pow'fly mixed wif brimstone, an' trim'd wif blue flames, an' then he open'd. He cummenced ontu the sinners; he threaten'd 'em orful, tried tu skeer 'em wif all the wust varmints he cud think ove, an' arter a while he got ontu the idear ove Hell-sarpints, and he dwelt on it

sum. He tole 'em how the ole Hell-sarpints wud sarve em if they did n't repent; how cold they 'd crawl over thar nakid bodys, an' how like ontu pitch they 'd stick tu 'em es they crawled; how they 'd rap thar tails roun' thar naiks, chokin' clost, poke thar tungs up thar noses, an' hiss intu thar years. He kep on a bellerin, but I got so buisy jis then that I did n't listen tu him much, fur I saw that my time fur ackshun hed cum. Now yu see, George, I 'd cotch seven ur eight big pot-bellied lizzards, an' hed 'em in a littil narrer bag, what I had made a-purpus; thar tails all at the bottim, an' so crowdid fur room that they cudent turn roun'. So when he wer a-ravin' ontu his tip-toes, an' a-poundin' the pulpit wif his fis', onbenowenst tu enybody, I ontied my bag ove reptiles, put the mouf ove hit onder the bottim ove his britches-laig, an' sot intu pinchin' thar tails. Quick es gunpowder they all tuck up his bar laig, makin' a nise like squirrils a-climbin' a shell-bark hickory. He stop't preachin' rite in the middil ove the word 'damnation,' an' looked fur a moment like he wer a listenin' fur sumthin — sorter like a ole sow dus, when she hears yu a-whistlin' fur the dorgs. The tarifick shape ove his feeters stopp't the shoutin' an' screamin'; instuntly yu cud hearn a cricket chirp. I gin a long groan, an' hilt my head a-twixt my knees. He gin hisself sum orful open-handed slaps wif fust one han' an' then tuther, about the place whar yu cut the bes' steak outen a beef. Then he 'd fetch a vigrus ruff rub whar a hosses tail sprouts; then he 'd stomp one foot, then tuther, then bof at onst. Then he run his han' atween his waisbun an' his shut, an' reach'd way down an' roun' wif hit; then he spread his big laigs, an' gin his

"The tarifick shape ove his feeters." See page 434.

back a good rattlin' rub agin the pulpit, like a hog scratches hisself agin a stump, leanin' tu hit pow'ful, an' twitchin', an' squirmin' all over, es ef he 'd slept in a dorg bed, ur ontu a pisant hill. About this time, one ove my lizzards, scared an' hurt by all this poundin' an' feelin' an' scratchin', popp'd out his head frum the passun's shut collar an' his ole brown naik, an' wer a-surveyin' the crowd, when ole Bullin struck at 'im, jis too late, fur he 'd dodged back agin. The hell-desarvin ole raskil's speech now cum tu 'im, an' sez he, 'Pray fur me, brethren an' sisteren, fur I is a-rastilin wif the great inimy rite now!' an' his voice wer the mos' pitiful, trimblin thing I ever hearn. Sum ove the wimmen fotch a painter yell, an' a young docter, wif ramrod laigs, lean'd toward me monstrus knowin' like, an' sez he, 'Clar case ove Delishus Tremenjus.' I nodded my head, an' sez I, 'Yas, spechuly the tremenjus part, an' I'se feard hit hain't at hits worst.' Ole Bullin's eyes wer a-stickin' out like ontu two buckeyes flung agin a mud wall, an' he wer a-cuttin' up more shines nor a cockroach in a hot skillet. Off went the clamhammer coat, an' he flung hit ahine 'im like he wer a-gwine intu a fight; he hed no jackid tu take off, so he unbuttond his galluses, an' vigrusly flung the ainds back over his head. He fotch his shut over-handed a durnd site faster nor I got outen my pasted one, an' then flung hit strait up in the air, like he jis wanted hit tu keep on up furever; but hit lodged ontu a black-jack, an' I seed one ove my lizzards, wif his tail up, a-racin' about all over the ole dirty shut, skared too bad tu jump. Then he gin a sorter shake an' a stompin' kine ove twis', an' he cum outer his britches. He tuck 'em by the bottim ove the laigs, an' swung

'em roun' his head a time ur two, an' then fotch 'em down cherall-up over the frunt ove the pulpit. You cud a hearn the smash a quarter ove a mile! Ni ontu fifteen shorten'd biskits, a boiled chicken, wif hits laigs crossed, a big dubbil-bladed knife, a hunk ove terbacker, a cob-pipe, sum copper ore, lots ove broken glass, a cork, a sprinkil ove whisky, a squirt, an' three lizzards flew permiskusly all over that meetin'-groun', outen the upper aind ove them big flax britches. Now ole Bullin hed nuffin left ontu 'im but a par ove heavy, low quarter'd shoes, short woolen socks, an' eel-skin garters tu keep off the cramp. His skeer hed druv him plum crazy, fur he felt roun' in the air, abuv his head, like he wer huntin' sumthin in the dark, an' he beller'd out, 'Brethren, brethren, take keer ove yerselves; the Hell-sarpints *hes got me!*' When this cum out, yu cud a-hearn the screams tu Halifax. He jis spit in his han's, an' loped over the frunt ove the pulpid *kerdiff!* He open'd a purfeckly clar track tu the woods, ove every livin' thing. He weighed ni ontu three hundred, hed a black stripe down his back, like ontu a ole bridil rein. Thar wer cramp-knots on his laigs es big es walnuts, an' mottled splotches on his shins; an' takin' him all over, he minded ove a durnd crazy ole elephant, pussessed ove the devil, rared up on hits hind aind, an' jis *gittin* frum sum imijut danger ur tribulashun. He did the loudest, an' skariest, an' fussiest runnin' I ever seed, tu be no faster nur hit wer, since dad tried tu outrun the ho'nets.

"Well, he disapear'd in the thicket jis bustin; an' ove all the noises yu ever hearn, wer made thar on that camp groun': sum wimen screamin'—they

wer the skeery ones; sum larfin — they wer the wicked ones; sum cryin' — they wer the fool ones (sorter my stripe, yu know); sum tryin' tu git away, wif thar faces red — they wer the modest ones; sum lookin' arter ole Bullin' — they wer the curious ones; sum hangin' clost tu thar sweethearts — they wer the sweet ones; sum on thar knees, wif thar eyes shot, but facin' the way the old mud turtil wer arunnin' — they wer the 'saitful ones; sum duin nuthin — they wer the waitin' ones, an' the mos' dangerus ove all ove em by a durnd long site.

"I tuck a big skeer mysef arter a few rocks, an' sich like fruit, spattered ontu the pulpit ni ontu my head; an' es the Lovingoods, durn em! knows nuffin but tu run, when they gits skeerd, I jis put out fur the swamp on the krick. As I started, a black bottil ove bald-face smashed agin a tree furninst me, arter missin' the top ove my head 'bout a inch. Sum durn'd fool professor dun this, who hed more zeal or sence; fur I say that eny man who wud waste a quart ove even mean sperrits, fur the chance ove knockin' a poor ornary devil like me down wif the bottil, is a bigger fool nor ole Squire Mackmullen, an' he tried tu shoot hissef wif a onloaded hoe-handle."

"Did they catch you, Sut?"

"Ketch thunder! *No, sir!* Jis' look at these yere laigs! Skeer me, hoss, jis skeer me, an' then watch me while I stay in site, an' yu 'll never ax that fool question agin. Why, durn it, man, that 's what the ait dullers am fur.

"Ole Bullin, never preached ontil yesterday, an' he had n't the fust durn'd 'oman tu hear 'im; *they hev seed too much ove 'im.* His tex' wer, 'Nakid I cum

intu the world, an' nakid I 'm a gwine outen hit, ef I 'm spard ontil then.' He sed nakidness warnt much ove a sin, purtickerly ove dark nights; that he wer a weak, frail wum ove the dus', an' a heap more sich truck. Then he totch ontu me; sed I wer a livin' proof ove the hell-desarvin' nater ove man, an' that thar warnt grace enuf in the whole 'sociation tu saften my outside rind; that I wer 'a lost ball' forty years afore I wer born'd, an' the bes' thing they cud du fur the church wer tu turn out, an' still hunt fur me ontil I wer shot. An' he never said Hell-sarpints onst in the hole preach. I b'leve, George, the durnd fools am at hit.

"Now, I wants yu tu tell ole Bullin this fur me: ef he 'll let me alone, I 'll let him alone — a-while; an' ef he don't, ef I don't lizzard him agin, I jis' wish I may be dod durnd! *Skeer him if yu ken.*

"Let 's go tu the spring an' take a ho'n.

"Say, George, did n't that ar Hell-sarpint sermon ove his'n hev sumthin like a Hell-sarpint aplica-shun'? Hit looks sorter so tu me."

# GEORGE W. BAGBY.

ONE of the brightest of writers for the press, and for periodical literature, produced by the South is undoubtedly the author of the letters of "Mozis Addums to Billy Ivins," a series of smart and rakish stories written from Washington toward the "wee sma' hours" of the fifties, and although composed in the main of personal allusions and local and current hits, sufficiently perspicuous and clever to attract general attention. Dr. Bagby has been all his life a journalist and *littérateur*, having in his time occupied such diversified posts as editor of the "Southern Literary Messenger," librarian of Virginia, leader writer, and war correspondent for various Richmond dailies. The following amusing sketch is a good illustration of his comic manner.

## HOW "RUBY" PLAYED.

Jud Brownin, when visiting New York, goes to hear Rubinstein, and gives the following description of his playing: —

WELL, sir, he had the blamedest, biggest, catty-cornedest pianner you ever laid eyes on; somethin' like a distracted billiard table on three legs. The lid was hoisted, and mighty well it was. If it had n't been he 'd a tore the entire inside clean out, and scattered 'em to the four winds of heaven.

*Played well?* You bet he did; but don't interrupt me. When he first sit down, he 'peared to keer mighty little .'bout playin', and wisht he had n't come. He tweedle-eedled a little on the treble, and twoodle-oodled some on the base, — just foolin' and boxin' the thing's jaws for bein' in his way. And I

says to a man settin' next to me, says I, "What sort of fool playin' is that?" And he says, "Heish!" But presently his hands commenced chasin' one another up and down the keys, like a passel of rats scamperin' through a garret very swift. Parts of it was sweet, though, and reminded me of a sugar squirrel turnin' the wheel of a candy cage.

"Now," I says to my neighbor, "he 's showin' off. He thinks he 's a-doin' of it, but he ain't got no idee, no plan of nothin'. If he 'd play me a tune of some kind or other I 'd" —

But my neighbor says "Heish!" very impatient.

I was just about to git up and go home, bein' tired of that foolishness, when I heard a little bird waking up away off in the woods, and call sleepy-like to his mate, and I looked up and see that Rubin was beginning to take some interest in his business, and I sit down again. It was the peep of day. The light came faint from the east; the breezes blowed gentle and fresh; some more birds waked up in the orchard, then some more in the trees near the house, and all begun singin' together. People began to stir, and the gal opened the shutters. Just then the first beam of the sun fell upon the blossoms a leetle more, and it techt the roses on the bushes, and the next thing it was broad day: the sun fairly blazed; the birds sung like they 'd split their little throats; all the leaves was movin', and flashin' diamonds of dew, and the whole wide world was bright and happy as a king. Seemed to me like there was a good breakfast in every house in the land, and not a sick child or woman anywhere. It was a fine mornin'.

And I says to my neighbor, "That 's music, that is."

But he glared at me like he 'd like to cut my throat.

Presently the wind turned; it begun to thicken up, and a kind of gray mist came over things; I got low-spirited directly. Then a silver rain begun to fall. I could see the drops touch the ground; some flashed up like long pearl ear-rings, and the rest rolled away like round rubies. It was pretty, but melancholy. Then the pearls gathered themselves into long strands and necklaces, and then they melted into thin silver streams, running between golden gravels; and then the streams joined each other at the bottom of the hill, and made a brook that flowed silent, except that you could kinder see the music, specially when the bushes on the banks moved as the music went along down the valley. I could smell the flowers in the meadow. But the sun did n't shine, nor the birds sing; it was a foggy day, but not cold.

The most curious thing was the little white angel-boy, like you see in pictures, that run ahead of the music brook and led it on and on, away out of the world, where no man ever was, certain. I could see that boy just as plain as I see you. Then the moonlight came, without any sunset, and shone on the graveyards, where some few ghosts lifted their hands and went over the wall; and between the black, sharp-top trees splendid marble houses rose up, with fine ladies in the lit-up windows, and men that loved 'em, but could never get a-nigh 'em, who played on guitars under the trees, and made me that miserable I could have cried, because I wanted to love somebody, I don't know who, better than the men with the guitars did.

Then the moon went down, it got dark, the wind moaned and wept like a lost child for its dead mother, and I could a got up then and there and preached a better sermon than any I ever listened to. There was n't a thing in the world left to live for, not a blame thing, and yet I did n't want the music to stop one bit. It was happier to be miserable than to be happy without being miserable. I could n't understand it. I hung my head and pulled out my handkerchief, and blowed my nose loud to keep me from cryin'. My eyes is weak any way. I did n't want anybody to be a-gazin' at me a-snivlin', and it 's nobody's business what I do with my nose. It 's mine. But some several glared at me mad as blazes. Then, all of a sudden, old Rubin changed his tune. He ripped out and he rared, he tipped and he tared, he pranced and he charged like the grand entry at a circus. 'Peared to me that all the gas in the house was turned on at once, things got so bright, and I hilt up my head, ready to look any man in the face, and not afraid of nothin'. It was a circus, and a brass band, and a big ball, all goin' on at the same time. He lit into them keys like a thousand of brick ; he give em no rest day or night ; he set every livin' joint in me a-goin', and not bein' able to stand it no longer, I jumped spang onto my seat, and jest hollered, —

*" Go it, my Rube ! "*

Every blamed man, woman, and child in the house riz on me, and shouted, " Put him out ! put him out ! "

" Put your great-grandmother's grizzly gray greenish cat into the middle of next month ! " I says. " Tech me if you dare ? I paid my money, and you jest come a-nigh me ! "

With that some several policemen run up, and I had to simmer down. But I would a fit any fool that laid hands on me, for I was bound to hear Ruby out or die.

He had changed his tune again. He hop-light ladies and tip-toed fine from end to end of the key-board. He played soft and low and solemn. I heard the church bells over the hills. The candles of heaven was lit, one by one; I saw the stars rise. The great organ of eternity began to play from the world's end to the world's end, and all the angels went to prayers. . . . Then the music changed to water, full of feeling that could n't be thought, and began to drop — drip, drop — drip, drop, clear and sweet, like tears of joy falling into a lake of glory. It was sweeter than that. It was as sweet as a sweet-heart sweetened with white sugar mixt with powdered silver and seed diamonds. It was too sweet. I tell you the audience cheered. Rubin he kinder bowed, like he wanted to say, "Much obleeged, but I 'd rather you would n't interrup' me."

He stopt a moment or two to ketch breath. Then he got mad. He run his fingers through his hair, he shoved up his sleeve, he opened his coat tails a leetle further, he drug up his stool, he leaned over, and, sir, he just went for that old pianner. He slapt her face, he boxed her jaws, he pulled her nose, he pinched her ears, and he scratched her cheeks until she fairly yelled. He knockt her down and he stampt on her shameful. She bellowed like a bull, she bleated like a calf, she howled like a hound, she squealed like a pig, she shrieked like a rat, and *then* he would n't let her up. He run a quarter stretch down the low grounds of the base, till he got clean

in the bowels of the earth, and you heard thunder galloping after thunder, through the hollows and caves of perdition ; and then he fox-chased his right hand with his left till he got way out of the treble into the clouds, whar the notes was finer than the pints of cambric needles, and you could n't hear nothin' but the shadders of 'em. And *then* he would n't let the old pianner go. He far'ard two'd, he crost over first gentleman, he chassade right and left, back to your places, he all hands'd aroun', ladies to the right, promenade all, in and out, here and there, back and forth, up and down, perpetual motion, double twisted and turned and tacked, and tangled into forty-eleven thousand double bow knots.

By jinks ! it was a mixtery. And then he would n't let the old pianner go. He fecht up his right wing, he fecht up his left wing, he fecht up his center, he fecht up his reserves. He fired by file, he fired by platoons, by company, by regiments, and by brigades. He opened his cannon, — siege guns down thar, Napoleons here, twelve pounders yonder, — big guns, little guns, middle-sized guns, round shot, shells, shrapnels, grape, canister, mortar, mines and magazines, every livin' battery and bomb a-goin' at the same time. The house trembled, the lights danced, the walls shuk, the floor come up, the ceilin' come down, the sky split, the ground rokt — heavens and earth, creation, sweet potatoes, Moses, ninepences, glory, ten-penny nails, Sampson in a 'simmon tree roodle-oodle-oodle-oodle — ruddle-uddle-uddle-uddle — raddle-addle-addle-addle — riddle-iddle-iddle-iddle — reedle-eedle-eedle-eedle — p-r-r-r-rlank ! Bang ! ! ! lang ! perlang ! p-r-r-r-r ! ! Bang ! ! !

With that bang! he lifted himself bodily into the ar, and he come down with his knees, his ten fingers,' his ten toes, his elbows, and his nose, striking every single solitary key on the pianner at the same time. The thing busted and went off into seventeen hundred and fifty-seven thousand five hundred and forty-two heme-demi-semi quivers, and I know'd no mo'.

When I come to, I were under ground about twenty foot, in a place they call Oyster Bay, treatin' a Yankee that I never laid eyes on before, and never expect to agin. Day was breakin' by the time I got to the St. Nicholas Hotel, and I pledge you my word I did not know my name. The man asked me the number of my room, and I told him, "Hot music on the half-shell for two!"

# THE NEWSPAPER WITS.

## I.

### GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

Mr. Prentice came to Kentucky from Connecticut when he was thirty years of age; but he fell into the mood and the ways of the South from the day of his arrival, and, to the day of his death, stood as the most representative of Southern writers. He was the father of the newspaper paragraph; and for a quarter of a century he had no rival in the production of this particular species of wit. He made in the journalism of his period a very brilliant figure, and played alternately the part of an amateur statesman and poet. He was in reality, and in the true meaning of those terms, neither a statesman nor a poet. But he was, undoubtedly, a wit. Yet the very worst of his productions was the volume entitled "Prenticiana," from which I am, by many considerations, forced to limit my quotations. In his person Mr. Prentice was an interesting character, his marksmanship being as deadly as his wit. He had a great career, and his effigy in marble graces the façade of the noblest building in the city where he lived and died. But his life was in many ways unhappy, and his closing days were environed by domestic afflictions, which made the coming of the end welcome to him. I append an assortment of his "fisticuffs," as he called them. Though they have lost the spontaneity and vitality which marked their appearance in the columns of the Louisville "Journal," they display his method, and are models of pithy English, saying often a great deal in very few words.

— The "Advertiser" contains a long valedictory from its late editor, Shadrack Penn. Shadrack, after a residence of twenty-three years as an editor in this city, goes to spend the rest of his life and lay his bones in St. Louis. Well, he has our best wishes

for his prosperity; all the ill-will we ever felt for him passed out long ago through our thumb and fore-finger. His lot hitherto has been a most ungentle one; but we trust his life may prove akin to the plant that begins to blossom at the advanced age of half a century. May all be well with him here and hereafter; for we should be sorry if a poor fellow, whom we have been torturing eleven years in this world, were to be handed over to the d—l in the next.

— The New Haven "Herald" says: "Does the editor of the Louisville 'Journal' suppose that he is a true Yankee because he was born in New England? If a dog is born in an oven, is he *bread?*" We can tell the editor that there are very few dogs, whether born in an oven or out of it, but are *better bred* than he is.

— The "—— Herald" says that Mr. W., in his speech at the court-house in that place, professed to have forgotten the name of the editor of the "Journal." He would forget his own if he changed it as often as he does his principles.

— The editor of the "—— Democrat" says that he does n't know us, and never expects to meet us on this side of the grave. We shall think ourselves in particularly bad luck if we meet him on the *other* side.

— A friend of ours, who has been hesitating whether to keep a matrimonial engagement, informs us that he has at last bespoke his wedding suit. He evidently, on the whole, prefers a suit for the fulfillment of his promise to a suit for breach of it.

— A young widow has established a pistol-gallery in New Orleans. Her qualifications as a teacher of

the art of dueling are of course undoubted ; she has *killed her man.*

— A Canadian editor says that he has "a keen rapier to prick all fools and knaves." His friends had better take it from him. He might commit suicide.

— The disciples of one of our modern schools of authorship are, in one respect, like the ancient sibyl. They utter mysteries unintelligible to themselves, leaving the world to find out the meaning if it can.

— We cannot think of reading the whole of the locofoco part of the Oregon debate in Congress. but we have read the speeches of long John Wentworth and little Mr. Douglas, so that we presume we have got "the long and the short of it."

— A correspondent of the "North American" says that old Mr. R., in his own opinion, "sustains the world upon his head." We have often heard that the world *stands upon nothing.*

— We see it announced that Henry Stone, an influential Democrat of Berks County, Pa., has turned Whig. The Whigs must manage to turn the rest of the family. No Stone must be left unturned.

— A man in our State, who attempted to hug a beautiful young woman, Miss Lemon, has sued her for striking him in the eye. Why should a fellow squeeze a Lemon unless he wants a punch ?

— "Husband, I must have some change to-day." "Well, stay at home and take care of the children — that will be change enough."

— "I have n't another word to say, wife — I never dispute with fools." "No, husband, you are very sure to agree with them."

— Many writers profess great exactness in punctuation, who yet never make a point.

— Our neighbor says he has discovered a rat-hole. He had better move into it and save house-rent.

— A neighboring editor says he lately met with one of his jokes thirty years old. We suspect he has met with a good many of them much older than himself.

— There is a law in Newark against "the opening of rum-holes." If such a law were enforced in Congress, several members would have to keep their mouths shut.

— When a young woman marries an old man for his money, he should certainly let her have it all. If she takes him, that she does n't want, he should let her have his gold that she *does*.

— Men should not think too much of themselves, and yet a man should always be careful not to forget himself!

— In the swamps of Louisiana, a few days ago, a catamount leaped from a tree and attacked Mr. William Kenny. The animal did n't prove a Kill-kenny cat.

— The Cincinnati representative in Congress boasts that he can "bring an argument to a p'int as quick as any other man." He can bring a quart to a pint a good deal quicker.

— If you woo the company of the angels in your waking hours, they will be sure to come to you in your sleep.

— One swallow, to be sure, does n't make a summer; but too many swallows make *a fall*.

— Place confers no dignity upon such a man as the new Missouri senator. Like a balloon, the higher he rises the smaller he looks.

— A Democratic editor in Indiana says that he

should hazard very little in contradicting our assertions. Very true; he would be hazarding the merest trifle in the world — *nothing but his character for veracity.*

— Emerson tells us that "the tongue should be a faithful teacher." Certainly the eye ought to be — it always has a pupil.

— An author, ridiculing the idea of ghosts, asks how a dead man can get into a locked room. Probably with a skeleton key.

— The earth is a tender and kind mother to the farmer; yet, at one season, he harrows her bosom, and at another plucks her ears.

— A Mr. Archer has been sent to the Ohio penitentiary for marrying three wives. "Insatiate Archer! Could not one suffice?"

## II.

### JOHN E. HATCHER.

Twenty-five or thirty years ago there began to float about in the newspapers a succession of comic stories, sketches, and poems bearing the not very euphonious signature, "G. Washington Bricks." The owner of this *nom de plume* was the late John E. Hatcher. He was one of the silent singers of the press, but he lacked nothing of eminence except good fortune; for he was a humorist of the very first water, and had he lived under different conditions could not have failed of the celebrity to which his talents entitled him. Born not merely poor, but far inland, with no early advantages, and later in life with none except those furnished by a rural newspaper, ill health overtook him before he had divined his own powers. When advancing years and increasing infirmities disqualified Mr. Prentice for the scintillating work which had become essential to the "Journal," Mr. Hatcher was set to fill the place thus made vacant. How well he did so the following selection of paragraphs will show. During two years before the death of Mr. Prentice, and for five or six years thereafter, Mr. Hatcher poured out a daily stream of this matter, laying

down his pencil only with his life. His wit was not so aggressive as that of Mr. Prentice. But he had more humor. He died in the prime of life and left behind him a professional tradition, which is cherished by the little circle of friends to whom a charming personality and many brilliant gifts made him very dear.

— Not long ago somebody started a newspaper called "The Eye of Mississippi." As might have been expected, Mississippi very speedily went blind in that eye.

— The first cockroach of the season was seen skulking about the editorial table last night in search of paste. He would have had his rascally brains knocked out and his throat cut from ear to ear but for the fear that his friends and acquaintances would come to the funeral and forget to go home again.

— A New York letter says: "It just occurs to me that it is not every man that knows exactly what to select as a suitable Christmas gift for his mother-in-law." We should think that, if she happens to be visiting at his house, a railroad ticket to her home would be about the first thing to suggest itself to him.

— "Illinois," says the Chicago "Times, "should have a public hangman." *A* public hangman! Why, it would take at least twenty to do Chicago.

— They now have in New York a Fat Man's Association, a Lean Man's Association, and a Bald-headed Association. An attempt was made the other day to start a Damphool Association, but it was found that the other associations had absorbed all the material.

— A Boston lady has four pimples on her face and offers $12,000 to anybody who will remove them. We are not much of a doctor, but if it were

not for pressing engagements which keep us at home, we should seize a bottle of aquafortis, a pair of pincers, and a grab hook, and start for Boston by the next train.

— When the Columbia (Tenn.) "Journal" begins a paragraph with, "Saturday night last, while that good man Lazarus' house was crowded with customers," etc., it reminds us of the reply of a young man to a question as to where a certain barbecue was to take place. "It will take place, sir," said he, "at a gentleman by the name of Bill Johnson's spring."

— Garters with monogram clasps are now worn by the pretty girls. They are rather a novelty yet, but we hope to see more of them.

— There is said to be a baby in Nashville that was born in a private box at the theatre there the other night during the performance of the play. If that infant had been half as old that night as its mother it would probably have had sense enough to stay at home.

— Detroit Free Press: "The 'Capital' and the 'Courier-Journal' are having hot words about a pronoun, and are resorting to adjectives to sustain them." You are mistaken so far as we are concerned. We mentioned that the 'Capital' habitually uses the pronoun "ourself," and remarked that nobody but a sporadically low-down excontradistinctive knock-kneed and flagiciously bandy-legged and freckled-faced son of a sway-backed and moon-eyed saw-horse would do it, but we resorted to no adjectives.

— A correspondent at Elizabethtown asks: "Is it correct to say 'to the manner born,' or 'to the

manor born?'" The Chicago "Tribune" has it one way and the Atlanta "Constitution" has it the other. We have made arrangements for the editors of those papers to meet and fight it out a little to the rear of Jeffersonville, and we shall announce the decision of the umpire as soon after the funeral as possible.

— "In spite of the many evidences produced by Dr. Schliemann," says an exchange, "there are many scholars who doubt that he really discovered the site of ancient Troy." Yes, we doubted it for a long time ourselves, but when Dr. Schliemann actually discovered the corn cobs where the Greeks fed their wooden horse, we felt that to doubt longer would be absurd.

— "The New York 'Telegram' advises people to marry for love and not for money." Good advice, certainly; but inasmuch as you will always be in want of money if you marry for love, and always in want of love if you marry for money, your safest way is to marry for a little of both.

— Some of our contemporaries will persist in speaking of us as a "rebel." That we fought for the stars and bars with a heroism of which Marathon, Leuctra, and Thermopylæ never even dreamed, the bones of half-a-dozen substitutes which lie bleeding upon as many "stormy heights and carnage-covered fields" bear testimony abundant and indisputable, and that we suffer ourselves still to be called a "rebel" without unsheathing the avenging dagger and wading up to our knees in gore, is simply because there is already as much blood upon the hands of our substitutes as we can furnish soap to wash off without becoming a bankrupt. Nevertheless, if this thing is much longer persisted in, there may come

a time when virtue will cease to be a forbearance. One more taste of blood, this sanguinary arm once more uplifted to smite, and the world will shudder.

— A New York journal tells us that "the Wisconsin tornado is to be scientifically examined and studied by members of the faculty of the University of Wisconsin." Where do they suppose that tornado is now, going at the rate of a hundred and ninety miles an hour and with ten or fifteen days the start? We should as soon think of examining and studying scientifically a clap of thunder two weeks old.

— General Grant says he won't call an extra session of Congress unless the war in Europe is likely to give us trouble. So he is determined that if the gods bring us one calamity, he will immediately step forward with another.

— Some idea of the extreme scarcity and high price of horses in England in 1485 may be formed from the fact, that during that year Richard III. offered his entire kingdom for one.

— For list of candidates see first page. — *Banner.* For the candidates themselves — but you need n't trouble yourself to see them; they 'll see you.

— An exchange says that "the trouble with some folks is that unless they have a great parade at their own funeral, they are sorry they died." Which is very true. There are people who, if it were not for the sake of a grand funeral, would put off dying to the last moment.

— If you would become a millionaire without trouble of any sort, lend somebody one hundred dollars for one hundred years at ten per cent. At the expiration of that time the interest will amount

to $1,380,900. If you don't want to live to collect the debt, sell it to somebody that does.

— On some of our street railways a car cannot be stopped after it passes you without the use of that soul-harrowing whistle signal which can be made only by a boy who was born to be hanged.

— The United States navy has but one Admiral Poor. We wish we could say it has but one poor admiral.

— There is a Servian prince in the Prussian army whose name is so long that a company of engineers has been ordered to level down the consonants and use it as a pontoon-bridge.

— Atlanta has sixty-five doctors and one hundred and thirty-five lawyers. But for the frequent deaths from starvation among them the two professions there would become a little crowded.

— Among the bridal gifts at the marriage of a strong-minded young woman in Massachusetts the other day was a keg of butter with a silver knife in it. Six months hence the bridegroom will be very sorry it was n't a keg of powder with a red-hot nail in it.

— It is said that the Siamese Twins have n't spoken to each other for more than a month. We have been constantly expecting a falling out between them ever since we saw how ridiculously intimate they were.

— The French General Failly, who was killed by a Prussian shell, and was afterward murdered by his own soldiers, and subsequently blew out his own brains, is now prisoner at Mayence — whether dead or alive, the telegraph does not inform us.

— A gentleman in Indiana says, in a note ac-

companying a letter for publication in this paper: "I sumtimes miss-spell a word, and its posible I have spelt sicafant rong." Our correspondent is assured that "sicafant" is all right, and that the rest of his spelling is quite as good.

— "Five years ago," said one gentleman to another on the street yesterday, "I had ten thousand dollars and did n't owe a cent; to-day I owe the ten thousand dollars I then had and have n't got the cent I did n't owe."

— The Boston Advertiser asks, "Can the West manufacture?" Why, certainly she can. With the raw material furnished her by the East she manufactures more divorces than any other part of the world.

— Some papers are talking of the "approaching Diet of the Powers." Judging from indications, that diet will be blood pudding.

— Have just had a Prison Reform Congress. What we most need is a prison to reform Congress.

— The Glasgow "Times" tells of a man in Georgia, fifty years of age, who never in his life drank a glass of whiskey, smoked a pipe, or courted a woman. The poor wretch has lived utterly in vain. The man who has never sat by a beautiful woman, with a pipe in his mouth, a glass of whiskey in one hand, and the whalebones of her palpitating stays in the other, and "with a lip unused to the cool breath of reason, told his love," has no more idea of Paradise than a deaf and dumb orang-outang has of metaphysics. Even without the pipe and whiskey there is, strictly speaking, nothing disagreeable about it.

## III.

### TEXAS SIFTINGS.

Mr. Street, the author of "Texas Siftings," has introduced a new quality to the newspaper humor of the South. Taking his cue from the paragraphists, of whom Mr. Prentice and Mr. Hatcher were the foremost examples, he has added action to the wit of the paragraph. His paragraphs are comedies. "Who," says the fashionable clergyman at the wedding, "Who gives this woman away?" And a voice down the aisle whispers, "I could, but I won't." As this gentleman is about issuing a volume of his own, I shall limit my selections to a few of the most current and illustrative of his very striking and original quiddities.

— "You miserable little ignoramus, you have not got a particle of capacity," said an Austin schoolteacher to little Johnny Fizzletop, adding, "What will become of you when you grow up? How will you earn your salt?"

"I dunno — teach school, I reckon."

Whack! Whack! Whack!

— "I am glad to see, Johnny, that you did not try to steal peaches out of that wagon. I like a little boy when he is obedient. Come to my arms," were the words of a proud Austin mother.

"I ain't no such sucker as to steal peaches out of a wagon with no top to it to keep the driver from seeing a feller, and when there is a bull dog tied under the wagon besides."

— Some Austin society people are getting up a theatrical performance.

"What sort of a part of a rôle are you going to give me?" asked Hostetter McGinnis, of the manager.

"One you will like. It is just suited to you. It is that of a reformed drunkard. You will be off the stage so much, you can go out and get beer ten or fifteen times during the performance."

— Mrs. McCoble, an Austin lady, rebuked her colored cook, Matilda Snowball, in the following words: —

"When I hired you, you said you did n't have any male friends, and now I find a man in the kitchen half the time."

"Lor bress your soul, he ain't no male friend of mine."

"Who is he, then?"

"He am only my husband."

— "Repeat the names of the five senses," said an Austin teacher to a rather dull boy.

"Hearing, seeing, tasting, smelling."

"What is the name of the other sense?"

"I forgot."

The teacher said he would refresh the boy's memory, and he did so with a strap.

"Now, what is the name of the fifth sense?"

The boy felt himself carefully and sobbed: "Feeling, sir, feeling!"

— Austin can boast of the champion absent-minded man of Texas. His name is Collard McCarthy. He is an old man, and is accused of trying to invent a perpetual motion machine. He met an old friend yesterday, and asked him in a dreamy kind of a way, —

"I suppose you feel lonesome, now your brother is dead and gone?"

"My brother is not dead. He saw you and talked with you yesterday."

"That's a fact. Then it could n't have been him who died. Ah, by the way, was it you, then, who died, and whose funeral I attended?"

— Colonel Percy Yerger was complaining confidentially to Hostetter McGinnis of the frequency with which his mother-in-law paid him visits — that she came to see him four or five times a year.

"My wife's mother," responded McGinnis, "has visited me only once in the last five or six years. The last time she came to see me was when I was first married, five years ago."

"Lucky man! When is she going to visit you again?"

"How can I tell? She has not got through with her first visit yet, — but I can't see where the luck comes in."

— Little Johnny, who has been observing the difficulty with which gorged mosquitoes fly, remarks to his little brother at the breakfast table, —

"If you eat so much you will die, Billy, and be an angel, but you won't be able to fly much."

— An old citizen of Austin, returning to his home from a banquet, meets another old citizen of Austin coming from the opposite direction.

"Ish thish the Avenue?" asked No. 1.

"How should I know. I wash at she banquet myshelf."

— "How many hours are there in a day?" asked an Austin teacher.

"I don't reckon there can be more than twenty-three hours in a day, now," was the reply.

"Did n't I tell you more than forty times that there were twenty-four hours in a day?"

"Yes, and yesterday I heard you say that after the 21st of June the days would be getting shorter."

Up to the time of our going to press, the teacher has not had time to prepare his reply.

— "Is this your first appearance in a court of justice?" asked the Austin Recorder of a vagrant. "No, judge, it is the last time thus far, — how is it with yourself?"

— "Is dis heah letter all right, boss?" asked an Austin darkey, handing the clerk a letter he wanted to send off in the mail. The clerk weighed the letter and returned it, saying: "You want to put another stamp on it. It weighs too much." "Ef I puts another stamp on de letter, dat won't make hit no lighter. Dat 's gwine ter make it weigh more."

— "How much rent do you pay?" asked Gilhooly of Hostetter McGinnis. "Twenty-five dollars." "Is n't that a little high for a place like Austin?" "Yes, it is a little high for summer; but the place has a good stout cedar fence around it and I calculate to save forty dollars this winter in firewood, so that will bring the rent down to a reasonable figure."

— "Which is the first and most important sacrament?" asked an Austin Sunday-school teacher of a little girl in his class. "Marriage," was the prompt response. "Oh, no; baptism is the first and most important sacrament," replied the teacher. "It may be in some families, but marriage always comes first in our family. We are respectable people, we are."

— A citizen who lately built himself a residence was the other day showing a friend through it, and, when everything had been noticed and discussed, he asked, "Well, do you see any place where you could improve it?" "Yes, I noticed a bad error right at

the start," was the reply. Being asked to explain, he continued: "You have no balcony in front." "But I don't want one." "Well, perhaps not; but when you are running for office and the band comes up to serenade you, and the populace calls for a speech, you will either have to go to the roof or come down to the ground to respond. A balcony is a sort of middle ground — just high enough to escape making pledges, and not too high to promise all sorts of reform. Ought to have a balcony, sir — regret it if you don't."

— "What makes you look so solemn?" whispered a fashionable Austin lady to another in church, just before the services began.

"I've got good reason to be mad," was the response.

"What is it?"

"I dressed myself up in this new suit I ordered from New York and went to church to show it off."

"Well, what of it?" asked the other party.

"Our clock was a whole hour fast, and I had to sit and sit in that empty church without anybody to see my new clothes, and they are so becoming to my complexion. There was nobody to see them for a whole hour, and I might just as well have had no clothes on at all. It made me so mad that" —

"The Lord is in His Holy Temple, let all the earth keep silence before Him," was the opening remark of the preacher, and the rest of the conversation was lost to the reporter.

— Some men begin to be lucky when they are mere boys. A twelve year old boy shot at a cat in Leadville last week, but fortunately missed the cat and killed an influential citizen who was asleep in

the back yard of a neighboring saloon. As the influential citizen happened to be a delegate from Texas, who had killed several men, and of whom the Leadville police had a holy horror, the joy of the citizens was great. The boy received an ovation. The mayor made a neat little speech on presenting him with a gold-mounted revolver. As the boy expressed a desire to be raised for the ministry, a fund was raised to send him to a theological institute. Nothing has, however, been done for the cat.

— Jim Webster, an Austin colored voter, returned a few days ago, after an absence of a week in the country. After he got back, he was asking Uncle Mose how his negro acquaintances were coming on, and among others what Tom Knott, who was celebrated for his lack of sociability and stillness, was doing. "Did n't yer meet a funeral as yer was comin' into town?" "Yes, I did, Uncle Mose." "Dem was Tom Knott's obsequious, dey was." "Well, I mout had guessed hit. Dat ain't de fust time he has passed me on de street widout lettin' on dat he knowed me."

— The Fizzletop family, including Johnny, were invited to tea at the McDade mansion, on Austin Avenue.

"Have another cake, Johnny?"

"Yes mam, I 'll take two or three," he replied, gathering in about seven cakes; "ma told me to eat heartily, so you all would n't suspect we only had one meal a day at home. Please gimme some more preserves and another piece of chicken breast."

— An Austin father complained bitterly of the way his children destroyed their clothing. He said: "When I was a boy I only had one suit of clothes,

and I had to take care of it. I was only allowed one pair of shoes a year in those days." There was a pause, and then the oldest boy spoke up and said: "I say, dad, you have a much easier time of it now — you are living with us."

— "Have you got a copy of 'Milton's Paradise Lost?'" asked Gilhooly of Colonel Schneider McGinnis, one of our Austin aristocrats. "What in the world is that?" replied McGinnis. "It's a book," responded Gilhooly. "No, sir; I have not got such a book. Whenever I find anything that's lost I return it to the owner. When did Mr. Milton lose his book? What reward is he offering for its return?"

— There is an old beau at Austin, Colonel Prettiman, about seventy-five years old, but he is as spry as anybody, and is firmly persuaded he is the handsomest man in the city. He was present at a little social gathering a few nights ago, when the lecture of Oscar Wilde at San Antonio came up for discussion. It was also stated that he was a very handsome man. "Oscar is not only handsome, but they say he carries a pistol to shoot the first man he sees whom he thinks is handsomer than he is himself," remarked one of the party. "Is that so?" gasped Colonel Prettiman, turning pale; "and here I have gone and bought a ticket to go over to San Antonio to hear him lecture."

— An Austin couple named Beezumbee were discussing what name to give their recently-arrived infant. "Let us name him after your uncle who went to Kansas last year for his health," suggested the mother. "I'd like to name the boy after him, but how are we to find out what name he goes by now?"

answered the author of the child's existence. Not long afterward reliable information was received that the missing uncle did not go by any name at all. He went by a number — No. 283 — in the Kansas penitentiary, and the child's father naturally did not care to have the unconscious babe baptized "Number Two Hundred and Eighty-Three Beezumbee."

Gus De Smith called at a very fashionable house on Austin Avenue a few days ago, and acted so queerly that when the lady's husband came home she said: "What is the matter with young De Smith? He acted so strangely; I think there must be a screw loose about him somewhere." "Reckon not. I saw him this morning and he was tight all over."

— They were raised here in Austin, but she did not know much about gardening; at the same time, she did not care to expose her ignorance to her husband. They had only been married a short time, when he said: "I notice the asparagus is about ripe — don't you want to go out into the garden and get some?" She replied: "I'll tell you what we will do. We will go out together. You climb up and shake the tree, and I'll catch them in my apron as they fall."

— A prominent citizen of Austin, whose name we suppress on account of his family, wiped his eyes on reading an account of the Iowa cyclone, and turning to the barkeeper, said: "Most terrible affair I ever heard of. My heart bleeds for 'em. Not a saloon left standing in the whole town. Gimme another sour toddy."

— "Did you bathe while you were in Galveston?" asked Gilhooly, of a Colonel Yerger, who had just

returned from a visit to the island city. "Oh, yes, I bathed several times." "How did you find the water?" "No trouble finding the water. The street cars take you right down to it. You can't miss the water. It's all around the island."

— An Austin teacher was explaining fractions to a rather dull boy. "Now, suppose you and your little sister were under a tree, and you found a peach, and you wanted her to have as much as you, how would you go about it?" "Shake down another peach out of the tree, and give her the littlest one."

— A prominent granger from Onion Creek was in Austin, yesterday. Desiring to obtain some reliable figures about the oat crop, we asked him if he could tell us precisely how many acres he had in oats and how many bushels he raised to the acre. "I can't give you the precise figures, but I raised a heap, sold right smart, and I've got a powerful lot left."

— "When did George Washington die?" asked an Austin teacher of a large boy. "Is he dead?" was the astonished reply. "Why, it is not more than six months ago that they were celebrating his birthday, and now he is dead. It's a bad year on children. I reckon his folks let him eat something that did n't agree with him."

— A new novel is announced, "The Colonel's Cross." What the mischief is the colonel cross about? Have the saloon-keepers combined to deny him credit?

— No Fourth of July orator should attempt to speak until he has tested his lungs with a lung tester. A lawyer tested his lungs on one in New York, and died in five minutes.

— Some traits run in families. Shakespeare's father, being illiterate, made his mark. So did Shakespeare.

## IV.

### ALBERT ROBERTS.

"John Happy," a pseudonym which is affectionately familiar to Southern people, stands for Albert Roberts, who has long ago foregone humor and turned his genius into "the peaceful and ennobling paths of avarice," being, as a matter of fact, President of the American Newspaper and Publishing Company, of Nashville, Tennessee. Twenty years ago he was the liveliest of the young journalists of the South; and did more to brighten the camp-fires of both armies during the great sectional war than any of his contemporaries. Unluckily, the more humorous of his comicalities were destroyed in the burned-up files of the "Chattanooga Rebel" and the "Montgomery Mail," upon each of which journals he was engaged in an editorial capacity. The following amusing parody upon General Lytle's "Anthony and Cleopatra" is characteristic, and recalls a most amusing aspect of the conflict on the Southern side.

### "I 'M CONSCRIPTED, SMITH, CONSCRIPTED."

NOT BY GEN. WM. B. LYTLE, "OR ANY OTHER MAN."

I 'm conscripted, Smith, conscripted.
Ebbs the subterfuges fast,
And the sub-enrolling marshals
Gather with the evening blast.
Let thine arms, O! Smith, support me,
Hush your gab and close your ear,
Conscript-grabbers close upon you,
Hunting for you — far and near.

Though my scarred, rheumatic "trotters"
Bear me limping short no more,
And my shattered constitution
Won't exempt me as before; —
Though the Provost Guard surround me,
Prompt to do their master's will,
I must to the "front" to perish,
Die the great conscripted still.

Let not the seizer's servile minions
Mock the lion thus laid low!
'T was no fancy drink that "slewed" him —
Whiskey straight-out struck the blow.
Here, then, pillowed on thy bosom,
Ere he 's hurried quite away,
Him, who, drunk with bust-head whiskey,
Madly threw himself away.

Should the base, plebeian rabble
Dare assail me as I roam,
Seek my noble squaw Octavia,
Weeping in her widowed home;
Seek her, say the guards have got me
Under their protecting wings,
Going to make me join the army,
Where the shell and Minie sings.

I 'm conscripted, Smith — conscripted —
Hark! you hear that Grabber's cry —
Run, old Smith, my boy, they 'll catch you!
Take you to the front to die.
Fare thee well! I go to battle,
There to die, decay, and swell,
Lockhart and Dick Taylor guard thee,
Sweet Octavia — Smith! — farewell!

## "CHIP'S" NURSES.

Suffering little children to come unto the undersigned, — for of such is the despotism of marriage, — a "daughter, passing fair," hath recently blessed the house of Happy and shed a profusion of felicitous sunshine about his hearthstone. She was eleven months old yesterday; weighs twenty-two pounds avoirdupois in her stocking feet; is considered by her godmothers to be a miniature *facsimile* of the subscriber, and, being a literal "chip off the old block," we call her "Chip" for short, and for the sake of euphony.

Chip's adventures in search of a nurse would make up a volume of romantic perplexities, to the truth of which the fiction of "Japhet in search of a Father" would be but a complete stranger. It was unfortunate for Chip that she happened to step into existence when the African theory of earning the bread by the sweat of the brow meant to pick up an occasional crumb wherever it happened to be lying round loose, and performing the least amount of service for the largest amount of wages, at semi-occasional periods.

The demoralized condition of the labor system of this unreconstructed "Paradise Regained" is nowhere so manifest as among the she-Africans. Worthless as the "man-and-brother" may have become, the "woman-and-sister" is the very climax of utter and absurd worthlessness. There seems to be a generous spirit of emulation among the she negroes to see which of them can procure the greatest number of new "situations" within a year, and the peculiar forte of the African "fair seck," as Josh Billings would phrase it, is a persistently frequent change of base.

In her brief but brilliant career Chip has had not less than seven nurses to minister to her infant needs and threaten the dislocation of her neck by spilling her out of street windows whenever the circus-wagon goes by. She has had niggers of every conceivable size, variety, and shade of complexion, and of every species of physical deformity known to the science of anatomy. These have been hump-backed niggers and sway-backed, blind niggers and halt, deaf niggers and dumb, to attend her along the paths of perilous babyhood.

Her first "maid of honor" was an African refugee, secured in the inmost recesses of Dixie and brought back to Brownlow fairy-land upon the fancied return of peace. This nurse was made a reluctant exile from her native heath at the evacuation of Nashville, and was only too glad to "accept the situation in good faith" which we offered her, in order to get back home. The peculiarity of this, the first of Chip's sable satellites, was a reticence not less marvelous than that of General Grant, with a passion for curling Chip's hair that was quite as inordinate as that of Ulysses for imported cigars. She remained in our service long enough to secure her passage home and then basely deserted us. Our next acquisition was a species of Guinea nigger with a cocoa-nut head done up in a rag, with hands as horny as the tail of a crocodile, and a pair of arms, on the skin of which a lucifer match could have been lighted at a single stroke. Her habit was to sleep with Chip in her lap, and to nod over the prostrate form of our infant prodigy, like a Chinese automaton, to the infinity amazement and consternation of Happiness, Jr. When not enjoying this perpendicular siesta, this nurse was gifted with a loquaciousness irrepressible, and she finally became so great a sleeping and talking nuisance that we were compelled to dispense with her valuable services, and she returned to the happy hunting-grounds of feminine Africa, within the precincts of classic Hell's-Half-Acre. The last I saw of her was upon the summit of a mountain of stone in the work-house, which she was reducing to macadamized pulverization with a penitential hammer.

Disgusted with the African population, we con-

cluded to experiment with the Anglo-Saxon race, and accordingly advertised for a white nurse. Out of a multitude of very unprepossessing material we selected a feminine *morceau* rejoicing in the name of Mrs. Berkley and a preponderance of flesh aggregating two hundred and fifty pounds, gross. It took about a week to get Berkley and her bedclothes transported beneath the sheltering ægis of "Rural Felicity Cottage," and it only took half an hour to banish her forever from that rustic Paradise. A proposition on the part of Berkley, of the one part, to cure the baby of colic by holding it suspended by the heels, with its head down, so horrified the maternal solicitude of Mrs. H., of the other part, that Berkley became immediately unpopular; but the discovery on the part of the undersigned, on the one part, of sundry fragments of long sandy hair of the complexion of Berkley's, on the other part, in the hair-brush of the subscriber, at once sealed the destiny of Berkley, and she was paid off and politely required to let the earth hide her.

Berkley was succeeded by a mahogany complexioned nurse, who, having a disposition to giggle aloud, and shout, and make facial contortions to frighten her infant charge, would have done well enough until a better could be substituted. But "her mother wanted her," she said, to "go to skewl." Her successor, secured after a long and painful search, only remained with us a couple of hours. Remarking, incidentally, to another of the domestic retainers of the undersigned, as she was building a fire, "of this warn't a d—d lonely ole hole," it was considered that such a familiarity with the choicest expletives of our chaste language fitted

her, perhaps, for a livelier sphere. She was, therefore, invited to "light out," or else she would be thrown out of a two-story window by the scruff of the neck or the seat of her pantaloons — if she had any.

The next nurse was as black as four black cats on the rim of a well in the darkest midnight of the season. She was so dark that the baby could n't see her even by the firelight, except when she opened her mouth, and then her teeth were so white, that her smile was like the fitful flash of the fire-fly's phosphorescent tail, or a gleam of heat lightning on a ground of storm clouds. This African rarely articulated, and it was some time before we discovered that she possessed the gift of speech. One stereotyped ejaculation of hers for entertaining Chip was the simple but startling interrogatory of — "Where 's the chickey?" Chip has been in a wondering state of expectancy ever since, as if she expected "the chickey" to start up out of the Swiss clock, or flap its wings from the glowing embers of the hearthstone.

Our "business relations" with this reticent Cleopatra were incontinently severed by reason of the fact that she set Chip on a chair and forgot where she placed her, until the latter attracted her attention, by striking the floor with her infant head, in a foolish effort to throw a double somersault from her dangerous perch. The entire household was, of course, aroused by this fall and the instantly succeeding lamentations of Chip, whose nurse in an explanatory sort of way exclaimed, "Godlemity bres de chile — she done frow hersef outen de cheer," then snatching her up, with affected sympathy, to

appease, by that eloquent "pantomimicry" our paternal and maternal indignation, she soothingly screamed again and again, "*wher's de chicky?*" We lost confidence in her from that hour.

"Cassionicuss," we said to her, "no more be officeress of our'n! — avaunt and quit these presents." It is needless to add that she "avaunted," as soon as she received her perdiem, and the monotone of "wher's de chicky" no longer echoes in "the home of the brave and the house of the free!"

Our last experiment in search of a nurse is "the present incumbent," a little nigger about as big as a piece of charcoal — romantically called "Lizziney," and as deaf as a door-knob. The only remark that she has ever addressed to "Chip" is a monitory "Psh — sh!" and, to the author of Chip's being: "*She 's crorled from the hath to the dinin-room dore!*"

Speaking of the Athenæum, what do you think of the following lines? Very graceful, certainly. They appeared in the Atlanta "Confederacy's" description of the tableaux of "The Judgment of Paris," given at the first entertainment by some of the ladies of the city for the benefit of Morgan's command: —

Ah! stars and moon — refuse to shine;
The gods themselves must see it is
In vain to eclipse, with light of thine,
These mythologic deities,
Though Paris, with a god-like air
May spurn the earth he trod as his —
Yet still we deem *no* "judgment" fair
Between such rival goddesses.

II.

Sure Juno, with her regal brow
And coronet begemming it,
Wore charm that *should* have won — we trow —
Yet Paris knelt, condemning it.
The knave ! to pass such beauties by —
Perhaps his passion blinded him ;
Or else, the light in Venus' eye ;
Of other charms reminded him.

III.

And Pallas, with her glittering helm
And wealth of jetty tresses too ;
The fairest in th' Olympian realm
To pay a god's addresses to.
Ah ! Paris, fickle-minded cove !
Thus slightingly to serve her so !
Yet, by the teeming brain of Jove —
She looked the true Minerva, though.

IV.

But see, upon his bended knee,
The shepherd judge between us is ;
Aside — and yet between the three,
And near to where sweet Venus is !
Aloft is poised the golden prize —
An arm is poised to receive it, too —
The smile that beams in Venus' eyes
Tells whom he means to give it to.

# A TRIO OF OLD ODDITIES.

I CANNOT better close these examples of what I may call the newspaper oddities of the South, than by recalling a trio of the most notable stories which have gone the rounds of the American press the last forty years, which yet linger on the stage, appearing and reappearing at intervals, as if to take a fresh lease of life, and which are thoroughly characteristic, in tone, color, and action, of the era to which we owe Simon Suggs and Sut Lovingood. "Cousin Sally Dilliard" antedates "Georgia Scenes," having been contributed somewhere in the thirties to a North Carolina newspaper, by Hamilton C. Jones, a lawyer of eminence in his day and generation. "Guilty — but Drunk," might be a leaf directly out of "Georgia Scenes." It is labelled by Burton, 1840, and credited to a Colonel Bradbury, in all likelihood a *sobriquet*. "A Harp of a Thousand Strings" appeared, originally, in 1855, in a newspaper of Brandon, Mississippi. Its authorship has been variously ascribed; but, if it has ever been definitely ascertained, or if any one has claimed its paternity, I am ignorant of the fact. I give the stories in the order of their birth, beginning with

## I.

### COUSIN SALLY DILLIARD.

SCENE: A COURT OF JUSTICE IN NORTH CAROLINA.

A BEARDLESS disciple of Themis rises, and thus addresses the Court: "May it please your Worships, and you, Gentlemen of the Jury, since it has been my fortune (good or bad, I will not say) to exercise myself in legal disquisitions, it has never befallen me to be obliged to prosecute so direful, marked, and malicious an assault — a more willful, violent, dangerous battery — and finally, a more diabolical

breach of the peace, has seldom happened in a civilized country; and I dare say it has seldom been your duty to pass upon one so shocking to benevolent feelings, as this which took place over at Captain Rice's, in this county. But you will hear from the witnesses.

The witnesses being sworn, two or three were examined and deposed. One said that he heard the noise, and did not see the fight; another that he seen the row, but did n't know who struck first; and a third, that he was very drunk, and could n't say much about the skrimmage.

*Lawyer Chops.* I am sorry, gentlemen, to have occupied your time with the stupidity of the witnesses examined. It arises, gentlemen, altogether from misapprehension on my part. Had I known, as I now do, that I had a witness in attendance who was well acquainted with all the circumstances of the case, and who was able to make himself clearly understood by the court and jury, I should not so long have trespassed upon your time and patience. Come forward, Mr. Harris, and be sworn.

So forward comes the witness, a fat, shuffy old man, a "leetle" corned, and took his oath with an air.

*Chops.* Harris, we wish you to tell all about the riot that happened the other day at Captain Rice's; and as a good deal of time has already been wasted in circumlocution, we wish you to be compendious, and at the same time as explicit, as possible.

*Harris.* Adzactly (giving the lawyer a knowing wink, and at the same time clearing his throat). Captain Rice, he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dilliard, she came over to our house and axed me if my

wife she mout n't go? I told cousin Sally Dilliard that my wife was poorly, being as how she had a touch of the rheumatics in the hip, and the big swamp was in the road and the big swamp was up, for there had been a heap of rain lately; but howsomever, as it was she, cousin Sally Dilliard, my wife she mout go. Well, cousin Sally Dilliard then axed me if Mose he mout n't go? I told cousin Sally Dilliard that he was the foreman of the crap, and the crap was smartly in the grass; but howsomever as it was she, cousin Sally Dilliard, Mose he mout go —

*Chops.* In the name of common sense, Mr. Harris, what do you mean by this rigmarole?

*Witness.* Captain Rice, he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dilliard she came over to our house and axed me if my wife she mout n't go? I told cousin Sally Dilliard —

*Chops.* Stop, sir, if you please; we don't want to hear anything about your cousin Sally Dilliard and your wife. Tell us about the fight at Rice's.

*Witness.* Well, I will, sir, if you will let me.

*Chops.* Well, sir, go on.

*Witness.* Well, sir, Captain Rice he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dilliard she came over to our house and axed me if my wife she mout n't go —

*Chops.* There it is again. Witness, please to stop.

*Witness.* Well, sir, what do you want?

*Chops.* We want to know about the fight, and you must not proceed in this impertinent story. Do you know anything about the matter before the court?

*Witness.* To be sure I do.

*Chops.* Well, go on and tell it, and nothing else.

*Witness.* Well, Captain Rice, he gin a treat, —

*Chops.* This is intolerable. May it please the Court, I move that this witness be committed for a contempt; he seems to be trifling with this court.

*Court.* Witness, you are now before a court of justice, and unless you behave yourself in a more becoming manner, you will be sent to jail; so begin and tell what you know about the fight at Captain Rice's.

*Witness,* [alarmed.] Well, gentlemen, Captain Rice, he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dilliard —

*Chops.* I hope the witness may be ordered into custody.

*Court* [after deliberating.] Mr. Attorney, the Court is of the opinion that we may save time by telling witness to go on in his own way. Proceed, Mr. Harris, with your story, but stick to the point.

*Witness.* Yes, gentlemen. Well, Captain Rice, he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dilliard she came over to our house and asked me if my wife she mout go? I told cousin Sally Dilliard that my wife she was poorly, being as how she had the rheumatics in the hip, and the big swamp was up; but howsomever, as it was she, cousin Sally Dilliard, my wife she mout go. Well, cousin Sally Dilliard then axed me if Mose he mout n't go. I told cousin Sally Dilliard as how Mose — he was the foreman of the crap, and the crap was smartly in the grass — but howsomever, as it was she, cousin Sally Dilliard, Mose he mout go. So they goes on together, Mose, my wife, and cousin Sally Dilliard, and they come to the big swamp, and it was up, as I was telling you; but being as how there was a log across the big swamp, cousin Sally Dilliard and Mose, like genteel folks,

they walked the log; but my wife, like a darned fool, hoisted her coats and waded through. *And that's all I know about the fight.*

## II.

### GUILTY — BUT DRUNK.

Many years ago, while the State of Georgia was still in its infancy, an eccentric creature named Brown was one of its circuit judges. He was a man of ability, of inflexible integrity, and beloved and respected by all the legal profession. But he had one fault. His social qualities would lead him, despite his judgment, into occasional excesses. In traveling the circuit, it was his habit, the night before opening court, to get "comfortably corned." If he could n't succeed while operating upon his own hook, the members of the bar would generally turn in and help him.

It was in the spring of the year; taking his wife in the old-fashioned carryall, the Judge journeyed some forty miles, and reached a village where court was to be opened the next day. He took quarters with a relation of his better half, by whom the presence of an official dignitary was considered a high honor. After supper, he strolled over to the only tavern in the town, where he found many old friends, called to the place, like himself, on important professional business, and who were properly glad to meet him.

"Gentlemen," said the Judge, "'t is quite a long time since we have enjoyed a glass together. Let us take a drink all round. Of course, Sterritt (addressing the landlord), you have better liquor than

you had the last time we were here; the stuff you had then was not fit to give a dog!"

Sterritt, who had charge of the house, pretended that everything was right, and so they went to work. It is unnecessary to enlarge upon a drinking bout in a country tavern; it will quite answer our purpose to state that somewhere in the region of midnight the Judge wended his very *devious* way towards his temporary home. About the time he was leaving, however, some younger barristers, fond of a "practical," and not much afraid of the bench, transferred all the silver spoons of Sterritt to the Judge's coat pocket.

It was eight o'clock Monday morning that the Judge rose. Having indulged in the process of ablution and abstersion, and partaken of a cheerful and refreshing breakfast, he went to his room to prepare himself for the duties of the day.

"Well, Polly," said he to his wife, "I feel much better than I expected to feel after that frolic of last night."

"Ah, Judge," said she, reproachfully, "you are getting too old; you ought to leave off that business."

"Ah, Polly! what 's the use of talking?"

It was at this precise instant that the Judge, having put on his overcoat, was proceeding, according to his custom, to give his wife a parting kiss, that he happened, in thrusting his hand into his pocket, to lay hold of Sterritt's spoons. He jerked them out With an expression of horror he exclaimed, —

"My God! Polly!"

"What on earth 's the matter, Judge?"

"Just look at these spoons!"

"Dear me, where d'ye get them?"

"Get them? Don't you see the initials on them?" — extending them towards her — "*I stole them!*"

"Stole them, Judge?"

"Yes, stole them!"

"My dear husband, it can't be possible! from whom?"

"From Sterritt, over there; his name is on them."

"Good heavens! how could it happen?"

"I know very well, Polly — I was very drunk when I came home, wasn't I?"

"Why, Judge, you know your old habit when you get among those lawyers."

"But was I very drunk?"

"Yes, *you was*."

"Was I *remarkably* drunk when I got home, Mrs. Brown?"

"Yes, Judge, drunk as a fool, and forty times as stupid."

"I thought so," said the Judge, dropping into a chair in extreme despondency. "I knew it would come to that, at last. I have always thought that something bad would happen to me: that I should do something very wrong; kill somebody in a moment of passion, perhaps; but I never imagined that I could be mean enough to be guilty of deliberate larceny!"

"But, there may be some mistake, Judge?"

"No mistake, Polly. I know very well how it all came about. That fellow, Sterritt, keeps the meanest sort of liquor, and always did; liquor mean enough to make a man do any sort of a mean thing. I have always said it was mean enough to make a

man steal, and now I have a practical illustration of the fact!" and the poor old man burst into tears.

"Don't be a child," said his wife, wiping away the tears. "Go like a man, over to Sterritt, tell him it was a little bit of a frolic. Pass it off as a joke; go and open court, and nobody will ever think of it again."

A little of the soothing system operated upon the Judge, as such things usually do; his extreme mortification was finally subdued, and over to Sterritt's he went with a tolerable face. Of course, he had but little difficulty in settling with him; for aside from the fact that the Judge's integrity was unquestionable, Sterritt had an inkling of the joke that had been played. The Judge took his seat in court; but it was observed that he was subdued and melancholy, and that his mind frequently wandered from the business before him. There was a lack of the sense and intelligence that usually characterized his proceedings.

Several days passed and the business of the court was drawing towards a close, when one morning a tough citizen was arraigned on a charge of stealing. After the clerk had read the indictment to him, he put the question: —

"Guilty, or not guilty?"

"Guilty — *but drunk*," answered the prisoner.

"What 's that plea?" exclaimed the Judge, who was half dozing on the bench.

"He pleads guilty, but says he was drunk," replied the clerk.

"What 's the charge against the man?"

"He is indicted for grand larceny."

"What 's the case?"

"May it please your honor," said the prosecuting attorney, "the man is regularly indicted for stealing a large sum from the Columbus Hotel."

"He is, hey? and he pleads" —

"He pleads guilty, *but drunk!*"

The Judge was now fully aroused.

"Guilty, *but drunk!* That is a most extraordinary plea. Young man, you are certain you were drunk?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where did you get your liquor?"

"At Sterritt's."

"Did get none nowhere else?"

"Not a drop, sir."

"You got drunk on his liquor, and afterwards stole his money?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. Prosecutor," said the Judge, "do me the favor to enter a *nolle prosequi* in that man's case, That liquor of Sterritt's is mean enough to make a man do anything dirty. *The court got drunk on it the other day and stole all of Sterritt's spoons!* Release the prisoner, Mr. Sheriff; I adjourn the court."

## III.

### "THE HARP OF A THOUSAND STRINGS."

"I may say to yo, my brethering, that I am not an edecated man, an' I am not one o' them that beleeves edecation is necessary for a gospel minister, fur I beleeve the Lord edecates his preachers jest as he wants 'em to be edecated; and although I say it that ought n't to say it, yet in the State of Indianny, whar I live, thar 's no man as gits a bigger congregation nor what I gits.

"Thar may be some here to-day, my brethering as don't know what persuasion I am uv. Well, I may say to you, my brethering, that I am a Hard-Shell Baptist. Thar's some folks as don't like the Hard-Shell Baptists, but I 'd rather hev a hard shell as no shell at all. You see me here to-day, my brethering, dressed up in fine close; you mout think I was proud, but I am not proud, my brethering; and although I 've been a preacher uv the gospel for twenty years, and although I 'm capting uv that flat-boat that lies at your landing, I 'm not proud, my brethering.

"I 'm not gwine ter tell you *edzackly* whar my tex may be found: suffice it tu say, it 's in the leds of the Bible, and you 'll find it somewhar 'tween the fust chapter of the book of Generation, and the last chapter of the book of Revolutions, and ef you 'll go and sarch the Scripturs, you 'll not only find *my* tex thar, but a great many other *texes* as will do you good to read; and my tex, when you shill find it, you shill find it to read thus: —

"'And he played on a harp uv a thousand strings — sperits of just men made perfeck.'

"My tex, brethren, leads me to speak uv sperits. Now thar 's a great many kind of sperits in the world. In the fust place, thar 's the sperits as som folks call ghosts; then thar 's the sperits uv turpen-*time;* and then thar 's the sperits as some folks call liquor, and I 've got as good artikel uv them kind uv sperits on my flat-boat as ever was fotched down the Mississippi River; but thar 's a great many other kind of sperits, for the tex says: 'He played on a harp uv a *thou*-sand strings — sperits of just men made perfeck.'

"But I 'll tell you the kind of sperits as is ment in the tex: it 's *fire*. That is the kind of sperits as is ment in the tex, my brethering. Now thar 's a great many kinds of fire in the world. In the fust place, thar 's the common sort uv fire you light a segar or pipe with, and then thar 's camfire, fire before you 're ready to fall back, and many other kinds uv fire, for the tex ses: 'He played on a harp uv a *thou*-sand strings — sperits uv just men made perfeck.'

"But I 'll tell you the kind of fire as is ment in the tex, my brethering — it 's *hell-fire!* an' that 's the kind of fire as a great many of you 'll come to, ef you don't do better nor what you have bin doin' — for 'He played on a harp uv a *thou*-sand strings — sperits of just men made perfeck.'

"Now, the different sorts uv fire in the world may be likened unto the different persuasions in the world. In the first place, we have the 'Piscapalions, and they are a high salin' and a highfalutin' set, and they may be likened unto a turkey-buzzard, that flies up into the air, and he goes up and up till he looks no bigger than your finger-nail and the fust thing you know, he cums down and down, and is a fillin' himself on the karkiss of a dead hoss by the side uv the road — and 'He played on a harp uv a *thou*-sand strings — sperits of just men made perfeck.'

"And then, thar 's the Methodis, and they may be likened unto the squirrel, runnin' up into a tree, for the Methodis believes in gwine on from one degree uv grace to another, and finally on to perfecshun; and the squirrel goes up and up, and he jumps from lim' to lim', and branch to branch, and the fust thing you know, he falls, and down he comes kerflummux; and that 's like the Methodis, for they is

allers fallin' from grace, ah! And 'He played on a harp of a *thou*-sand strings — sperits of just men made perfeck.'

"And then, my brethering, thar's the Baptist, ah! and they hev bin likened unto a possum on a 'simmon tree, and the thunders may roll, and then the earth may quake, but that possum clings there still, ah! And you may shake one foot loose, and the other's thar; and you may shake all feet loose, and he laps his tail around the lim', and he clings furever — for 'He played on a harp of a *thou*-sand strings — sperits of just men make perfeck.'"

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